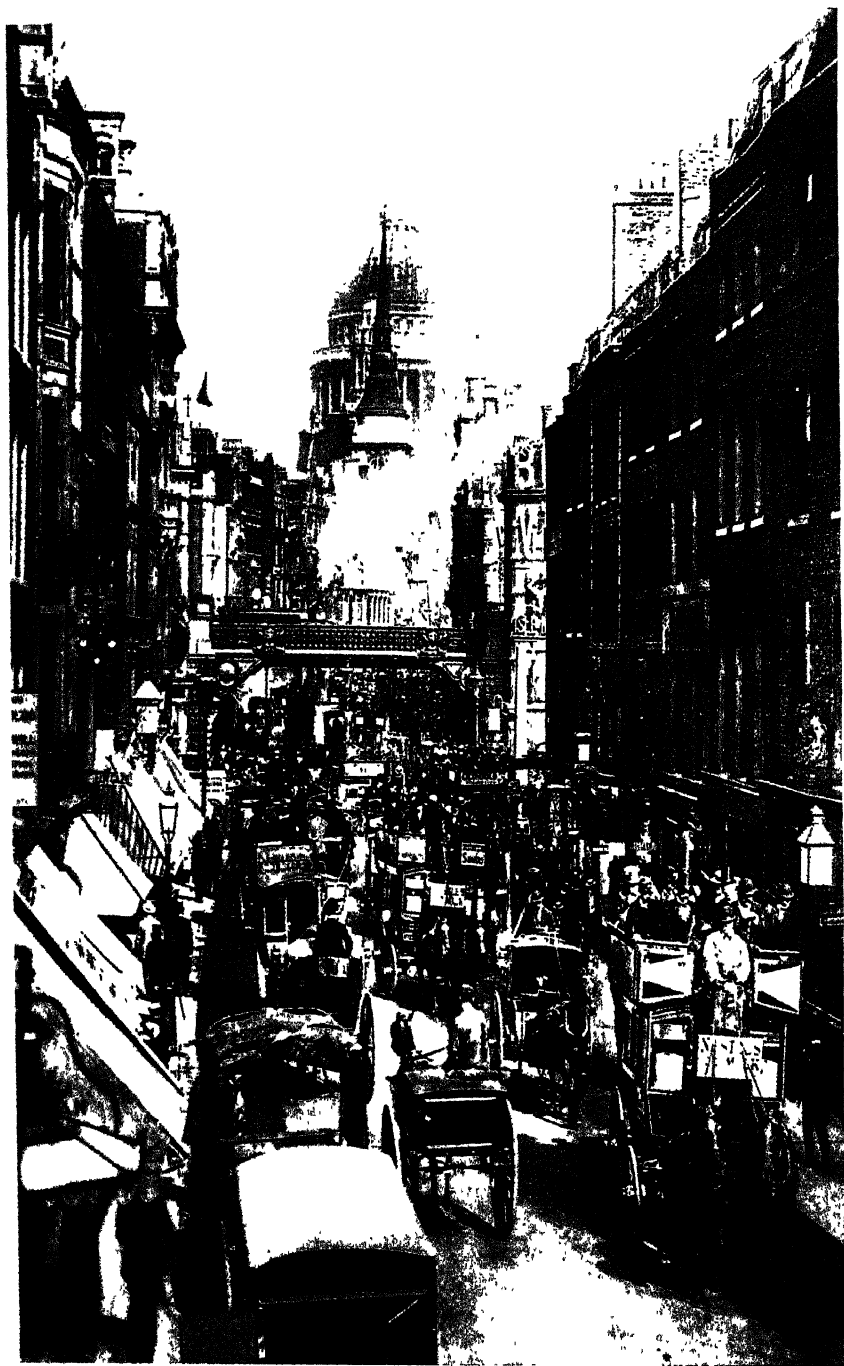




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FIFTY YEARS
1882—1932



FLEET STREET AND ST. PAUL'S, 1897

FIFTY YEARS

Memories and Contrasts

A Composite Picture of the Period

1882—1932

By

TWENTY-SEVEN CONTRIBUTORS TO

The Times

With a foreword by

GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN, O.M.



THORNTON BUTTERWORTH, LIMITED
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CONTENTS

	PAGE
Foreword, by GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN, O.M.	15
Politics and the Statesman, by THE EARL OF MIDLETON, K.P.	17
Society and the Season, by MARY, COUNTESS OF LOVELACE	24
Clubs and Club Life, by SIR GEORGE ARTHUR, Bt.	31
Gilded Youth, by SIR IAN MALCOLM	38
Books and Other Friends, by SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH	46
The Vicissitudes of Art, by PROFESSOR HENRY TONKS	56
The Revival of Music, by SIR HENRY HADOW	63
The Theatre in Transition, by SIR ARTHUR PINERO	70
The Old Music Hall, by J. B. BOOTH	77
Oxford Men and Manners, by the RT. HON. H. A. L. FISHER, Warden of New College, Oxford	87
New and Old at Cambridge, by DR. MONTAGUE R. JAMES, O.M., Provost of Eton	93
The New Universities, by SIR ALFRED HOPKINSON	99
Public School Advance, by DR. T. E. PAGE	108
The Church of England, by DR. W. R. INGE, Dean of St. Paul's	114
Nonconformity Old and New, by DR. T. R. GLOVER	120
The Navy under Steam, by ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET LORD WESTER WEMYSS	127
Making the New Soldier, by GENERAL SIR IAN HAMILTON	133
The Bench and the Bar, by THE VISCOUNT DUNEDIN	142
The New Face of the City, by HARTLEY WITHERS	149
The Old Civil Service, by SIR STANLEY LEATHES	155
The Indian Civil Service, by SIR WALTER R. LAWRENCE, Bt.	161
The Advances in Medicine, by SIR SQUIRE SPRIGGE	168

CONTENTS

	PAGE
The Life of the People, by THOMAS JONES, C.H.	177
The Countryside, by THE LORD ERNLE	190
Sport of Many Kinds, by THE LORD DESBOROUGH, K.G.	196
Games with a Ball, by BERNARD DARWIN	202
Contrasts on the Turf, by CAPTAIN R. C. LYLE	211
Index	219

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

FACING
PAGE

Fleet Street and St. Paul's, 1897 *Frontispiece*

POLITICS AND THE STATESMAN

William Ewart Gladstone at Hawarden	18
Benjamin Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield	18
Lord Salisbury and Li Hung Chang	19
Lord Curzon of Kedleston, then Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, is to the right of Li Hung Chang.	
Liberal Statesmen of the Eighties	19
Left to right : The Duke of Devonshire, Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and Mr. Gladstone.	
Lord Rosebery	22
Lord Randolph Churchill	22
Lord Balfour	22

SOCIETY AND THE SEASON

Hyde Park in Victorian Days	23
A Victorian Household.	30
Miss Kate Terry, eldest sister of Ellen Terry, and Mr. Arthur Lewis, whom she married, in the grounds of Moray Lodge, Campden Hill, Kensington.	
At Ranelagh	30
An inspection of one of the balloons before a race.	

CLUBS AND CLUB LIFE

Clubland in the Nineties	31
St. James's Street.	

BOOKS AND OTHER FRIENDS

Lord Tennyson	48
Robert Browning	48
Algernon Charles Swinburne and Theodore Watts-Dunton at "The Pines," Putney	48
George Meredith, 1897	49
With his grand-daughters, Joan and Dorothy Sturgis, and his gardener, Frank Cole, at Flint Cottage, Box Hill.	
Robert Louis Stevenson in Samoa about 1900.	49
Standing on the left is Lloyd Osbourne.	
Robert Bridges	50
Thomas Hardy and Sir Edmund Gosse, at Max Gate, Dorchester, 1927	50

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

FACING
PAGE

THE VICISSITUDES OF ART

Lord Leighton in his Studio	51
Sir William Orchardson	51
A Slade School Picnic, 1899.	62
Seated on the horse (from left to right) are the late Sir William Orpen, R.A., Mr. Augustus John, R.A., and Miss Gwen John. Seated with foot on shaft, Mr. Albert Rutherston. Standing without hat in centre, Miss Edna Waugh (now Lady Clarke Hall). Seated to right, Lady Rothenstein; and behind, Sir William Rothenstein.	

THE REVIVAL OF MUSIC

Madame Patti	63
Madame Albani	63
John Sims Reeves	63
Dame Nellie Melba	63
Sir Charles Hallé, founder of the Hallé concerts	64
Sir Arthur Sullivan	64
A Group of Conductors and Composers at the Bournemouth Centenary Festival in 1910	64
Seated left to right: Sir Edward Elgar, Sir Dan Godfrey, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, and Sir Charles Stanford. Standing: Sir Edward German and Sir Hubert Parry.	
St. James's Hall	65
A picture taken during the last concert in 1905.	
Dr. Joachim	65

THE THEATRE IN TRANSITION

Sir Henry Irving and Dame Ellen Terry in <i>The Vicar of Wakefield</i>	70
Sir Henry Irving as Shylock	70
Sir George Alexander and Miss Irene Vanbrugh in <i>His House in Order</i>	71
Mrs. Patrick Campbell in <i>The Second Mrs. Tanqueray</i>	71
Sir Arthur Pinero	74
Sir Squire Bancroft	74
Mr. George Grossmith as John Wellington Wells in <i>The Sorcerer</i>	74
Sir Charles Wyndham as David Garrick	74
Lady Bancroft (Miss Marie Wilton) as Nan in <i>Good for Nothing</i>	75
Sir John Hare in <i>A Quiet Rubber</i>	75
Sir Henry Beerbohm Tree as Svengali in <i>Trilby</i>	75
Mr. and Mrs. Kendal as Orlando and Rosalind in <i>As You Like It</i>	75

THE OLD MUSIC HALL

Lottie Collins	80
Marie Lloyd	80
Little Tich	80

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
Vesta Tilley (Lady De Frece)	80
Dan Leno and Herbert Campbell	81
Wilkie Bard.	81
Dan Leno and Group	81
Left to right : (standing) Fred Griffiths, Dan Leno, and Jack Griffiths ; (sitting) Mrs. F. Griffiths, Mrs. Leno, Mrs. Coborn, Mrs. J. Griffiths. In front is Charles Coborn.	
Albert Chevalier in <i>The Coster's Serenade</i>	84
Alfred Lester	84
G. H. Chirgwin, "The White-Eyed Kaffir"	84
An Acrobatic Troupe of the old days	84
The Empire Theatre, Leicester Square	85
The Oxford Music Hall, Oxford Street	85
Arthur Roberts	85
Charles Morton, "Father of the Halls."	85
He opened the old Canterbury and Oxford music halls.	

OXFORD MEN AND MANNERS

Dr. Benjamin Jowett, Master of Balliol, shown in the centre	90
Carfax, Oxford (1880), showing the church which was demolished in 1896, only the tower remaining	91
Cornmarket Street, Oxford (1885).	91
A Picnic Party in the Nineties	92
Eights Week at Oxford (<i>cir.</i> 1892).	93
A Great Oxford Crew (1897)	93
J. J. J. de Knoop (Bow), G. O. C. Edwards, C. K. Philips, C. D. Burnell, E. R. Balfour, R. Carr, W. E. Crum, H. G. Gold (Stroke), and H. R. K. Pechell (Cox).	

NEW AND OLD CAMBRIDGE

Henry Sidgwick, Fellow of Trinity College	96
Sir Henry Maine, Jurist and Master of Trinity Hall	96
Part of Clare College, King's College Chapel, and the Fellows' Building of King's in the Eighties	96
The Senate House	97
The houses in the centre stood on the site of what is now Tree Court of Gonville and Caius College.	
A Cambridge Protest against the admission of women to membership of the University	97

THE NEW UNIVERSITIES

Park Row, Bristol, which temporarily housed the University College on its foundation in 1876	102
Cookridge Street, Leeds, the first home of the Yorkshire College	102

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
A Deputation to the King from the three colleges comprised in the Victoria University	103
Left to right : (Front row) Lord Spencer (Chancellor), A. E. J. Spencer and C. E. R. Spencer (train-bearers), Sir Alfred Hopkinson (Vice-Chancellor and Principal of Owens College) ; (Back row) A. Smithells (Yorkshire College, Leeds), H. Lamb (Chairman of Convocation), A. W. W. Dale (Principal of University College, Liverpool), and A. Hughes (Registrar).	
Professors of Owens College	103
Left to right : W. C. Williamson, W. S. Jevons, T. H. Core, Balfour Stewart, H. E. Roscoe, A. S. Wilkins (behind), T. Barker, A. W. Ward, O. Reynolds, I. Theodores, James Bryce (afterwards Lord Bryce), J. H. Nicholson (Registrar), and J. G. Greenwood (for many years Principal and first Vice-Chancellor of the Victoria University).	

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

Dean Liddon	116
Dr. Talbot	116
Bishop Stubbs, Bishop of Oxford, and a distinguished historian .	116
Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee Service on the steps of St. Paul's.	117

NONCONFORMITY OLD AND NEW

Dr. Joseph Parker	124
Charles Haddon Spurgeon	124
William Booth, founder and first "General" of the Salvation Army	124
Sankey and Moody	125
I. D. Sankey seated at the harmonium, and D. L. Moody on right of platform.	

THE NAVY UNDER STEAM

A Group taken on Whale Island	128
Reading second from left : Admiral Sir Percy Scott, Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, and Lord Fisher.	
Admiral of the Fleet Sir Arthur Wilson ("Tug" Wilson), who succeeded Lord Fisher as First Sea Lord	129
Lord Alcester (Admiral Sir Beauchamp Seymour), Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean 1880-83	129
H.M.S. "Dreadnought," which was taken to sea for trials in 1906 .	129
Old Style Uniforms	132
The tunic shown in the picture on the left gave rise to the title of "Blue-jacket" ; it was abolished in 1890. The seaman on the right is wearing the cloth trousers and white frock abolished in 1907, and the sennet hat abolished in 1920.	
The "Active," one of the last ships of the Fleet to use sails	132
The First British Submarine, No. 3 of the "Holland" type, completed in 1902	133

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

FACING
PAGE

H.M.S. "Inflexible," one of the principal ships at the bombardment of Alexandria in 1882, commanded by Captain John (afterwards Lord) Fisher	133
--	-----

MAKING THE NEW SOLDIER

The Cheshire Regiment in camp before leaving for South Africa in 1899	140
Note the two-handed beer pot, abolished soon after.	
Lord Haldane and Lord Roberts	140
Recruiting Sergeants at Westminster	141
Men of The Gordon Highlanders	141
One of the earliest military photographs ever taken.	
Old Style Manceuvres	141
A sham fight at Aldershot in 1898.	

THE BENCH AND THE BAR

At Staines (1899).	144
Left to right : Sir Richard Webster, Lord Robertson, Mr. H. C. Richards, Q.C., Sir Edward Clarke, Q.C., Mr. Arthur Gill (behind), Mr. C. F. Gill, Q.C., Mr. (now Sir) Percival Clarke, Mr. William Whately, Sir Douglas Straight, Mr. R. J. Drake, Mr. George Rosher, Mr. Justice Bucknill, and Sir Edward (now Lord) Carson.	
Lord Wrenbury	145
Lord Moulton	145
Mr. Justice Hawkins, afterwards Lord Brampton	145
Lord Halsbury, for many years Lord Chancellor	145
The Old Law Courts at Westminster, pulled down in 1882	148
Lord Russell of Killowen at Saratoga in 1896	148
In the back row are Miss M. Russell and Mr. (afterwards Sir) Charles Russell. In the centre row are Lady Lockwood, Lord and Lady Russell, and Sir Francis Lockwood.	

THE NEW FACE OF THE CITY

Newspaper Sellers at Ludgate Circus in the early nineties	149
Traffic Congestion at the Bank in the Nineties	149

THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE

The Prince of Wales's Tour to India (1875-6). A group taken at the reception to the Prince at Agra	166
The group includes : The Prince of Wales, Miss Evelyn Foster (sister of Mrs. Plowden), Mrs. Trevor Plowden, Lady Strachey, Miss Mabel Hatch (afterwards Mrs. George Batten), Lady Colley (wife of Sir George Colley), Sir Allen Johnson, Molloy and Jenny Strachey, Mr. Trevor Plowden, Sir John Strachey, Lieut. E. Rose, 10th Hussars, Colonel Henderson (Interpreter), Dr. Fayer, Sir Dighton Probyn, Canon Duckworth, Mr. William Kaye, I.C.S., General Sam Browne, and Mrs. Kaye.	

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
A Game of Whist at Simla in the Middle Eighties	166
Left to right : J. O'B. Saunders (editor and proprietor of the <i>Englishman</i> , Calcutta), Sir Edward Buck (Revenue Secretary), his nephew Sir Edward J. Buck, and Sir Charles James Lyall.	
A Performance of Auld Robin Grey in tableaux vivants at Simla in 1881	166
Left to right : Col. Corry, editor of the <i>Civil and Military Gazette</i> , Lahore; Mrs. Davies, Major Eustace, Mrs. Lockwood Kipling (mother of Mr. Rudyard Kipling), and Captain Massey.	
Government House, Lahore (1882)	167
Sir Robert Egerton, Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, is seated in the verandah, surrounded by his staff. On the right is the camel-carriage of the Lieutenant-Governor.	
A Garden Party at Gulmarg, Kashmir (1902)	167
Lady Curzon, wife of the then Viceroy, is seated with His Highness, the late Maharajah, Partab Singh. His brother, General Sir Amar Singh, father of the present Maharajah, Sir Hari Singh (the little boy near Lady Curzon), is standing behind with Sir Louis Dane, the British Resident in Kashmir.	

THE ADVANCES IN MEDICINE

Lord Lister at King's College Hospital (1891)	167
Sir Patrick Manson	167
Lord Lister	167

THE LIFE OF THE PEOPLE

"Hookey Alf," a well-known character in Whitechapel	180
Keir Hardie	180
Crisp Street, Poplar (1904)	180
A Match Factory (1895)	181
"The Company Shop" in South Wales	181
The Truck Act was circumvented by bricking up the door leading from the pay-office to the shop.	
A Barrel Organ in a London street	188
'Appy 'Ampstead	188
In the nineties on a Bank Holiday.	

THE COUNTRYSIDE

The Sower	189
A Farm Hand of the Eighties	189
Threshing with the Flail in the Eighties	189

SPORT OF MANY KINDS

Dr. W. G. Grace at the Oval, 1906	196
At Sandringham	197
A shooting party in the nineties, when King Edward was the Prince of Wales and King George the Duke of York. The Prince and Princess of Wales are standing in the centre of the group. Seated, and reading from the left are : Mrs. Grenfell, the Duchess of York, the Countess of Gosford, the Countess de Grey, the Hon. Mrs. Keppel, Lady Norreys. Among those standing, the Duke of York, Lady Mary Trefusis, the Hon. E. Greville, the Duke of Cambridge, Sir C. Cust, Miss Knollys, the Hon.	

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

FACING
PAGE

J. Ward, the Earl of Gosford, Sir E. Hamilton, Earl de Grey, Lady Musgrave, Princess Victoria, Mr. Amherst Webber, Mr. W. H. Grenfell (now Lord Desborough).	
Lord Hawke	198
"Sammy" Woods, the Somerset cricketer, and famous as a Rugby player in the nineties	198
On the Road	199
The Hon. C. S. Rolls driving; seated by him is the Queen Mother of Rumania, and on the left is the late King of Rumania.	
Tricycling	199
Members of a Wandsworth Club in the eighties.	

GAMES WITH A BALL

Lawn Tennis in 1907	202
Miss Lottie Dod	202
Wimbledon in 1880 (<i>F. H. Ayres, Ltd.</i>)	202
Tennis at Exmouth in the Eighties	203
In the group are H. Chipp, E. Renshaw, H. Grove, Miss Lottie Dod, Miss Gurney, and Miss Bryan.	
Australian Cricketers who toured England in 1884	203
Reading from left, (Front) W. H. Cooper, H. J. H. Scott, (Centre) F. R. Spofforth (the demon bowler), J. McC. Blackham, W. L. Murdoch (Captain), G. J. Bonnor, W. Midwinter, A. C. Bannerman, H. F. Boyle, (Standing) F. S. McDonnell, G. Alexander, G. Giffen, and G. E. Palmer. (<i>F. H. Ayres, Ltd.</i>)	
The English Rugby Team in 1871	204
Association Football	204
The team who represented England in 1895. The founder of the Corinthians, "Pa" Jackson, is standing on extreme left. Those seated include W. I. Bassett (left), now Chairman of West Bromwich Albion, with Steve Bloomer and J. Goodall, the two famous Derby County players, and R. C. Gosling. Standing at the back is J. W. Sutcliffe, who played both Association and Rugby for England.	
Golf in the Late Nineties at Berkhamstead	205
Mr. Thursfield (President of the Club), Mr. Gowing, and Miss Thursfield.	
Netball in the Nineties.	205

CONTRASTS ON THE TURF

Steve Donoghue on Manna riding with short leathers	214
Fred Archer riding with old-fashioned long leathers	214
Ormonde	215
St. Simon	215

FOREWORD

MANY have taken delight reading these articles as they came out one by one in *The Times*. But at this moment I must be almost the only person who has also read them through at a sitting, regarding them as a book. I think they gain individually by this rapid correlation one with another. Certainly when thus read together they begin to form a picture—however superficial from brevity—of some aspects of the later Victorian Age. And the illustrations are hardly less welcome than the articles themselves.

The book has two merits. It is extremely readable and interesting, because it is made up of the actual recollections of many different folk, recalling palpable and picturesque facts about the past, some small but all significant, and in their sum important. The first merit of the book is that it is very readable. Its second merit is that there perpetually rises up, through the pleasant gossip about old times, the important question—have things altered for better or for worse? This charming little book is a serious contribution of data towards thinking about that.

The greatest half-century of applied scientific invention that the world has yet seen has inevitably been the half-century of most rapid economic, social, and mental revolution. Even the Great War has done less than the internal-combustion engine to destroy the old society, the old countryside, the old habits of thought and conduct. In this volume we are reminded of a few of the things that our grandfathers had and that we have not and that no one will ever have again. We are every one of us too ignorant of past, present, and future to answer with authority the great question—will the mind and life of mechanized man be better or worse on the balance than the mind and life of his unmechanized ancestor? But though we cannot authoritatively answer the question, it concerns us to study it, and these modest and irregular essays are a help to such thought.

Some of these articles are frankly pessimistic as to change in certain respects. On the other hand, Sir Henry Hadow on music, the three articles on the Universities, Sir Squire Sprigge on progress in medicine, are cheerful enough as records of move-

FOREWORD

ment in the right direction. Most of the articles record both loss and gain.

Of course only a small part of the vast and complex pageant of English life can be so much as touched upon in the little space between these covers, although the articles form perhaps the longest series that ever appeared in *The Times*. But *ex pede Herculem*. Some of these contributions suggest so many other changes than those they actually describe. For example the disappearance of the old craftsmanship in many lines of life is suggested by Admiral Wemyss's article on the Navy, and the vanishing of the old craftsmanship in the particular case of the sailing vessel. So too Mr. Thomas Jones's article on the South Welsh Miners and Glasgow suggests the similar changes that have taken place, *mutatis mutandis*, in working-class conditions in other trades and regions. Professor Okey's recently published memoirs of his youth in one of the poorer parts of London bears out the impression left by Mr. Jones's article here, that the feet of clay of the Victorian giant was the condition of "the masses" in the industrial districts. Materially at least that has been immensely improved in the last fifty years.

But then comes in Lord Ernle, with his cold music, reminding us of the decay of the noble life that the old English used to live in the countryside. But he too records that "the material progress of rural workers and their increased command of conveniences represent social gains which none can wish to diminish." But, alas! they have for fifty years past been a vanishing race. If by taking thought the coming generation can stop the deadly flow of the nation's life blood off the land into the great cities—but I find myself drawing conclusions when I should be only calling attention to the delights of this little book that treats of a great subject.

G. M. TREVELYAN.

CAMBRIDGE,

April 11, 1932.

POLITICS AND THE STATESMAN

BY THE EARL OF MIDLETON, K.P.

IN all ages he who poses as *laudator temporis acti* is ineffective. In none could he find a smaller audience than in 1932. The freedom of this generation from old trammels is welcomed not as a victory in a time-long struggle, but as the natural birth of a new era. From this standpoint the events of the seventies and eighties of the last century command little interest and less attention, but national development, unless the result of revolution, needs pioneers, and the "new model" in the last half of Queen Victoria's reign relieved England of many features which made the nation exclusive and of some which made us ridiculous.

There was not much, apart from industrial development, in the fifty years after 1815 to set off against the enthusiasm so long centred on a great war. The age was golden only in the limited sense that commercial men were making fortunes at a great pace, and the country was ripe for casting off old traditions. Society had been divided by the foibles of the Prince Regent into two sections, the more adventurous of which practically monopolized the racecourse, the gambling-table, and the theatre, leaving to the mass the routine of country life, which was in the main profoundly dull.

By 1870 these barriers were breaking down just when the old political and religious controversies had drawn to an end. As Disraeli said in 1873, "All the great questions of trade and navigation, of the incidence of taxation and of public economy, might be regarded as settled." Social legislation was only dawning; religion was suffering not from atrophy but from reconstruction. It is true that the Puritan Sunday with its services two hours long was under sentence, but England, if not so essentially religious as Scotland, was not so secular as in the present age. Simultaneously the old cult of France, which occupied the memoirs and thoughts of the preceding generation, had evaporated with the Franco-German War.

These breaches with tradition carried away a number of obsolete forms. The head of the family began none too soon to

FIFTY YEARS

lose his autocracy ; some of the pedantries of the past lingered, though they were fast dying away. The writer has heard men of all ages addressing their fathers as " Sir " and a wife habitually accost her husband as " Lord ——." One host, of great personality and many acres, who hunted five days a week, when entertaining thirty guests was unseen by them until the dinner hour, but this semi-regal seclusion gave him leisure to become one of the best-read men in England. Another magnate, with equal pretensions but fewer gifts, thought it quite natural in the presence of his guests to reprimand his son, a man of forty years of age and a prominent member of the House of Commons, for venturing to tell the butler at dinner that a bottle of champagne was " corked " ; while another, hearing his son ask a neighbour to pass the wine, remarked bluntly, " Wait till you are master here."

Arthur Balfour, who habitually rose at 11 a.m., once found himself roused from his " first sleep " at 9 a.m. by the fiat of his host, and forced to take part in an ordered procession to breakfast, for which his fellow-guests had had to wait for half an hour.

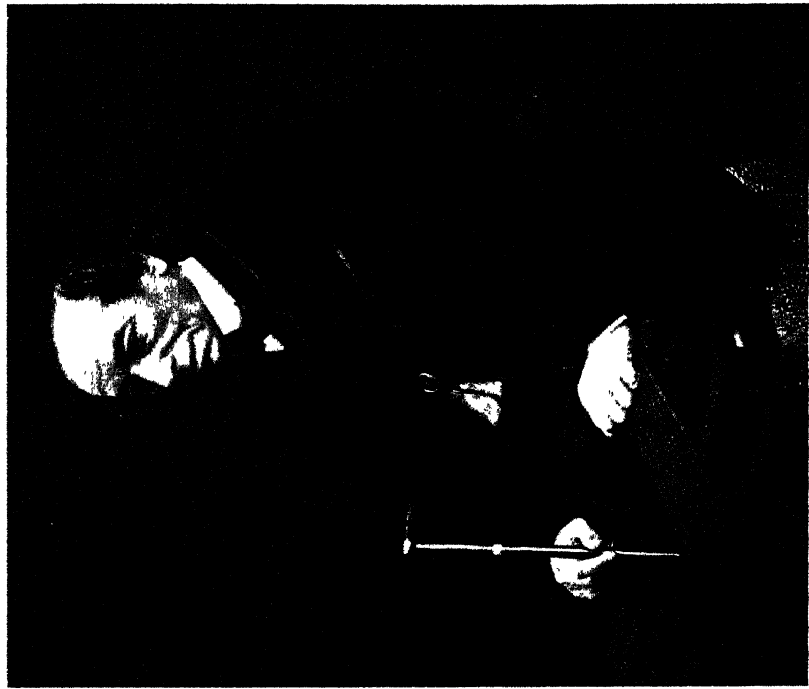
- These tributes to family subordination, dating back, no doubt, to the days of Abraham and Isaac, became scarce as the seventies wore on. Hard drinking, except in some Irish houses, was no longer the necessary close of the day. With fifty years' experience of social functions, no man could probably now name a dozen fellow-guests who were unable to " pass the guard." But society had not yet tabooed those seasoned vessels who rode hard, shot straight, and after twelve strenuous hours subsided into slumber after dinner. Indeed, one illustrious personage habitually did so on his neighbour's shoulder between the courses.

Nothing undermined these primeval customs so much as the first invasion of American brides fifty years ago. Fortunately they were unable to persuade Englishmen to fetch and carry for them like American husbands, but they insisted on being amused and gradually edged out the dullards and social incompetents. Under the influence of Marlborough House, parties became more of a festivity. Dancing, bridge, and games of every description replaced the old somnolent evenings, and such gatherings could hold their own with the night clubs, long-distance frolics, and practical jokes so dear to the new generation.

Social progress was further developed by the coterie nick-



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE AT HAWARDEN



BENJAMIN DISRAELI, LORD BEACONSFIELD



LORD SALISBURY AND LI HUNG CHANG

Lord Curzon of Kedleston then Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs, is to the right of Li Hung Chang



LIBERAL STATESMEN OF THE EIGHTIES

Left to right : The Duke of Devonshire, Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and Mr. Gladstone

POLITICS AND THE STATESMAN

named "The Souls" which foregathered in some great country houses in the nineties and was the subject of much humorous criticism. Here again the rising feminine influence of the age was to the fore. Not satisfied with the companionship of men like Arthur Balfour, Asquith, Alfred Lyttelton, George Curzon, Harry Cust, George Wyndham, and others, who had no inconsiderable position in various walks of life, these intrepid reformers claimed as their own the latest star in literature, diplomacy, the law, or any branch of athletics, and banished from their midst all who could not "row their weight."

Society at that time influenced political life to a degree unknown to this generation. Sympathetic hostesses brought together leading men who were distant but not discordant. The latest volume of Lord Salisbury's life recalls the fact that up to 1886 Lord Salisbury and the Duke of Devonshire, who had been politicians for a generation before, scarcely knew each other. Indeed, Lord Salisbury in the hearing of the writer once inquired at Hatfield, "What is that confidential card game they are playing in which many of the cards are displayed on the table?" Being told it was "Bridge," he said: "I had better inspect it; it may bring me into closer touch with Devonshire."

Under less rigid conditions, the hostess of Londonderry House, more catholic than Lady Holland in old days, brought many divergent leading men to better understanding of one another. It was not difficult for Mr. Chamberlain, after gibbeting the Lords as men "who toil not neither do they spin," to find sympathetic social touch with a great noble who was the hardest-working man of his generation. Even the asperity of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach thawed before a hostess who unmercifully chaffed him for having made life burdensome to an overworked colleague. Mr. Gladstone first realized Mr. Asquith's great abilities at a select dinner-party through the insistence of a brilliant young lady, who was subsequently rewarded by a relationship even more intimate than that of the Cabinet.

Again, in 1891, when the forward views of Colonel Kitchener were greatly prejudicing his claims to the Sirdarship with all those who were "fed up" with Egypt, opportunity was made for him to meet Lord Salisbury at dinner, when, to the dismay of his backers, he blurted out, "We have to get back to Khartoum; it is for me to prepare, for you to settle the time." This frankness deeply impressed Lord Salisbury, who not merely appointed him

FIFTY YEARS

Sirdar but subsequently stood by the great soldier in many trying episodes. Society soon learned to bank on ability and charm in place of quarterings.

Political life has changed in fifty years beyond recognition. A Parliament which contained a great mass of bulky country gentlemen and business men who never desired to speak, which fought its battles lustily for six months, but refrained from disturbing the country in the recess, has been replaced by an assembly forced into action by an electorate impatient of rhetoric but insistent on invective. Parliamentary obstruction culminating in 1887 with a session of eight months and an average adjournment on four nights a week at 2.20 a.m. forced the adoption of the closure—a beneficent weapon which, while it relieved the physical health of members by making the hour of division a certainty, divested Parliament of its old “atmosphere.” In these days some 200 M.P.s, according to the disclosure of a recent Whip, ascertain by a telegram early in the week the day and hour at which they must attend to vote.

Far different was the old sword-play of Parliament which contributed not a little to the camaraderie of the House of Commons. Arthur Balfour once remarked at a St. Andrews festivity, “Even games are not to be regarded as wholly serious.” He applied his maxim liberally to debates, and the calculated antics of the obstructionists made Parliament very human. What had been a bludgeon when wielded by Parnell became a rapier in the hands of the Fourth Party in 1880.

Their method of warfare was characteristic. To waste time some respectable M.P. would be put up to advocate an arguable proposition quite at variance with the Government’s proposals. Randolph Churchill would enforce it by a philippic castigating the Government in advance for blocking their Bill if they even attempted to oppose it. This, as intended, brought up Gladstone with an impassioned harangue of twenty minutes proving the fallacy up to the hilt. The ball was then fairly rolling, and Balfour would develop a few selected points on which he was still in doubt. With good management the amendment would run for many hours, and about 4 a.m. the Opposition would go to bed delighted to have used up a night of Government time on two lines of the Bill, and with the consciousness, if it were a Tuesday, that the Government must parade again at midday, while they could saunter in at their ease to resume guerrilla

tactics with the certainty of having squeezed some other nefarious Bill out of the Government programme.

Obviously no assembly could be conducted under such conditions, but one virtue of the Victorian House of Commons has been lost. In those days members readily listened to the rising men as well as to the great efforts of Gladstone and Bright, but now, the mass being certain of the hour to vote and no longer forced to "stand by," the minor lights are hidden and consequently count for little in the country. Parliamentary reports have been cut down in most daily papers 80 per cent. ; the influence of any great speech is ephemeral, the voice of Parliament only distantly affects the trend of public opinion ; constituencies concentrate on a few public favourites, and the rest are nowhere.

Thirty years ago the time came inevitably when the congenial break of the "week-end" had to supersede the solid months of London life which had been considered essential for Parliament.

So good an omelette could not be made without breaking some eggs. The short House of Commons' Wednesday sitting was naturally transferred to Friday, but when M.P.s cut loose for three nights to the country a fateful inroad was made on Parliamentary atmosphere. The famed Saturday evening gatherings and Sunday luncheons, when vexed questions were often solved, went by the board ; hard-worked Ministers lost touch with outsiders, and had no chance to remove misunderstandings.

In these days incessant work from Monday to Friday precludes the Chiefs, however genial, from general society. An ex-Cabinet Minister told me he had never spoken to Mr. Baldwin for five years, though he had always warmly supported him, and out of ten fairly prominent persons who happened recently to be discussing the National Ministry I found only one who had ever seen the Prime Minister whom they were eager to uphold.

Hero worship and thrill over national events seem to have died out with the Great War. When London heard of the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish in the Phoenix Park in 1882, and of the death of Gordon at Khartoum in 1884, feeling was so acute that—as on the receipt of the first news of the Indian Mutiny—people unknown to each other stopped to discuss the catastrophe in the street. The news of the Irish Rebellion of 1916, or even the terrible murder of Sir Henry Wilson, was received with strange comparative calm. No doubt we have all been drugged by the terrific losses of the War, but something also

FIFTY YEARS

is surely due to the lessening of interest in a generation attuned to daily excitement by enterprising journals.

The same is true of personalities. In old days when Gladstone or Disraeli visited a country town there was a gathering at the station. The present leaders rarely suffer such disturbance of a well-earned holiday. Nor were statesmen in past days the only people noticed in a crowd. When walking with Lord Roberts to the War Office the writer was more than once accosted by a stranger asking if he could persuade the great soldier to shake hands with his son, who "would never forget it all through his life." Again, the sight of a survivor of Waterloo, Lord Albemarle, in his chair, or of Lord Strathnairn riding in the Row, bearing the traces of sunstroke, the result of his famous summer campaign in the Mutiny, always excited respectful comment.

Nous avons changé tout cela. Individual interest is reserved for the King and Prince of Wales, and even the greatest of our proconsuls, sent to their posts with much feasting and applause, return after splendid achievements to mix with the crowd without the demonstration which glorifies a popular film star. Surely, seeing that the British Empire has been built up by the devotion of individuals rather than by the foresight of Governments, waning interest in those who have buttressed her supremacy is a national loss.

The greatness of events and intensity of effort obviously tend to obscure individuals. It was much easier to make a hero of the visible leader at Waterloo, or even at the Marne, than of the distant general victorious on the Somme with its long-drawn-out battle and 400,000 casualties. So it is in politics with their world-wide effect.

While it would be futile to strike a debtor and creditor balance of recent changes, it is interesting to estimate the degree to which this more restless generation, with its glorious trend of high endeavour, will be fitted to cope with adversity. An age of light-heartedness and lack of traditions has curious reactions. It is no longer necessary to enter on a calling at adolescence and pursue it till dotage. The wreck of one career need not be endured with folded hands. In old days it was rare for a man to change his profession or shine in two spheres, though many men like the late Lord Chaplin or "Jim" Lowther gained something in political advancement by their sporting reputation. Now a



LORD ROSEBERY



LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL



LORD BALFOUR



HYDE PARK IN VICTORIAN DAYS

The procession of bicycles shown in the lower picture was watched by large crowds

POLITICS AND THE STATESMAN

woman after twenty years of high society may take to politics or keep a hat shop.

Fifty years ago a career such as Lord Reading's, ranging from the Stock Exchange to the Bar, Parliament, the Bench, an Embassy, a Viceroyalty, the Press, the City, and the Foreign Office, would have brought three Prime Ministers to loggerheads with disappointed supporters in four lines of life. Vested interests, especially those of the dominant male, have been routed, and the world, even if not better, seems to be the happier. We have been made to discard many empty shams. The old British foible of seeming earnest about nothing is dying out. There is much less pretence in private life. It has yet to be seen whether the scions of this age of cherished self-expression and complexes will meet the unending Imperial calls or such a strain as 1914 better than those trained under the more rigid laws of the past, which with all their demerits made us ready, though all unprepared, for the War.

It has been pointed out above that we have learned something socially from America. Her political isolation can never be our model. I venture to think we can claim indisputable pre-eminence in our acceptance of international responsibilities. It will be the worse for mankind if, in the relation of the individual to the State, or of our country to the world, our future is not based on the principles which, as Lord Curzon finely said, "have made Great Britain the greatest element for good which the world has ever seen." We need no apology for the last half-century in this respect, if in any other.

SOCIETY AND THE SEASON

BY MARY, COUNTESS OF LOVELACE

FOR a picture of social life fifty years ago I can only draw upon a limited experience, first as a girl before 1880 and as a young married woman after that date. I can, in short, only give the youthful feminine point of view. It was a prosperous period, and for the six months of "the Season," which began in February and ended the last day of July, there was an incessant competition between entertainers small and great. Except for a few days at Easter, three or four balls were given every night except Saturdays, and on that day there was nearly always one of those large assemblies at one or other of the great family houses which embraced the whole of Society, old and young, rich and poor.

From what I hear no such parties are given or can be given nowadays. Gone are Devonshire House, Grosvenor House, Stafford House, Montagu House—a few others in the same category may still exist, but mostly under alien ownership—and with them has to a great extent gone the leadership of Society by men and women born and bred in high and good traditions. For those who, like myself, can look back upon such leadership, it seems that the modern world suffers grievously for lack of it.

Of course, such houses as I have named did not open only to admit crowds; and no doubt their owners had each their special friendships and predilections. All were alike, however, in regarding it as an inherited duty to share their possessions with others and to exercise a royal hospitality. But there was a limit. Persons connected with any social scandal usually found themselves uninvited. The advantage of these large parties—"drums" as we used to call them—and still more of the balls which occasionally took place in the same houses, was that they brought together not only people of all politics and all professions, but also both young and old in varying degrees. In a moderate-sized house a ball only brings together a collection of dancing people in their twenties, or a party is mainly a set of middle-aged folk who yawn under the infliction of music. There is

SOCIETY AND THE SEASON

little variety possible for either set. But in a large assembly all ages mingle. And to the great historical house will come Cabinet Ministers and Ambassadors, and famous soldiers and the like, and it is good for the young to have the chance of knowing them. And these middle-aged celebrities are apt to be much refreshed by the sight of the last new pretty *débutante*, and delighted to hear the gossip of the dancing world.

The balls at Buckingham Palace, of which there were always two in every season, had pre-eminently the advantage of bringing together the whole of Society. I remember always finding them very enjoyable. The uniforms and kilts and Court dresses of the men and their decorations added immensely to the brilliancy and interest of the scene, making it easy to identify persons of distinction. The Royal procession, headed by the Prince and Princess of Wales, which passed down the long room going to and from the supper room, nearly always included some foreign Royalties or other great personages. Among the company could pretty certainly be found any celebrity of the moment, the last great traveller, the prominent artist, the scientific discoverer, besides all the principal politicians belonging to both sides, and all the great State officials. To the young women it was by no means unwelcome to meet the dancing friends of two or three years back, who now considered themselves too mature to attend the ordinary ball, reappearing as Guardsmen, members of the Foreign Office, or of other Government services, etc.

The dinner-party, large or small, fashionable or political, artistic or literary, or a judicious mixture of all these kinds, was then (as I think it is still) the best of social meetings. It may have been a little more formal than it is now in the marshalling of guests according to rank, but no hostess who knew her business was entirely the slave of rules. She could give every one a sympathetic neighbour and often a priceless opportunity for the furthering of acquaintance. The most salient difference in dinner-party manners between then and now seems to me to lie in the use of tobacco. The gentlemen smoked in the dining-room after dinner, but this custom was then still new, and there were old-fashioned houses in which it was very grudgingly tolerated. As to bringing cigarettes into the drawing-room after dinner to the befouling of the curtains and the women's clothes, the idea was unheard of. Would that it were so still !

Two special causes seem to me to lie at the root of nearly

FIFTY YEARS

all the differences between then and now. First, the complete emancipation of the last two generations of young women which has taken place. Second, the present almost universal habit of "week-ending."

As to the first, nearly every social custom which applied to ordinary intercourse between both sexes was based on the idea that every young woman, and especially every inexperienced girl, was a sacred thing to be carefully guarded from any possibility of insult or undue temptation. The well-guarded girl of the years 1870-80 could not walk alone in the street or drive alone in a cab or in a railway carriage. To any sort of entertainment she must be accompanied by father or mother or by some married woman. At a ball, the place where her chaperon sat was a kind of home to which she was supposed to return after every dance. Of course, she did not always do so; and the wise mother knew when to be lenient and when to enforce the rules. All dancing partners are not equally attractive, and the necessity of "going back to Mamma" provided a by no means always unwelcome end to a *tête-à-tête*. Looking back I cannot recollect ever feeling my chaperon to be an irksome restraint, and she was often a most welcome protection and adviser.

The real drawback to the system was the fatigue and boredom that it imposed on the older women. How well I remember the rows of weary faces on the benches against the wall, and I wonder if they always got the loving gratitude from their charges which was certainly their due. Now and then there would appear a male chaperon—a kind father or uncle—who took his turn at the social treadmill. He got his reward in extreme popularity, and as he was in great demand for taking dowager after dowager down to supper, he did not suffer from inaction. I am told that there are still some chaperons, though not nearly so many as in the old days. For dinners and entertainments other than balls, apparently the girls now do not need any female protector whatever. They go about anywhere and everywhere with any male friend whom they choose. In fact, they "walk out" and "keep company" just as our friends in the servants' hall do.

Our social restrictions were often irksome. But what I remember as much more so was the want of ordinary liberty in everyday life. How many a long dull summer afternoon have

SOCIETY AND THE SEASON

I passed immured indoors because there was no room for me in the family carriage and no lady's maid who had time to walk out with me. We lived near St. James's Street and all the clubs, so that for my sisters or me to go out alone into the streets would have been to defy the social taboo in its severest form. There were quiet squares and terraces in the outlying districts where young girls could at least go about in pairs. As old Lady Morley, thirty years or so before, used to say about Belgravia when it was still new and countrified, and a place where women could do as they pleased, "All the women there were brave and all the men were virtuous." This sentence really supplies a key to the ideas which underlay the restrictions above described. It was supposed that most men were not "virtuous," that is, that nearly all would be capable of accosting and annoying—or worse—any unaccompanied young woman whom they met. This supposition, surviving from the eighteenth century, was in fact just as obsolete in the late nineteenth as it would be now, and I think it was then already beginning to pass away.

There was then no general habit of dining or tea drinking in restaurants or other public places. Men could eat at their clubs, but there were no women's clubs, and it was difficult for a woman to get a meal anywhere except in a private house. That a young man should ask his favourite dancing partner to come out with him for the afternoon or evening and take her to some public place, and that it should be a matter of course that he should pay for all incidental expenses and all refreshments consumed by her, would fifty years ago have seemed to us all absolutely outrageous. I hope this custom is not even now quite universal. There was hardly any maxim in our time more strongly impressed upon the young girl by her parents than that she must never allow any man, not a near relation, to incur expense on her behalf. But, in fact, such a situation could then hardly ever arise.

Opportunities for young people to mingle freely in peaceful country surroundings had to be provided more or less by some hostess, who presided. The best of these, I think, were water parties, say, of a dozen people at most, who spent long hours boating on the river, eating and resting at intervals in some little waterside inn. There used to be a place of the sort called "Skindle's" at Maidenhead, which was a home of delight to many of us. I think that expenses were often pooled. The

FIFTY YEARS

chaperonage which the modern young person visualizes as such a bug-a-boo was on these occasions provided usually by some one kindly matron, "somebody's mother," who was willing to sit long hours in the sun watching other people's amusements.

The other great change in social habits is the present widespread exodus from London for a third of every week. Before motor-cars existed, to go more than ten miles out of London meant a troublesome business of catching trains. Accordingly the two nights' country visit, called then a "Sunday party," was a rarity, and the majority of us were quite content to stay where we were. For the quieter elements in society Saturday afternoons and evenings were the pleasantest in the week. There being no balls and no sittings in Parliament, there was opportunity for small entertainments, and M.P.s and other busy men had leisure to enjoy society and to cultivate friendships. It was the great day for dinners, small and great. In June and July there were afternoon parties at a few large houses with gardens within a drive of Hyde Park Corner, the most distinguished of these being at Holland House, then belonging to the widow of the fourth and last Lord Holland.

But, it will be asked, what about Sunday? Well, there were no large and formal entertainments, but innumerable small gatherings of families and intimates. London was not empty and dreary as to-day. If there were fewer carriages in the streets than on weekdays there were many more walkers. The great majority of us went as a matter of course to morning church. After that there was a delightful sense of freedom, and the parks and principal streets were full of people, young and old, going on foot to visit their friends. One met an acquaintance at every street corner. Of course, the habitable part of London was then smaller than it is now. It was not considered "right" to go in omnibuses, cabs were expensive, and nobody except invalids brought out their own carriages on Sundays. Altogether there was every reason why all the able-bodied should walk, and very pleasant it was.

For the less energetic there were seats in Hyde Park, where people congregated; and in many hospitable houses the owners sat "at home" and gave tea to all and sundry. But many of us went long walks to Kensington or Fulham or Hampstead, where the artists had their pictures on show, or literary coteries collected. The Zoo was much resorted to on Sunday, as I

SOCIETY AND THE SEASON

believe it still is, but I think the crowd there was more fashionable then than now. Altogether we managed to amuse ourselves thoroughly well on Sundays, all the better for the fact that in those less restless days to many of us London was really a home.

But of those young people who revelled in London for about a third of the year, the majority had their real homes in the country, and when they returned there it was usually to settle down to many months on end of home duties and home pleasures, such as I think the present generation can hardly conceive. They walked, they rode, learning to know and love every inch of the countryside. They saw much of their neighbours of every class. They visited the sick and cared for the village children. And in the winter days they studied history and literature and music, and tried to draw and paint. If they did not often produce anything remarkable, they learnt much in the process. And I am sure that for recreation they read more and better books than does the present generation.

The men worked at county and estate business, some of them being magistrates. Most owners farmed some of their own land and were keenly interested in the care of woods, also in building and repairing cottages and other such works. They hunted and shot and shared lawn tennis with the women, but golf was then hardly known south of the Border.

A certain number of visitors, mostly relatives, came and stayed for a week or two at a time. In some kindly houses guests who had no country homes of their own would be given a welcome for a month or more. Now and then, at least in the larger houses, there would be a set party, selected and invited long beforehand, and over these always one idol dominated—the pheasant. Shooting had to be used as a lure. At such times the father of the family was apt to assert himself. If his house was to be filled to bursting, his wines drunk in quantities, and his best shooting provided, then for that shooting he would have the best guns possible. What despair for the mother of daughters to be told that the one guest whom of all others she secretly desired to invite was a bad shot and totally inadmissible !

The great difficulty that beset the country hostess then, and still does now, and I think always will do so, is the shortage of the unattached male. It was already felt (but to a less degree) in Jane Austen's day, for she constantly bears witness to the value set upon a sufficiency of "beaux." This shortage is the

FIFTY YEARS

price that we pay for our splendid Empire, and the price is paid mainly by the women. In our higher classes a large percentage of sons and brothers and potential husbands must always be overseas. Some of them return later, but not all, and meantime most of our women remain.

This fact underlay all the social combinations of fifty years ago, and it still underlies those of to-day.



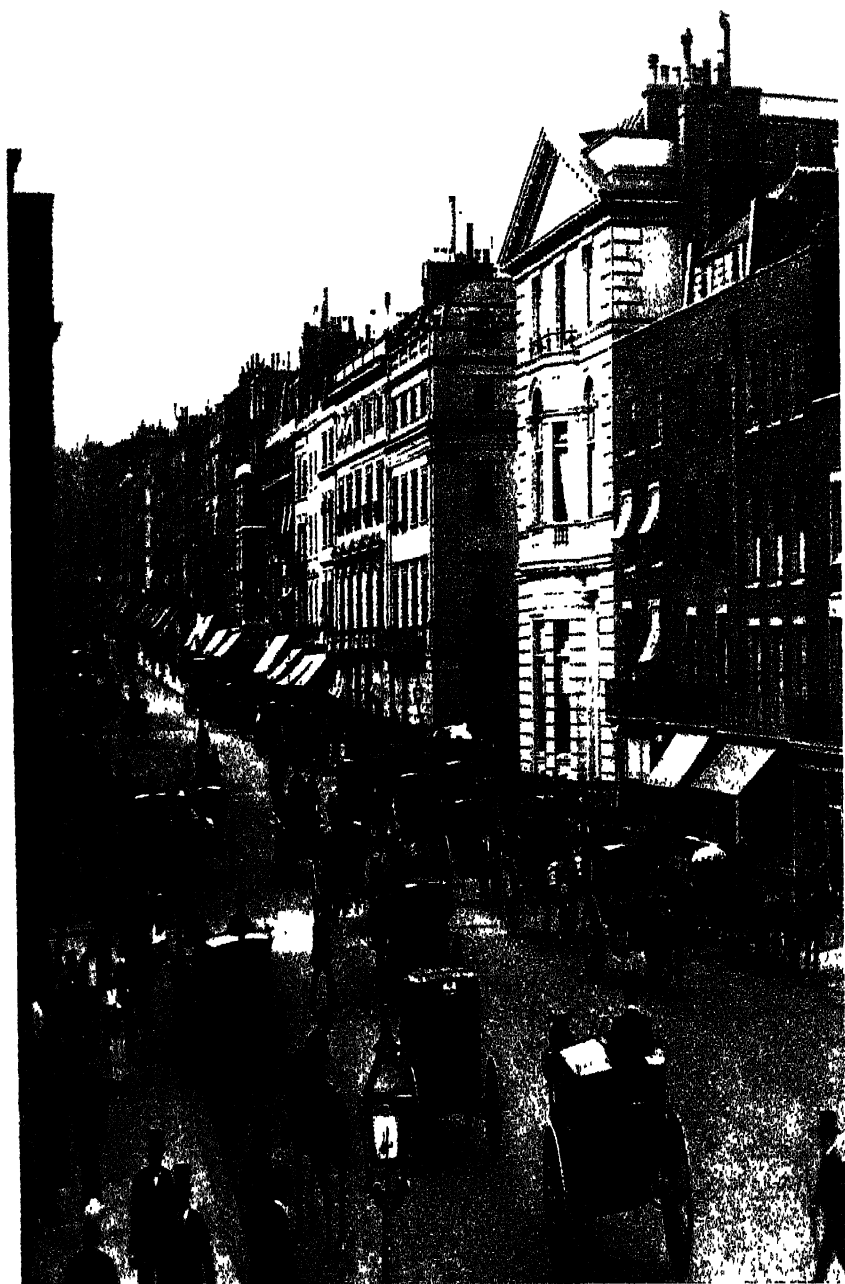
A VICTORIAN HOUSEHOLD

Miss Kate Terry, eldest sister of Ellen Terry, and Mr. Arthur Lewis, whom she married, in the grounds of Moray Lodge, Campden Hill, Kensington.



AT RANELAGH

An inspection of one of the balloons before a race



CLUBLAND IN THE NINETIES
St. James's Street

CLUBS AND CLUB LIFE

BY SIR GEORGE ARTHUR, BT.

TO Dry-as-Dust we trace the dictum that the club, in the general acceptance of the term, may be regarded as one of the "earliest offshoots of man's habitual gregarious and social inclination ; and as an instance of that remarkable influence which, in an early stage of society, the powers of Nature exercise over the fortunes of mankind." But, however magniloquent in phrase, Dry-as-Dust knew his subject from A to Z, from the general symposia and friendly meetings of the polished Athenians nearly, but not quite, down to the hilarious gatherings presided over by an enterprising lady who, surely to her own discomfort, is so often in the public eye.

The club has been rather unkindly said to appeal to the Englishman for four special reasons. The Englishman's tendency is to aloofness, and the club enables him to keep himself to himself as much—or nearly as much—as he pleases. He is disposed to economy, and he flatters himself that, if he does not get something for nothing, he gets it at prime cost ; half a century ago Lord Winchilsea, most genial of companions, would declare that to drink Pommery of 1874 at 8s. a bottle was absolutely to put 10s. a day into his pocket, oblivious of the fact that his pockets were normally devoid of any shillings at all. The Englishman is domestic, and his club gives him the exact *vie d'intérieur* which he so keenly appreciates ; and, as he is apt to indulge in grievances, the "Complaints Book" affords him a harmless vent for grumblings which otherwise might be voiced on the domestic hearth.

The club habit as it exists in London has no counterpart in any other capital in Europe. The Jockey Club in Paris, the Circolo della Caccia in Rome, the Nuevo Club in Madrid, figure rather as resorts in which, after 3 p.m., members would lounge, gossip, refresh themselves, play bridge, poker, and baccarat and occasionally dine ; the idea of using the place for any serious reading or writing or anything like debate would be wholly strange to them. For our aristocratic Continental cousins the club is a *recherché* and sumptuous substitute for the

FIFTY YEARS

café, not an establishment such as is to be found in Piccadilly, St. James's Street, and Pall Mall, where everything conducive to comfort can be obtained ; where a library offers rich resources, and a cuisine goes as far to please the palate as a British cuisine ever does go ; where conversation on every imaginable topic can be engaged in, and correspondence carried on with all the luxury of total silence and unlimited stationery ; where guests can be introduced or excluded according to general consensus ; and where the taste, and even the whim, of every member is perhaps more freely indulged than in his own home, and where he insists on his personal convenience being studied by the committee no less than by every employee from the secretary downwards.

Individual convenience may no doubt be carried a little too far, as when, from one of the Pall Mall "Joint Stock Palaces," a member bent on economy was in the habit of abstracting six towels every Monday morning ; as he returned them punctually on Saturday evenings, there was no loss of club property, and he could congratulate himself that his domestic laundry bill was lessened by something like a shilling a week.

The large clubs, of course, cater for men whose tastes and notion of enjoyment are widely divergent, however they may be bound by professional or social ties. In at least one room "Silence," and perhaps "No Smoking," will be enjoined ; and to this prohibition "No Snoring" might be usefully added, as the disturber of the peace is generally the individual who has dropped into a stertorous slumber over a book which has proved too much for him, and who can only be aroused by a heavy weight dropped at his feet or by a hint to a quick-witted attendant that "the gentleman in the armchair has rung for something." Elsewhere probably tobacco and talking, however strident the voice or blatant the "shop," are unrestrained, and a busy man may wonder how a little group will sit—and probably sip—for hours at a stretch, and pursue a colloquy which, even if it appears to the detached listener as singularly uninformed, anyhow enjoys the quality of the widow's cruse.

Yet clubs have been the chosen places to broach and discuss matters of gravest, and world-wide, importance. At times of political heat the character of a political club is apt to be a little exaggerated, and Lord Randolph Churchill used to say that, when an evening journal suggested that "feeling in the afternoon

ran very high at the Carlton," it might well be that the only audible occupants of the morning room were old Lord — asleep in front of the fire and Sir F. W. cursing the waiter.

Lord Salisbury, wisest and most courteous of statesmen, was a very rare visitor to the great Tory stronghold ; soon after he became Prime Minister for the first time he inadvertently seated himself in the coffee-room with a vacant table on each side of him, which were promptly pounced on by the two egregious bores in the community, and a half-hour's agony, bravely endured, caused him to patronize—and that not very often—the Junior institution across the road where no one had the temerity to approach within speaking distance of him. But the "Lives" of Lord Beaconsfield and his colleagues and successors are eloquent of the Carlton ; the Reform—where incidentally Thackeray was said to be at his best—was and is very dear to their opponents ; while the Travellers' has beckoned to leaders of both parties, except perhaps the late Lord Londonderry, who avowedly "hated abroad" and had hardly fulfilled the proviso of travelling 500 miles across the Continent. The Duke of Devonshire distinctly preferred the Turf to Brooks's, and in any case whist—at £5 points with a "pony" on the rubber—to politics outside Parliament ; and how could Mr. Gladstone resist the appeal of Sir Thomas Acland to belong to the Athenæum, "a great centre of intellect and criticism," where he would meet all men of high standing in the country's service ?

If our neighbours across the Channel never quite grasp the social side of club life, they may well wonder at the rigidly enclosed political institutions, the respective members of which meet one another in perfect amity outside the sacrosanct portals. They forget that the fortunes of the fight waged between Whig and Tory go far to compose the history of England for many a long year from 1760 onwards. Good young Whigs went to Harrow and Cambridge, and good young Tories to Eton and Oxford ; there were Whig and Tory publishers, poets, and actors, and even Whig and Tory prayers, for of the two prayers which stand at the beginning of the Communion Service the first was supposed to inculcate the Divine Right of Kings and the second to suggest the limitation of Royal authority.

"My boy," said the first Earl of Leicester to his little grandson, "whatever you do in life, never trust a Tory," adding, "I never have myself, and by G— I never will." And there is just

within the memory of the writer a venerable Whig dame who boasted of never having entered a hackney coach without extracting from the driver a declaration that he was not a Tory. No less uncompromising was the Tory outlook, and the Tory barometer perhaps rose to bursting point when two "political wives" of high social standing, incensed by Queen Victoria's alleged Whiggism, hissed the young Sovereign at Ascot races.

Small wonder that politics—until a little confused by the advent of Unionists—served to distinguish, if they did not actually create, a large number of clubs. So deep was the Tory complexion of White's during the Premiership of Mr. Canning that the foundation of the Carlton in 1832—with which Lord Clanwilliam, the grandfather of the present chairman, was largely concerned—did little to draw the stalwarts from the famous bow-window, long to resound with passionate protest against the Reform Bill. The vicissitudes of White's have been many and remarkable, but Conservatism was sufficiently deep-rooted to resist the appeal of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, to relax time-honoured restrictions on smoking.

The retirement of the Heir Apparent from White's had, as a result, the formation of the Marlborough Club, which he made peculiarly his own, frequented with assiduity, and radiated with his unparalleled charm. No candidate could be even considered without his sanction, and, once elected, to secede would be akin to *lèse majesté*. So long as the appearance of an illustrious Personage could be looked for—and this might well be even after his accession to the Throne—evening dress with white tie was *de rigueur* for dinner; the dinner jacket, introduced by Lord Dupplin and originally known as the Homburg jacket, was considered inadmissible, and a youthful Guardsman, greatly venturing, drew down on himself the mild rebuke: "I suppose, my young friend, you are going to a costume ball." King George, in the last twenty years, may scarcely have visited the club where he was formerly so often, and so happily, seen, but his interest in its affairs is unabated; he has, on more than one occasion, rendered it solid service, and but the other day he cordially endorsed the privilege which the Prince of Wales has bestowed on members by allowing them to park their cars within the gates of Marlborough House.

Rightly have clubs their cherished customs as well as their clear characters; at Arthur's and Boodle's there was a well-

CLUBS AND CLUB LIFE

known rule that silver given in change had to be plunged in boiling water and swung round in a leather bag to ensure cleanliness. The Caledonian Club retains its snuff-box, and the excellent chef at the Orleans is still said to make special boast of his unrivalled bread-and-butter puddings. Cribbage has not faded from favour in the kitchen at Pratt's, a favourite meeting-place for the youth of the Household Brigade, where the ninth Duke of Devonshire fills the niche so long occupied by the eighth Duke of Beaufort. If the Garrick has lost a little of its "character," it remains alone in the possession, among other good things, of pictures which make the mouths of the connoisseurs and collectors water freely.

The Savage stands as the holy of holies of Bohemianism on its highest level, and visitors are a little surprised to note Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener on its roll of members. As a matter of fact, both eminent soldiers spoke in glowing terms of evenings spent at the club, surely more nomadic in its habits than any other till it found its present fine lodging on Adelphi Terrace. The Turf Club through half a century claims a peculiar and perpetual aptitude for bringing together all the best representatives of old acres and new wealth; the St. James's, after a little very justifiable post-War hesitation, again throws open its doors to all members of the Corps Diplomatique and offers, among manifold attractions, facilities for bridge of the first water and at quite appreciable points. Is it, one wonders, still haunted by the memory of the thrifty nobleman who, drawing from his pocket a raw mutton chop, asked that it might be cooked for his luncheon, with the plea that he was acting on the same lines as his colleagues with their *envois* of game to the club larders?

The Bachelors', founded on the debris of the costly ball in Kensington when sixty gallants entertained all the famous men in London and all the lovely women—and others—must, with its removal from Hamilton Place, have lost some of the glamour, if none of the more solid attributes, with which Ouida, in the pages of *Syrilin*, invested it. If, like the Garrick, the Beefsteak no longer specializes in its members so distinctly as before, it continues to conform more closely than any other to the name and sense of club in that all successful candidates for admission are, *ipso facto*, on speaking, if not on intimate, terms with one another. As the accommodation is limited to one room, largely absorbed by one dinner-table, the ball of conversation is likely to be tossed

FIFTY YEARS

from one *convive* to another, and the last-joined recruit recognizes that he is free to take, if he chooses, a forward part in it.

Gone, of course, are the days when a fond father would enter his infant son's name in the candidate book at the Carlton and Reform, and, excepting the Bath, with its long queue of eager candidates, the Service Clubs perhaps boast a healthier waiting list than any others. The features of some of these have, in the flux of time, undergone some alteration, and if the field officers who, forty years ago, alone were eligible for election could revisit the United Service Club, they would be startled to note groups of young Naval lieutenants and Army captains, and might even echo the exclamation of the Mutiny veteran who strolled into the coffee-room on a summer day in 1893 and exclaimed: "My God, what a nursery!"

Perhaps only to the Jockey Club, the Royal Yacht Squadron, and Grillion's can the epithet "exclusive" be applied. For membership of the last named much more is required than high birth, with the possession of a horse above a certain value or a yacht beyond a certain tonnage. Entrance can only be obtained by invitation, and a shiver runs down one to recall that when Sir Henry Wilson received this priceless proposal his secretary, dealing with it among a pile of letters, told the honorary and titled secretary, whom he addressed wrongly, that the Field-Marshal was obliged to decline, as he had "so many offers of the same sort."

Club life, like country-house life, is no longer marked by the late hours in vogue almost till the outbreak of the War, and midnight now sees a general lowering of lights. At the Turf fifty years ago the evening only began when opera or theatre closed, or protracted dinner-party concluded, and 1 a.m. might see the card-room at its fullest; the supper table at the Garrick and Beefsteak would be furnished with occupants until the summer sun was nearly due to rise; the Raleigh scarcely closed its doors at all; the Gardenia and the Lotus did not open theirs till the afternoon was well sped; while the avowed gambling resorts, like the Park and the Field, would provide early-morning breakfasts and were not immune from early-morning police visits.

If the "Man About Town" or the country squire whose life closed with the close of the last century could revisit his old resorts in Piccadilly, St. James's Street, or Pall Mall, what special changes would he note, and would he note them with satisfaction or dismay, or just with simple understanding? He should remind

CLUBS AND CLUB LIFE

himself that activity is now the *mot d'ordre* and physical fitness must be of a piece with mental alertness ; this would go far to explain the swimming bath and "squash" courts in which the Automobile and Bath Clubs excel and exult ; he would appreciate that, as breakfast is apt to be a negligible quantity and afternoon tea a recognized institution, the luncheon hour now naturally approximates to one rather than to two o'clock, and that motives of economy are largely responsible for a coffee-room crowded for luncheon and comparatively "quiet" for the evening meal. The American bar and "cocktail" habit might at first sight startle him, but he could console himself with the reflection that barley water now so largely replaces "Bass" at the midday meal ; waitresses in their neat uniforms might be foreign to his eye, but he would quickly note the deftness and quiet dignity of their service ; and if he must deplore that "to dress for dinner" does not mean all it did he can still take refuge within precincts, such as those of the Marlborough, where insistence on this has been recently renewed.

In a word, the *revenant* might well decide that changes, even where they do not point to progress, by no means presume decay, and that a healthy tone permeates clubs no less than it did before the South African War, the undress rehearsal for the Great War, set its mark on social life.

Mr. Algernon Bourke, long and honourably associated with White's, believed that a club need have only two rules : (1) that every member should pay his subscription ; (2) that he should behave like a gentleman. A review of the last half-century suggests that the decorum of club life has been fully maintained and that the arrival of ladies, as guests, has done something to adorn and nothing to disturb it. The constitution of clubs for ladies themselves is a *démarche* which, however unthinkable for our grandmothers, has proved entirely felicitous.

Nor is it to suggest that any of the polish so necessary to avoid friction has worn off to recall an incident of the eighties. The octogenarian, Lord Knightley, having won a rubber of whist, his opponent handed him eight half-crowns in payment of his debt. Lord Knightley rose, rang the bell, and pointing to the little heap of silver, said to the waiter : "Please bring me gold for that." The silver—such was the implication of gentle reproach—could scarcely be considered as correct tender from one gentleman to another.

GILDED YOUTH

BY SIR IAN MALCOLM

JEUNESSE dorée, gilded youth : the phrases have passed into desuetude, for the specimens they describe are no longer extant. Yet fifty years ago no language was fitter in which to paint the golden life of youth in the spacious days of the eighties, and of the nineties until the outbreak of the South African War, when the great changes began.

We went to our public school, as our fathers before us had done, looking forward (for the most part) to a life of sunshine and good company to be spent in Parliament or in some smart regiment ; possibly in diplomacy (a close-tiled corporation in those days), in the comfortable ease of a family living, or at the Bar. One or other of these tastes developed during residence at the University, where we learned to live splendidly on or for our fellows and, after three crowded years of glorious life, we passed, fairly well educated, into the great world.

In those days there was no shortage of money ; we enjoyed abundance of leisure, and few of us could claim to be experts in making the best use of either. The age had not then dawned when it became fashionable, still less necessary, to go into business, except into a well-established family business of brewing or banking, or to become "something in the City." In the moderate sense of the word, everybody was well-to-do, for everything had boomed along quietly for a generation or more, and the *nouveau riche* was a type as unknown as the later *nouveau pauvre*. Scores of leisured young men, elegant and accomplished, were to be seen everywhere and at all times of the day and night ; they played a more ubiquitous rôle in London Society than they do to-day. Immaculately dressed, they rode or walked in Rotten Row from eleven-thirty for an hour or so, when it was time to put on frock-coat and tall hat for a luncheon engagement at the club or elsewhere.

Then, in the summer, they—we—dispersed to Hurlingham or Wimbledon or Lord's—on a coach or in a private hansom if possible—leaving our elders and our girl friends to drive sedately round the Park in beautiful victorias and barouches with coach-

GILDED YOUTH

men bewigged and powdered footmen. Probably we met them again later in the afternoon and spent a happy hour sauntering among our friends until it was time to dress for the Opera or a dinner-party. And we had plenty of time to attend fashionable weddings and afternoon concerts, which were quite a feature in those far-off days, and at which the principal artists, both vocal and instrumental, were well-known amateurs: Lady Radnor with her band, Lady Downe singing, Isidore de Lara crooning his "Garden of Sleep," Alec Yorke (one of Queen Victoria's favourite courtiers) giving recitations, Henry Graham, afterwards Clerk of the Parliaments, singing his own inimitable ditties at the piano—and a host of other talent, which included Carl Derenberg with his violin.

Can you imagine such afternoons nowadays: when every club window in Piccadilly and St. James's Street was crowded with young bloods who watched and criticized (they neither "ogled" nor drank) the panorama of Vanity Fair as it passed before them?

"Week-ends" in the country had not been established in those early days; there were Saturday afternoon parties at Syon and Osterley and Holland House and elsewhere near London; there were cricket matches at Burton's Court and polo matches at Ranelagh; but on Sundays London was full again, and the *élite* of Society mustered after church for the time-honoured parade in Hyde Park, whose centre, for the day, was the Achilles statue. Sunday luncheons were very fashionable institutions, to which famous statesmen and men of letters and distinguished travellers used to repair at the invitation of such delightful hostesses as Lady Dorothy Nevill and Lady Jeune, who took a particular pleasure in making them known to the young men of the coming generation. After these parties we separated to go our different ways; to Tattersalls, to pay calls, or to the wonderful musical receptions given throughout the season by Mrs. Ronalds under the gentle guidance of Sir Arthur Sullivan, then at the zenith of his popularity. Apart from these, Sundays were very strictly kept in London. Dinner-parties were rare, and other forms of evening entertainment practically unknown. There were no restaurants of any repute, and the night club was not then dreamed of or desired.

A young man's night-life in London was a very charming thing. We lived in days of friendly formality, which was part

FIFTY YEARS

of our education, and were much gratified when some great hostess included any of us in a dinner-party where we were sure of meeting a few of the reigning beauties—those were the days of the Duchess of Leinster, Lady Londonderry, Lady Dudley, Mrs. Cornwallis West, Mrs. Langtry, and many others—one or two leading statesmen and an acknowledged wit. At the ladies we looked, to our elders we listened, with becoming reverence, through banquets which to-day would seem interminably long, but where we could learn a great deal about public affairs and also about good cooking and good wine in a company that very rarely smoked downstairs and never in the drawing-room.

Or we might be taken to the Opera at Covent Garden on a Melba or a de Reszke night, to sit in a box and admire (whatever we may have heard) an audience, bejewelled and tiaraed, as brilliant as any in Europe. We cast envious eyes, it may now be confessed, at the "omnibus box" on the ground floor where the Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward VII.) reigned supreme, and to which only his personal friends, foreign diplomats, and "leaders of society"—another phrase that has gone by the board—were privileged to subscribe. But, apart from the Opera, which for the majority was only a radiant social function, the young men of my day were inveterate theatre-goers.

For a popular burlesque, in the days of Nellie Farren and Connie Gilchrist, of Fred Leslie and Arthur Roberts, the same stalls were filled night after night by the rich unemployed, who afterwards followed their fancies hither and thither and spent quite considerable sums upon them. There was no great stir when marriages followed such acquaintance, and most of them turned out a great success.

Amateur theatricals, too, were a very popular form of pastime for which there was no lack of talent. The "Windsor Strollers" and the "Old Stagers" had already a long tradition of success which is brilliantly carried on to the present day; but, besides these, other companies of amateurs were got together to act for charity, sometimes in London theatres, but more often in country houses during the winter. Of these annual entertainments perhaps the one that was most looked forward to was the "Guards' Burlesque," usually written and composed (if I remember right) and splendidly produced by Captain George Nugent, himself one of the best actors and dancers of his day. This yearly performance, which lasted for several nights and was

GILDED YOUTH

always given in Knightsbridge Barracks, was a social event (of the winter, I think) immensely appreciated, the more so as the tickets of admission were few in number and very carefully distributed.

I have noted already that during the season, which might be counted to last from after Easter until Goodwood or Cowes, the people who considered themselves "Society" seldom left London except for an afternoon. Not for anything would they have missed the balls at Marlborough House, or Stafford House, or Dudley House, the stately receptions at Grosvenor House, the beautiful concerts, the gay garden-parties, the dinner-parties and the dances that combined to make a London season, which attracted Royalty and members of the *haute société* from half the capitals of Europe. When that drew to its appointed close another and no less enjoyable season of hospitality took its place.

The great country houses of England, with their parks and gardens, were then looking their best; and hostesses delighted in gathering their friends round them for cricket weeks, race-meetings, and shooting-parties, where the old and young of both sexes met on terms far less formal and restricted than was possible in London. "Young England" was very much to the fore at these house-parties, which lasted well into November, and generally included a round of visits in Scotland, where the Highland Gatherings at Braemar, Oban, Inverness, Perth, and Stirling provided another source of amusement. And so on: partridge and pheasant shooting, on a scale no longer possible in these days of heavy taxation and reduced incomes, until the hunting season began, and every first-rate pack was followed by a field of beautifully turned-out men and women, who rode hard, lived well, and got as fit as possible before the London season began again.

Here I pause to write a few words about the clothes of the young men of those days. Nothing has changed more in the period intervening between then and now than the fashion of London dressing, and the change is greater in men than in women. In the late eighties and in the nineties men in Society felt that they had to live up to their reputation of the best-dressed gentlemen in Europe, whose tailors were employed by all the smartest foreigners, whether for London or for country clothes. On looking back I am free to confess that we were not nearly so

FIFTY YEARS

comfortably, or even so practically, attired as we are to-day, but the general appearance was infinitely more attractive.

I have already tried to draw a picture of Rotten Row at midday in the season, filled with well-dressed equestrians on parade, as it were, and riding for pleasure, and not only for exercise, as some people dance nowadays. The parade feeling went farther than that. You noticed it in the turn-out of the carriages and the servants in their bright liveries ; you noticed it in Bond Street and Pall Mall during the daytime, when a silk hat and a frock-coat or a tail-coat were absolutely *de rigueur*, and nobody dreamed of lunching out in a morning coat, or of going to the play in a dinner-jacket and a black tie. Soft shirts and collars had not been invented—all our day shirts were starched !—and the “Homburg” hat was just being introduced by the Prince of Wales to be worn in the country.

But if London then gave the appearance of a social barrack-square, the country was our happy hunting-ground—a comfortable reaction from the stiff and starched requirements of the season. Our country clothes have changed very little, and in that respect every man is still a law unto himself and to his tailor as well. In one detail only is a slight difference to be noted. When we came back from golf or shooting or hunting we were all expected to change before tea—a short period of ease that we employed in arraying ourselves in silk or velvet “smoking suits” of every conceivable hue—a throw-back, I suppose, to our forebears of the eighteenth century and their rich costumes. Thus apparelled we drank tea with the ladies, talked a little about the various doings of the day, and then incontinently forsook them to read the newspapers, to play billiards or whist, until the gong warned us that it was time for dinner and to change into swallow-tail coats and white ties.

The new century dawned, and with it a number of social changes that were imperceptible at the time and until one looked back upon them years afterwards. The freedom for which the working classes had fought, to secure more individuality and comfort, was gradually being extended to the so-called “upper ten.” I try to account for this in two ways : the new King and the Boer War had most to do with it. During the reign of Queen Victoria it was quite sufficient for her loyal subjects in London Society to know that her Majesty disapproved of certain things and they immediately acquiesced without demur. When King

GILDED YOUTH

Edward came to the Throne a number of social trammels gradually and discreetly disappeared ; intimate friendships and coteries were no longer frowned upon in high circles ; Society welcomed to its bosom all that was best among the representatives of the various arts ; literature and pictures and music widened their outlook and improved in quality ; and the chasm that had separated the free companionship of young men and maidens was effectually bridged. It was, not improbably, thanks to the quite recent accession of American ladies to the ranks of London Society that this last-named improvement was due, and thereby they have earned the lasting gratitude of both sexes.

And the Boer War played its part in teaching the graver aspect which life, and the world around them, was to present to the "gilded youth" of whom I have been writing. For the past fifty years England had known no struggle like it, and the call to arms which then sounded across the land woke young England to a response which was worthy of it. "Duke's son, cook's son, son of a belted Earl" flocked to the colours of old regiments and new, and "stuck it" for four long years of exile and danger. Then they came back, to a different world and with a different light in their eyes. Heavy taxation had already begun, and worse was in store. But even had it not been so, these young men had learned more than fighting and endurance during their sojourn in South Africa. As Rudyard Kipling wrote at the time :

Not in the camp his victory lies—
The world (unheeding his return)
Shall see it in his children's eyes
And from his grandson's lips shall learn.

They had become impatient of the prospect of returning to a life of nothing but perpetual amusement, they had revised their values generally ; and, after a short holiday, they sought for employment in public life with the same insistence as had characterized their demands for commissions in the Army in 1898.

From that hour the windows of the Bachelors' Club were empty in the summer afternoons, the parades in Rotten Row became less fashionable, afternoon calls were no longer insisted upon by punctilious hostesses ; for peers and eldest sons and younger sons alike had settled down to work for their country in Parliament, in business, or in some professional calling from Monday to Saturday of every week.

Then with a gay heart and a clear conscience they could

FIFTY YEARS

spend their evenings as they chose ; for there were still many of the great houses glad to receive them at balls and parties, countless dinners, and the beginning of the restaurant habit (the reputed grandfather of the night club), so valuable to the young bachelor who had no house of his own in which he could return hospitality. There were still a number of private concerts given during the season where great music could be heard—string quartettes at 10, Downing Street when Arthur Balfour was Prime Minister ; old English and modern French music at Madame Blumenthal's in Kensington Gore ; Paderewski and sometimes Joachim at Lady (Eric) Barrington's ; and the most celebrated artists from Covent Garden at Lady de Grey's or Lady Charles Beresford's out at Coombe. As for pictures, these were not so easy to see privately ; though, if we happened to know painters personally, they used to be very kind and give us the *entrée* now and then to their studios, where we could watch them at work upon the canvases they were preparing for the next exhibition at Burlington House or the Grosvenor Gallery. But, in the main, Society had to wait until "Academy Sunday" each year to make the round of the various *ateliers*, there to discuss or guess which would be the great pictures of the year.

Then, too, quite naturally, "week-end" parties came into vogue, as a boon and a blessing to the hard-worked young man of business or affairs. It must have saved the lives of hundreds, that new habit of getting into the country and spending thirty-six hours in genial society and in the open air after six days' hard toil in the City. So "the cleaner life, the sterner code" won through in the end ; it grappled with the increasing hardships imposed by the Budget of 1909 ; and the faded flower of the *jeunesse dorée* of the nineties, their younger brothers, and the sons of many of them were among the first to join up in the dark days of 1914.

At that date the golden age may be said to have closed ; and another age, perhaps a greater age, a less luxurious and a simpler age, claimed all the breeding and the brains, the money and the muscle, and the self-sacrifice, that the men and women of Society could lay at the feet of their Motherland. After the Peace, the young men who had been spared worked harder than ever and spurred on their juniors by their example. Their pleasures were fewer and their incomes were reduced ; the charming superficialities of life, by which we had set such innocent store in the

GILDED YOUTH

nineties, had no delights for them. Appearances were at a discount ; physical comfort in customs and clothes was to be won and held at any price. Old conventions, like chaperonage, were overridden by common consent ; social ceremonial was in low esteem—rather a shock to us who had witnessed two Jubilees of Queen Victoria and two subsequent Coronations—and London Society was extended far beyond its earlier confines.

And what is the net result of this peaceful social revolution in the class of Society that I have been discussing ? Nothing much of evil that I can discover, and the little there has been is fast disappearing. Less parade, but far more purpose ; far greater specialized knowledge spread over a large circle of one's acquaintances ; and this, combined with wider general knowledge, has made for brighter and more interesting conversation in every class of society. And, finally, with the old good manners and *joie de vivre* miraculously preserved, I find a genial spirit of equality between the sexes and a freedom of speech and thought between old and young that is infinitely refreshing. Wherefore, in spite of hatless brigades, bottle-parties, Oxford trousers, and such-like passing eccentricities, I have no hesitation in ranging myself as an old fogey who feels that England will be secure for many a decade so long as her fortunes are in the hands of her youth of 1932.

BOOKS AND OTHER FRIENDS

BY SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

TO cover fifty years I should have to cast back to days at a public school and to memories which, however cherished by me, would little interest readers of *The Times*. So let me start with an evening early in 1882 and with a company of young men in Balliol hilariously listening while our host read out poem after poem from *Heptalogia* (then a recent work).

I happened to be up for a scholarship at the neighbour college of Trinity : my paper-work had ended that afternoon, and fate could be put out of mind. The reader, whose voice had several times choked with mirth, laid down the book, took up another slim volume, and hushed us as he turned back and read the wonderful chorus from "Atalanta in Calydon"—

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night

with the rush of it, written when the oldest of us was an infant in arms, almost—so long the mere musical spell of Swinburne had lasted. But it was fading out rapidly with the whole Pre-Raphaelite glamour ; and the "Æsthetic Movement" had passed its zenith when I entered timidly on my freshman's term in the following October.

So far as a light-weight enthusiast for the oar could spare time to commune with the *intelligentsia* of those days art and high poetry were "off" for a while, giving place to philosophy (that of T. H. Green) and social philanthropy—the *Bitter Cry of Outcast London*, Toynbee Hall, the crusades of W. T. Stead, etc.—a practical backwash from the prophetic preachings of Carlyle and Ruskin. Ruskin himself came back to us ; to revive veneration rather than the ardour of an earlier time, and finally to collapse in face of a distressful audience—a piteous sight. But we undergraduates held meetings and started missions in dire tracts of London—in such places as Bethnal Green and Stratford. We gathered to listen to C. T. Studd and his cricketer-missionaries from Cambridge. Some few, even of the rowdier, left our company to join the Salvation Army, renouncing all.

What we, the lighter-hearted, did not renounce was the charm

of the place, that "Oxonolatry," if you will, which Swinburne had scoffed at. But Swinburne was obviously spent as a poet, while not yet the exhilarating critic of later years. Tennyson had become too pontifical altogether, his lapidary art so sure of perfection as to seem dead to us young tenants of the Home of Movements. We still swore by the earlier vintages of Browning; but for some ten years Browning had been writing things like "Red Cotton Nightcap Country" and "The Inn Album" for dons to discuss, with renderings of the Greek Tragedians which—well, to put it concisely, our graceless youth voted that the poet was dining himself out. (For historical accuracy I recall the sort of talk we exchanged about these demigods.)

The æsthetic business, as I have said, was in decline. Oscar Wilde had gone down. And here let me say in parenthesis that never, either then or later in London, did I meet with anyone who held Wilde to be a writer of importance. The legend of his influence in the nineties, though one has watched it growing, is to men of my age a purely incredible myth.

It may have been through suggestion by the famous Union frescoes—in those days already fading under one's eyes—but we certainly undervalued Morris; or it may have been through the general fading-out of æstheticism; or possibly because we were learning to believe from the French that good writing ought to be difficult and this great man whom his friends called "Topsy" did great things too easily.

Pater was with us, but as a god resting—it turned out, as a god drawing to the close of a ten-years' rest between two avatars. The "Renaissance" dated back to 1875; "Marius" was to break upon us, a thing of beauty and wonder, in 1885; in 1883-4 a small literary club with the sporting name of "The Passionate Pilgrims" used to hale him from his rooms in Brasenose and plant him—reverently, as North American Indians will take down and plant amid their councils a mummied ancestor—upon the hearthrug with his back to the fire. There he would sit, cross-legged, with the light flickering over his baldish cranium, his moustaches pendulous in the shadow: a somewhat Oriental figure, oracular when its lips opened. It was all very well, some of us felt, to be advised, if we wished to be artists—as some of us subconsciously did—to let our art burn with a hard and gemlike flame: but, apart from the difficulty of achieving this, it seemed to offer too static a reward to those fierier particles

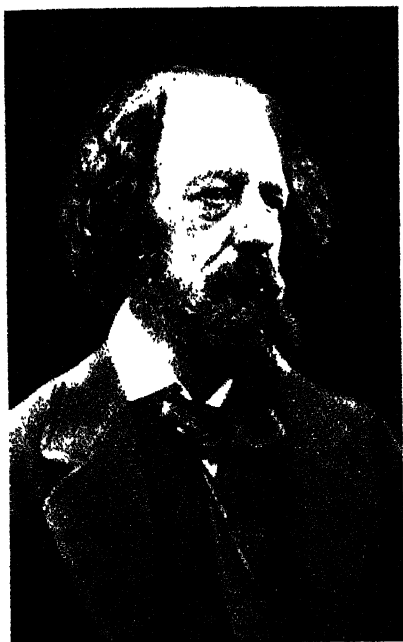
blessed (or cursed) with more explosive spirits than were required for immediate academic use.

That the discipline of those days turned out critics at once original and refined, let the names of MacColl and Mackail testify, to name no others. Others—call them less delicate if you will—were champing to drive at practice ; and among them I dare to team myself up with Anthony Hope Hawkins, Charles Mallet, Henry Newbolt, A. E. W. Mason, and C. E. Montague simply to indicate the different ways we went. When the *Oxford Magazine*—last flare-up of the æsthetic movement—died down in its socket after a year or so, my friend Charles Cannan took it over and enlisted a few of us to nurse up its flame with a difference.

But I have let my pen run on until by this time the reader may incline to believe that we were mainly or immediately concerned with efforts in literature. We were not. C. E. Montague and I, for instance, were far more seriously concerned then as friends and hated rivals in the Balliol and Trinity boats than as youths seriously intent on learning to be writers—or (to put it more accurately perhaps) intent on learning to be serious writers. Looking back one sees, of course, that Montague could hardly have evaded his destiny, though general acknowledgment of his work in helping to wage the spirited war of a great and honest newspaper, while constantly setting his staff the example of a prose style worshipped by all of them, came late in life, and full acknowledgment has not come yet.

I dare say that intimations of immortality quickened us now and then : Ruskin, with velvet cap, frock-coat, and strange gown ; Matthew Arnold slipping through the Balliol gateway to visit Jowett, his whiskers and kid gloves duly noted ; a spectral encounter (it can hardly have been real) in the Turl with Mark Pattison ; Jowett like a cherub—on legs and in swallow-tails—returning from his before-breakfast trot around Trinity Garden after we, returning from an early training grind by Holywell, had, for all our politeness (for the window bulged on the street and had scrupulously clear panes), to collect the vision of Miss Rhoda Broughton's breakfast-table ready for her, with silverware gleaming against a bright fire ; on a mat between, two pug-dogs stretched, awaiting their mistress's descent.

But these and other glimpses left us regardless as yet of our own literary doom. Our chief intellectual preoccupation lay in philosophy. We mourned the recent and untimely death of



LORD TENNYSON



ROBERT BROWNING



ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE (right) AND THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON AT "THE PINES,"
PUTNEY



GEORGE MEREDITH, 1897
with his grand-daughters, Joan and Dorothy Sturges and his
gardener, Frank Cole, at Flint Cottage, Box Hill



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON IN SAMOA ABOUT 1900
Standing on the left is Lloyd Osbourne

Thomas Hill Green even as a personal loss ; we damned the Utilitarians as heartily as though they had been in some way responsible for it ; while we pursued the evasive Absolute far into the night. But as yet in their own scribblings the little victims merely played.

I ask pardon for breaking off at this point and writing a word or two about the undergraduate members of our two older Universities as fate has given me recurrent and somewhat exceptional opportunity to enjoy the pleasure of their acquaintance. To be precise, I had four years (1882-6) at Oxford in that capacity ; with another year and a half in Common Room ; again *longo intervallo* in 1910-13, when my son's friends made me welcome ; and from 1913 onward my lot has lain in Cambridge. For what it may be worth, then, I tender my testimony that the undergraduate to-day is a somewhat better fellow than ever he was—with the reservation that his speech in street and marketplace has obscenely coarsened—but so has the language in every new book he reads.

Physically he has grown on average by at least two inches since I first knew him ; and he yet maintains a fine standard of chest and carriage. (But we still are receiving the sons of the young who crowded first to the War : the physical aftermath has yet to be reaped and measured.) To be sure he cannot spread his full confidences out to one of my age ; but, if nothing else has improved in these fifty years, I am as sure that the barriers of understanding between juniors and elders have been happily lowered. To sneer at dons is common game for anyone unacquainted with the amount of paternal help and generosity bestowed by these men of moderate income on youngsters in trouble—impecuniosity, improvidence, outbreaks of high spirit or rash entanglements.

When I revisited Oxford, after some thirty years' absence, the old mirth made me welcome ; but there lay just a shadow of seriousness on it which should have been felt by me as premonitory when, having been warned to stand ready before breakfast at the end of Turl, I saw the crowd part at Carfax, and down the High in the morning sunlight came riding home the O.T.C. Artillery with their guns ; gallant, unforeknowing, yet in their light proud way prescient. The heart leapt to the sight ; even as it beat in the old day (say forty years back) when a murmur would be heard gathering sound from the far end of

FIFTY YEARS

Piccadilly, and with oncoming volume, sweeping all traffic, however congested, to the pavements, on through the sudden fairway in a lane of cheers would rush the gallop of the London Fire Brigade, glittering, swaying, crashing to its alarm. But the High had changed somehow from the street one had left those years ago a day or two after running across it and down St. Aldate's to climb towards the 1887 Jubilee bonfire on Boar's Hill, by paths the summer night-scents of which were to our sense familiar as the lengthening reign of Victoria's peace, to which we foresaw no close.

And here, before I leave talking of Oxford and Cambridge, let me bear witness, who have mixed with many "classes," that nowhere in England will you find a purer democracy than in those two places ; no society, that is, in which a man will more surely come to be taken at his true worth. I would refer Mr. George Bernard Shaw, who denies this, to the Memoirs of our common friend, Professor Thomas Okey, who *knows*.

I have hinted that in the eighties we undergraduates were a mirthful crew. Those of us whose bent lay towards writing were occupied in playing with words—in parody and such light matter. For, saving the Pre-Raphaelites then obsolescent, the major writers of the Victorian Age had all been individualist in an individualist period ; they had a myriad imitators, but each stood aloof in his own mantle and founded no school. And what I am going to say may seem trivial, but is not. I regularly take in the weekly reviews written by our *intelligentsia* (mightily superior they are to those of that back-age, saving only the old *Saturday*), and to-day I seldom see the name of Robert Louis Stevenson printed but it is followed by some disparaging remark. Well, have it as you will, my juniors, and take the admission that our loyalty to Stevenson ran to excess. For us he arrived at the happy stimulating moment ; for here was a man who played with words as we were learning to play, did it like a master, and used words to tell of "men and women doing things" (to use the Aristotelean phrase), telling those deeds, too, in the fine objective way we were beginning to envy in the French.

We revered Meredith ; but Meredith relied on talk, and his style was dandiacal ; it recalled the arias of Italian opera he was so fond of humming as he walked with you in his garden under Box Hill. We preached *Under the Greenwood Tree* and *Far from the Madding Crowd* ; but we preached them with doubt in our souls,



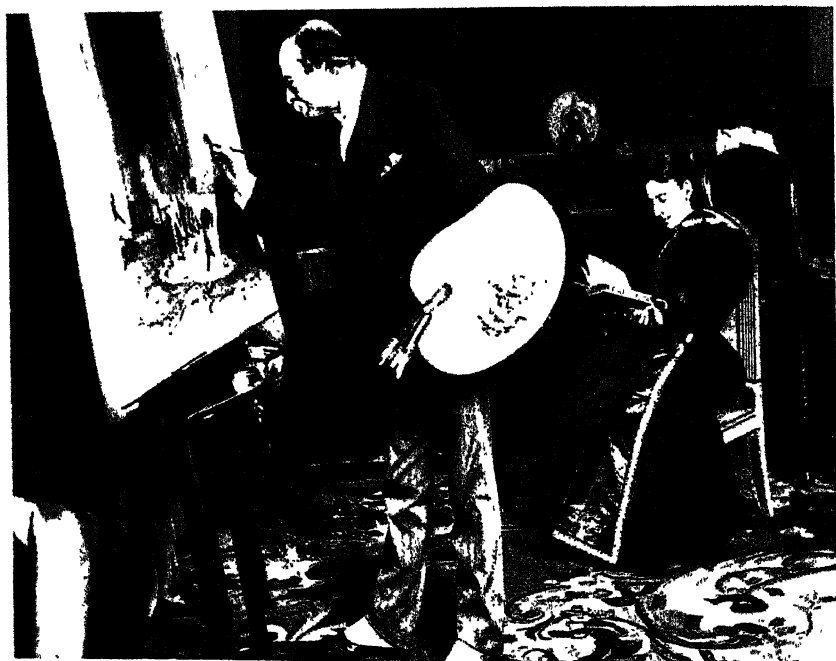
ROBERT BRIDGES



THOMAS HARDY AND SIR EDMUND GOSSE
At Max Gate, Dorchester, 1927



LORD LEIGHTON IN HIS STUDIO



SIR WILLIAM ORCHARDSON

for Hardy had lost himself awhile, and it seemed a toss-up whether he would recapture the power of *The Return of the Native*, the beauty of *The Trumpet Major*, or confound admiration by handing out more of such sorry stuff as *A Laodicean*. It was not until 1886 with *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, followed, the next year, by *The Woodlanders*, that one felt him stepping surely from strength to strength. If these dates be borne in mind, our young joy in *Treasure Island* may seem more excusable.

I am glad, for a personal reason, to contribute these recollections to a series the seed of which was in a most charming article written by the Dowager Lady Leconfield. For it happened to be at Petworth, in the atmosphere of her constant kindness, that I wrote the first page of my first book. (The manuscript reposes in a drawer under my elbow, and I am writing these lines with the very penholder I then took up to challenge fortune.) In the following summer, again at Petworth, I opened (for my manuscript had luck) the parcel of the book in print, and much luck in friendship is associated, too, with memories of those two hot summers of 1886 and 1887.

As Mr. Baldwin reminded us in a recent address, the whole fabric of this England seemed stable, tranquil. Some of us would wander out after dinner and sit on the dewless escarpment behind the town and its gardens, and—all careless of shawls or wraps—watch the twilight as it deepened over the Sussex Weald, and new friendships were born in cover of laugh and talk, while on “the echoing green” below us voices died off, fewer and fewer.

Soon after—the break with Oxford made, and in another spell of tutorship intervening between it and Fleet Street—I found new friends, many remarkable. The late Charles Harrison, best of fellows, and his brilliant wife were used to gather guests around them: John Sargent, Edwin Abbey, Alfred Parsons (loved by all, in time to become one of my nearest), Frank Millett; with Joe Comyns Carr, Henry James, Ellen Terry, John Hare, George Alexander, poor J. K. Stephen—truly a mixed bag! I had made my first acquaintance with “J. K. S.” at an Oxford breakfast-party, he having honoured me by coming over from Cambridge to enlist my light-feathered pen as a peltast in the *Reflector*—a paper designed with the double purpose of making a fortune and attacking all the vices of the age. After breakfast we walked out together into the Matthew Arnold country—

Runs it not here—the track by Childsworth Farm?

FIFTY YEARS

It did ; and on the way he almost persuaded me that his two great notions were compatibles—Napoleonic indeed, but ordained to blend and mate as the dazzle of his talk with the spring sunshine—all things germinating. The *Reflector* ran for a few numbers, and its collapse (a small thing in itself) seemed to overcome his great brain like a summer's cloud. In these later days he had taken to daubing impossible pictures, and the gods to destroying one of their most finely invented playthings.

Of the others I must select hurriedly from crowding recollections a Sunday on which Barrie, Conan Doyle and I travelled down to Box Hill together to visit Meredith. (It was the morrow of the *première* of *Walker, London*, and Barrie's pockets so bulged with Sunday newspapers that he actually took up as much room in the compartment as Doyle.) Also at Flint Cottage we met Leslie Stephen, who deplored the desuetude of the famous "Country Walks" and, as if for proof of it, left the return-half of his railway-ticket on the mantelshelf !

Memory skips on to a morning with Ellen Terry in Sargent's studio, while she sat for his famous picture of her as Lady Macbeth ; a night in Paris when he and I first saw Carmencita dance at the Nouveau Cirque, and he swore he must paint her in that yellow dress : which he did, and, if I had possessed £300 then or for some while after, that masterpiece had been mine. I gazed at it the other day with all the old marvel at the brushwork—but perhaps, after all, some of life's golden opportunities are, like Mark Antony's wife, "good, being gone." Carmencita does better in the Luxembourg.

For yet another recollection.—It was on an evening of those days, as I sat by the wine listening reverently, Henry James suddenly and irrelevantly stopped an involved sentence with an "Oh, by the way ! Have you heard of a wonderful new man who calls himself, if I remember, Kipling, and seems to me almost, if not absolutely, a portent ?" Next morning, following the master's directions, I found the emporium of Messrs. Thacker and Spink in the City, and dug out from behind piles of cinnamon, aloes, cassia, and other products of the East a collection of grey paper-bound pamphlets, together with *Plain Tales from the Hills* in cloth. Years later these priceless little grey-covered things went up to a binder's with instruction to make them a case to hold them intact. They returned to me, the covers stripped off, neatly bound in one volume, half-calf !

BOOKS AND OTHER FRIENDS

Kipling was a portent ; and his coming brought a vigour into the aims of many a young writer. It also put vigour concurrently into every commercial exploiter who had the quick sense to write "Imperial" or "British" into his prospectus. For the moment we writers admired this sudden genius, but, preoccupied with our trade, let the ferment of that genius, with the possible consequences, go by.

At that time, on the late edge of the nineties, we were all for the French, for "style," for the "right word," for recovering English prose from the sloppy ugliness of (say) Bentham, John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer. We read Balzac and Stendhal avidly. We studied the painful phrases of Flaubert, all intent to make our work "objective," to keep ourselves outside of it and the story, to be praised only as artificers of a good tale, the process of its psychology hidden away in the author's preparation, the results to be exhibited in dialogue or stark narrative. I will admit the danger of turning one's characters into marionettes ("jolly little things dancing under the writing-lamp," as Henry James once put it to me). But at least this old objective way was unselfish and demanded work.

My next plunge took me into weekly journalism—as assistant editor of the old *Speaker*—and brought me a crowd of new friends. At this time Wemyss Reid was starting the *Speaker* in London, while our ferocious but personally beloved rivals operated against us on the *Scots Observer* (soon to be transferred, with the title of the *National Observer*, to contiguous offices in Fleet Street) under the editorship of W. E. Henley. Our staff included, as regulars or semi-regulars, J. M. Barrie, A. B. Walkley, L. F. Austin—ever good for a hasty article, but always far better for an impromptu after-dinner speech—H. W. Massingham, Augustine Birrell, Barry O'Brien ; with W. B. Yeats, John Davidson, and William Watson for our star poets ; and we met once a week for the lay-out of the paper in a dingy room at the Craven Hotel. The paper was actually printed in La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, where I used often to meet and lunch with Oscar Wilde (then in a magnificent coat of astrakhan, editing the *Woman's World*) and sometimes with George Moore. The both of these were good enough to treat me always as an intelligent listener—a game at which I may claim some ability to play ; though I confess that an indolent memory preserves for me little but the joy of the immediate dialectic.

FIFTY YEARS

Something solid I do retain of my recollection : that we were all in those early nineties—the *National Observer* men no less than ourselves—fiercely intent on “good writing” as certain schools of painters from time to time have been intent on “good painting.” I am no praiser of past times : my business, indeed, has come to consist mainly in understanding my juniors. One thing, however, I shall maintain—that we took trouble with our language. And another thing I shall yet maintain—that to strip the personal out of a poem or a story, to write it down economically and present it objectively, so that it tells itself, is the real gymnastic of any writer’s art.

But I have written enough about writers in this paper. A breakdown through overwork drove me home to my native corner of the world and to the sea ; and when I revisited London the old merry jingle of the theatre-bound hansom had already passed into little more than a memory. Here at home meanwhile I had almost insensibly been drawn into local duties and that system of local administration and government for which, though a Liberal, I soon learned a respect—and a respect that has since deepened into something like a fierce Conservatism under the encroachment of D.O.R.A. and her progeny in Whitehall. (That, however, is “another story.”) In the midst of these occupations, which claimed on the average two days of a worker’s week, and while still devoting the other four to a form of art which—though it seem to-day antiquated as the nineties and hansom-bell—it is my faith that another generation will see reanimated, of a sudden there dropped out of the blue an invitation to Cambridge, in the form of a letter from Mr. Asquith offering to nominate me for a Chair the existence of which was unknown to me or forgotten ; the death of its previous occupant having been to me, as to others, of concern mainly as the untimely loss to his country of a brilliant classical scholar.

And here my story may end, but with an acknowledgment of the great kindness Cambridge has shown to me and the many friendships made there.

It is, of course, impossible in a brief article to review the impressions of a life. They must contrive to speak between the words. But, for a shot at it, let me half-close my eyes and attempt the summary thus : Taking the traditional seventy years as man’s natural term of life, I should say that an Englishman of moderate estate (which he had to work to maintain

BOOKS AND OTHER FRIENDS

and improve) who happened to be born in 1844 and to die in 1914 might be accounted fortunate as any man who ever lived in any age or country. He was the citizen of a great and ruling nation ; he dwelt in a secure and stable society ; he belonged to the world's greatest workshop and therein as an individual could take pride in the work of his own hands, while everywhere his fellows were making discoveries and inventions to improve his comfort—with postal and telegraph services, electric light, long-distance travel, telephones, cheap and rapid circulation of news, motors, ocean canals—a thousand contrivances. Beside him the “ working classes ” were steadily improving their lot by education, work for assured and bettering wages, and the exercise of a freeman's vote. Also, for rich and poor, the time was no backwater, but one of quickening disputation in religion, science, the arts.

I called such an Englishman “ fortunate.” I did not say “ happy.” For I remember Solon's talk with Cræsus and his instances ; and it may be “ happiest ” in the end for a man to have known the War's sorrow and lived on to see his country face and conquer, as she most surely will, the difficulties just now besetting her.

THE VICISSITUDES OF ART

BY PROFESSOR HENRY TONKS

ANY change that takes place in the social life of a people must deeply concern the artist, who is the product of his own talent and of the time in which he lives. During the last fifty years the most profound changes have taken place in our manner of living, in our political views, in our attitude towards religion, and, therefore, in our ideas; the artist struggling with them like every one else. I cannot give anything like a history of the art of this period, but must content myself with some account of these changes and their results on the artist's mind.

Before doing so it will be as well if I explain by what right I have been chosen to examine this question. I can only suppose it is because for a large part of these fifty years I have had opportunity of coming in contact with generation after generation of art students, and, by knowing them well at the time and by following them into their later life, to become acquainted with the gradual change of view passing along, as it were, the whole line. I was appointed an assistant under Professor Brown at the Slade School nearly forty years ago, and on his giving up the post was made Professor. It is a large school of men and women, and at one time or another we have had students from the Dominions, America, France, Germany, Switzerland, Scandinavia, South America, India, Ceylon, China, and Japan. Not only was there this variety of nationality, but also great variety in age. I remember a very distinguished City Judge and his wife, both over seventy, drawing together in the antique room, a father and his son, a mother and her son, and a boy of eleven in a sailor suit.

So great is the ardour of the student in his pursuit of the fine arts that he forgets all differences of age, sex, rank, colour, or nationality. A curious instance of this lack of prejudice comes back to me. Up to the date of the sinking of the *Lusitania* three German students were working at the school and used to argue with the English students on the justice of the War; they disappeared then.

THE VICISSITUDES OF ART

The principal causes of change in the outlook of the artist during the last fifty years may be put down under three heads :

1. The progress of science with a greatly increased propaganda, and as following this the enormous increase in the use of machines, this again leading to greater opportunity of travel and seeing the world.
2. The vast discoveries in all parts of the world of signs of ancient culture, adding to this the increase and improvement of museums.
3. The death of Queen Victoria.

No one will deny that science has fast hold of us, and some may think that the great increase in the use of machinery is an important cause of our distress at the present moment, making men unnecessary except as the very humble servants of machines, making life dreary to them, and, what is most important, eliminating the craftsman, the man who is so close to the artist that he often merges into him, who is the natural link between periods, and who has left us most of the signs by which we know anything about earlier times. In Macaulay's *Life* there is a letter from him giving an interesting illustration of the connection of the craftsman with the artist :

When Chantrey dined with Rogers some time ago, he took particular notice of the vase and the table on which it stands, and asked Rogers who made the table. "A common carpenter," said Rogers. "Do you remember the making of it?" said Chantrey. "Certainly," said Rogers, in some surprise. "I was in the room while it was finished with the chisel, and gave the workman directions about placing it." "Yes," said Chantrey. "I was the carpenter. I remember the room well and all the circumstances."

To-day there are magnificent craftsmen who could do as good work as ever was done, but fine work is harder and harder to get ; and, what is even more important, apprentices are not easily to be found, so that we may expect in time to have no great craftsmen, thus closing an important door for the artist.

Not only does the dull, mechanical labour of modern existence affect vast numbers of men and women to the destruction of their lives, but the youth of every class from infancy is familiar with machinery, and it would be strange if this did not leave some strong impression on the minds of those who elect to become architects, painters, and sculptors. An artist works under the influence of his intellect and his imagination. Imagination inserts itself to a large extent subconsciously, and would seem to be derived from the memory ; out of this vast store, which had its beginning in his earliest childhood, comes, at a certain moment, something wanted to explain or complete the idea that he has

FIFTY YEARS

derived from a visual scene. This constant association with machinery and all its effects influences the minds of all those who live to-day, and, as is natural, influences more the young artist who was born in the nineties and since.

I cannot say exactly when we first heard of certain lively doings in Paris among the artists—some time at the end of the century, I think—but I do remember that the students, quick-witted and alert as they are, began to ask questions about such a fundamental matter as the relation of the artist to Nature, and in their work the more bold might occasionally attempt variations on that theme, and even question the necessity of Nature to the artist.

Up to this time discussion among us was on technical matters, on composition, and on the ways of expressing the facts of Nature. Some might aim at arriving at their end by elaborate treatment of detail, others might follow the methods of some Old Masters, others again might be learning from the Impressionists. But their aim, one way or another, was to express the visible world as the artists before them had done. Now came some who questioned the importance to the artist of this visible world. At a certain time in the history of the art of a civilization this happens. It happened several times, as Sir Flinders Petrie has demonstrated, in the long history of the art of Egypt. Art becomes subjective, man seems weary of the long struggle of enticing Nature to his aims, leaves her alone, tries to find his material within himself, and uses formulas for expressing what the older artists dug out of natural objects.

The Cubists appear to have been those most affected by the mechanical world about them; if they expressed men at all, they seemed as if they were anticipating the Robot; sometimes in the composition it was difficult to find any sign of life. Pieces of firewood were fastened on to the canvas as part of the design (I found a piece at an exhibition which had fallen on to the floor); postage stamps were used, and pieces of paper.

It is interesting, on looking back on the early days of Post-Impressionism, as the new movement was called (a good title seeing that it followed Impressionism and to a certain extent was its product), to remember the attitude of the critics to these new ideas. They had not been very ready in detecting the good work that was being done in France and England in the fifty years before. Ruskin and Delacroix certainly spoke up for the

THE VICISSITUDES OF ART

Pre-Raphaelites, and Mr. Moore and Mr. MacColl for the Impressionists, but the rule of the critics seems generally to have been very simple : all new work was bad, or at least to be suspected. At the New English Art Club, if it had not been for the articles signed "G. M." and "D. S. M.," we should have hardly survived.

Why exactly I cannot say ; but their treatment of the Post-Impressionists, and the large number of followers who arose over here, was very different. They were going to be well up with the hounds this time, and every new painter had a chance of becoming a genius very early in life.

After the first Post-Impressionist exhibition in 1911, at the Grafton Gallery, a great many smaller exhibitions were held of the various divisions of the movement, among which were the Futurists, who, alas ! now are of the past ; so that the adventurous artist and the critic had a fine time. Gradually a vocabulary was collected to enable the new ideas to be conveniently talked about, and we became familiar with such words as "plasticity," "three-dimensional composition," "volume," "abstract form," "formal design," and so on, some of which seemed, on consideration, to be merely a new word for an old idea, others unconvincing, even supposing we understood what was intended to be expressed. But the great adventure had begun, and the critics cheered each little barque as it sailed away into the unknown. So far as the Slade School was concerned, there was no revolution ; the students remained calm. Many of the most distinguished present followers of the new ideas have been students there, and nearly all of them worked hard and tried to learn whatever we could give them, and beyond occasional violent experiments in composition, and new ideas as to the proportions of the human body, everything went on quietly.

I am inclined to think that a new type of man altogether began to find his way at this time into the schools, one who would never have thought of trying to become an artist fifty years ago. He was tempted partly by what he found on the walls of exhibitions, feeling that he also might be able to express much that he saw there ; he felt that he had no aptitude for drawing ; on the other hand, he felt he had ideas, better, perhaps, than the artists he was looking at ; a common enough belief among quite intelligent people this, that, if they did paint,

FIFTY YEARS

they would find much better subjects than most artists, not realizing that it is the treatment of the subject which makes it into a work of art—or not. He saw that no great power of drawing was necessary to produce a picture of ideas, so he made the plunge—perhaps plunge is too violent a word, he sidled into art.

Fifty years ago a man would very likely begin his artist life as an illustrator, perhaps working half his time at earning what he could by drawing for papers or books, and the other half, or less, working in some school to improve his drawing. This course he certainly could not have followed if he had not had much natural ability. To-day the word *illustrator* is a term of abuse ; it is now definitely settled to have no relation to art ; it is concerned with mere representation. I understand in Paris *planchette* is used to stimulate the artist's jaded mind to find something to paint ; at other times the eyeball is pressed, the fiery rings thus produced serving as models. Who knows, perhaps in a hundred years a child who tries with his pencil to draw something he sees will be hurried off to a psycho-analyst ?

A visit to almost any modern exhibition will reveal to the visitor how far deformation has gone and how little respect there is for the proportion and construction of the human body. We are told by the artist, in defence of his work, that if the hand, for instance, strikes him in some particular way, how I do not pretend to understand, he is justified in enlarging it to bring out this feeling that he has. This tendency of the artist to paint actually his ideas derived from within himself rather than to relate ideas to something visual found outside is an important difference between the present time and the past.

Museums and galleries have been much improved during the last fifty years, and thus we are able to see magnificent collections of pictures, and are kept in close touch with the latest discoveries of ancient civilization in all parts of the world. An art student coming to London can see paintings by most of the Old Masters, sculpture of the Greeks, Romans, Italians, and French ; besides these he can see collections of Egyptian, Chinese, Japanese, Javanese, Siamese, Indian, Persian, and early American art. He can read well-written books, filled with photographs, about them. Of the condition of his mind at the end I can only guess—complete confusion.

Artists are best off who have to find their own food. A

THE VICISSITUDES OF ART

schoolgirl, such as we see in large numbers at the exhibitions of different countries at Burlington House, would probably be able to pass a better examination in Old Masters than Turner or Constable. This modern desire to put everything into museums is often very trying for the artist ; if we exhibited fewer things and could revive craftsmanship, that indeed would be a step. It is as useless for a student from China to try to learn to paint as a European, as for a European to try to paint as a Chinese ; tradition is too strong for us.

With such apparent variety, with such great effort to produce something quite new, I am inclined to think that the family likeness of modern work is very strong, both here and in other countries. The influence of Paris spreads over us all, encouraged as it is by the critic and the dealer.

Nature, with her infinite variety, is for the artist inexhaustible, and we have only seen the hem of her dress, and it may be that out of this long " research " (we like using words of science) some new revelation of her beauty may appear.

The means of moving from one place to another have given artists the opportunity of seeing the work done in other countries. This, and the contempt for the visual world, has led to the sameness which is so characteristic of modern exhibitions. I believe to-day students are often ashamed to express themselves as they would like out of a fear of seeming old-fashioned. Many times I have seen the work of a talented man, who began by being intensely interested in the world around him, change gradually to a more formal type, almost as if he feared to be left by himself and wanted to feel the pressure of the crowd, because the work which tends to be formal or distorted is the popular work to-day, at least with the critics and the people who like to be in the front line of progress.

The death of Queen Victoria led to our being able to express ourselves much more freely than during her reign. Her influence was very strong and went deeply into our lives in all matters connected even vaguely with sex. An author would find himself hard pressed to find a seemly way of saying that a woman expected to have a baby, and if a painter over here painted a naked woman (even to this day the word " nude " is preferred by the careful), she in some odd way hardly seemed " unclothed " ; Etty's women never seemed quite like the models I have seen at the schools. We thoroughly enjoyed ourselves when liberty

FIFTY YEARS

came, and not only did we paint the naked, but we deformed her outrageously, and as powder and the lipstick have added so much to the charm of the women of this and every country, besides causing what at first sight appear to be considerable structural changes, the artist was much helped in his search for new variations. What would be the feelings of Ingres at a modern exhibition anyone who knows something of his life can easily guess, and yet he is much admired by the new school, why it is difficult to say, because he taught that Nature, in the shape of the human form, must not be improved by the draughtsman.

Whatever views the reader may hold about modern art, he will have to admit that during the last fifty years an enormous change has taken place. He may think that it is all for the good, and may even deny that it is largely subjective in aim, he could point to much good work, the result of a close study of Nature and of the best traditions of the past, and I should entirely agree with him that such work is being done, and not only by older men, but by quite young men as ardent as those of the past. But at present there is a fairly hard line between those who so constantly call themselves, and are called by the critics, "advanced," and the smaller body who may be called, for want of any name, the old-fashioned. In the end all good art can, as it were, hang together, and all good artists should be able to recognize one another, but to-day if we are not advanced we are old-fashioned, as if of necessity art must go on improving, which it certainly does not. As has been well said, it comes and it goes like a bird ; the bird and the art just fly away.

I am certainly not going to prophesy—all I have done is to give a short account of how I have seen the changes—but I cannot help wondering if Goethe's words to Eckermann apply to our art to-day : "All eras in a state of decline and dissolution are subjective ; on the other hand, all progressive eras have an objective tendency."



A SLADE SCHOOL PICNIC, 1899.

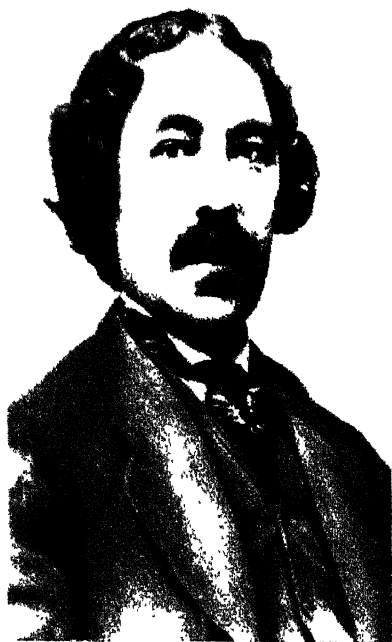
Seated on the horse (from left to right) are the late Sir William Orpen, R.A., Mr. Augustus John, R.A., and Miss Gwen John. Seated with foot on shaft, Mr. Albert Rutherton. Standing without hat in centre, Miss Edna Waugh (now Lady Clarke Hall). Seated to right, Lady Rothenstein; and behind, Sir William Rothenstein



MADAME PATTI



MADAME ALBANI



JOHN SIMS REEVES



DAME NELLIE MELBA

THE REVIVAL OF MUSIC

BY SIR HENRY HADOW

THE period usually assigned to the revival of music in England dates from almost exactly fifty years ago. It dawned after a very dark hour. In the third quarter of the nineteenth century the state of our music was deplorable. Opera was a fashionable amusement, with no more artistic significance than in the days of Senesino ; our choral societies slept peacefully between the annual performances of the *Messiah* ; our provincial festivals were unduly occupied with a few stereotyped classics and the local oratorio of *Ahab*.

Worse still was the exclusion of music from a share in our intellectual life. It was regarded as at best a recreation, at worst a doubtful indulgence ; in our public schools it stood outside the curriculum, an unpopular alternative to cricket ; Oxford and Cambridge declared that their musical doctorate was not a "degree of learning," and as extreme limit of concession endeavoured to compensate for a denial of civic rights by a feminine softness of apparel ; the study of music was confined to the display of executive skill and the bandying of a few grammatical technicalities. We were generous enough in our praise of foreign artists, especially when, as Paula Tanqueray says, "they were expensive" ; but we had almost ceased to produce, and we had little or nothing to offer in return.

That was the state of affairs in 1881. In 1932 we may say without over-emphasis that we are taking a prominent, and in some cases a leading, part among the musicians of Europe, that we are free of their company, that we share their reputation, that both as composers and as executants we can hold our own and meet our colleagues with a not unworthy gift in our hands. There is still a long leeway to make up—we cannot atone for two centuries of neglect with half a century of gradual achievement—but we have crossed the frontier, we are at home in the country, we speak its language and understand its way of life. We already have some names of true significance ; their number is increasing year by year, and they are stimulated and

FIFTY YEARS

encouraged by a public delight in music which is more intelligent and better equipped than it has ever been.

The pioneers of our advance were Parry and Stanford, who entered the field in 1880, one with *Prometheus*, the other with *The Veiled Prophet* and the Elegiac Symphony. Sullivan was already there, a brilliant advance-guard, who for nearly twenty years was to add to the gaiety of nations and to render a great service by spreading and popularizing his native gifts of humour and melody. But Sullivan was too lightly armed for leadership ; he trod a path of his own, and his excursions into serious music were made with footsteps that had gone astray. It is to Parry and Stanford that we chiefly owe the beginnings of that movement which has strengthened and widened up to the present day.

At first, as might naturally be expected, its music was largely derivative. The acceptance of tradition is an essential part of musical training, and the artist who owes nothing to predecessors or contemporaries is already bankrupt. Stanford was partly influenced by Brahms, of whom he was a close personal friend ; Parry based his work on the great classics from Bach to Mendelssohn and evolved from them a style which grew more and more individual as time proceeded. As with the leaders, so with the followers and the general public. We were proud to learn chamber music from Joachim and orchestral music from Richter ; we delighted in the succession of great pianists, the pure tone of Hallé, the wit of Bülow, the tempestuous eloquence of Rubinstein, the charm of Mme. Schumann, who to many of us was the greatest of them all. I well remember the thousandth "Monday Pop," at which she played the Schumann Quintet with Joachim, Madame Norman Neruda, Straus, and Piatti, and, though the colours of that work are fading, nothing can obscure the memory of the performance. There was another memorable experience when in 1882 a famous German opera company visited London, and most of us heard *Tristan* and *Meistersinger* for the first time.

Meanwhile we were making our own response in the Philharmonic Society, of which from 1884 Stanford, Cowen, Mackenzie, and H. J. Wood were successively conductors, in the Royal Choral Society and the Bach Choir, which gave abundant scope to our native gift of choral singing, and to a vast extension and improvement of our provincial festivals. By



SIR CHARLES HALLE
Founder of the Hallé concerts



SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN



A GROUP OF CONDUCTORS AND COMPOSERS AT THE BOURNEMOUTH CENTENARY FESTIVAL
IN 1910

Seated left to right : Sir Edward Elgar, Sir Dan Godfrey, Sir Alexander Mackenzie,
and Sir Charles Stanford. Standing : Sir Edward German and Sir Hubert Parry



ST. JAMES'S HALL

A picture taken during the last concert in 1905



DR. JOACHIM

THE REVIVAL OF MUSIC

the nineties we could point to a Leeds Festival which included five new works by English composers, and which drew from England not only its chorus but its conductors, its soloists, and the greater part of its orchestra.

Brahms never visited this country—afraid, as he said, of being lionized. Dvořák came here on several occasions, producing in London the *D major Symphony* and the *Stabat Mater*, in Leeds the oratorio *St. Ludmila*, and in Birmingham *The Spectre's Bride* and the *Requiem*. There it is a legend that he once disconcerted his host at a banquet in his honour by announcing that his bedtime was at eight o'clock. Among the notable composers whom we have welcomed here are Max Bruch, who at one time held offices in Liverpool, Henschel, who has so long been an honoured guest that we have come to regard him as one of ourselves, Gounod and Saint-Saëns, Ravel and Florent Schmidt, Grieg and Sibelius and Glazunov, Strauss and Reger, Busoni, Bartok and Kodaly, de Falla, and the assembly of international musicians who met last year at Oxford under the presidency of Professor Dent. They cover a wide diversity of style and method, of personal quality and national idiom : in their ebb and flow may be noted two main streams of tendency by which English music, like that of all Europe, has been successively affected.

The first was a vast extension of the poetic and pictorial aspect of music, of its emotional content and its power of suggesting and even depicting drama. Here the European leader was Richard Strauss. Brought up in the "orthodox" tradition, of which his earliest works bear abundant evidence, he came about 1884 under the influence of Alexander Ritter, who, to use his own words, "urged him on to the development of the poetic, the expressive in music as exemplified by the works of Liszt, Wagner, and Berlioz." The frontier line was crossed by his symphony *Aus Italien* ; then followed a rapid succession of symphonic poems, *Macbeth*, *Don Juan*, *Tod und Verklärung*, and so onwards to *Tyl Eulenspiegel*, *Don Quixote*, *Ein Heldenleben*, and the "Domestic" Symphony. In all these the old restrictions of harmony and form were largely discarded and superseded, the music closely followed the plot, creating its own harmonies, and to a great extent its own forms in the process. That the works were masterpieces was incontestable, that they contained passages of great beauty was at once apparent ; we were some-

FIFTY YEARS

times baffled by their tone of revolt and bewildered by their almost arrogant assumption of freedom. It is significant that when *Tyl Eulenspiegel* was first given at the Crystal Palace Manns presented the work twice at the same concert, so that the audience might have a chance of familiarizing itself with the structure.

In this advance of poetic music an important part was borne by Elgar. He made his *début* at Worcester in 1890 with his romantic concert overture *Froissart*; he passed out of pupilage with *Caractacus* in 1898; and in 1900 he produced at Birmingham *The Dream of Gerontius*, which many people still regard as his greatest work. It was received with a good deal of controversy. Our ears had not yet been attuned to this new music; we found it startling and difficult to understand; our guides relapsed into extreme caution, and we might have settled down to a policy of safety first had not the work been triumphantly welcomed at the Lower Rhine Festival of 1902. Thenceforward Elgar's position was in this country assured. *The Apostles* and *The Kingdom* were acclaimed without cavil; the growing reputation was enhanced by the two symphonies, the violin concerto, and *Falstaff*; at present he is *nulla non donatus lauru*, and his public honours have but set their official seal on a career which, more than any other of our time, has brought us into the front rank of European music.

The second tendency, complementary to the first, which it follows by natural reaction, is the neo-classic, chiefly intent on problems of form and presentation. This is not to say that the periods are separated by sharp demarcating lines—no such periods are so separated—but that in the course of musical development the balance has swung, as it has always swung, between alternations of form and content. Of this neo-classical school the earliest German leader, though not perhaps the most influential, was Max Reger, a musician of the study, immensely learned, immensely serious, master of the most recondite technique, a little wanting in human warmth and sympathy. His first orchestral work was produced in 1906, when he was thirty-three years of age; he had already written much music in the severer form, chiefly at Leipsic, where he held a chair at the Conservatoire, and where, by the year of his death in 1916, he had increased his number of compositions to over 150. The best qualities of this school are its earnestness, its disdain of cheap-effect, and its command of resources; its defect is an

THE REVIVAL OF MUSIC

inherent tendency to Alexandrinism, which may be, and often has been, exaggerated into dryness and ugliness.

Schönberg, for example, is an eager experimenter, so intent on his problem that he loses sight of his audience, an admirable teacher whose compositions have more than once goaded an indignant public into riot. Hindemith, a virtuoso in more than one sphere, has declared that he is not interested in the emotions, and that he wishes to be regarded as "only a craftsman." There is a real danger that from the multitude of these alembics the art may evaporate.

Neo-classical influence has affected England but indirectly, and never, I think, in its most extreme form. One reason is that we have an inherent dislike of extravagance—or it may be that we keep our extravagances for other arts: another that our most typical music is essentially national in character and stands deep-rooted in the soil of a national tradition. Vaughan Williams is the most English composer since Parry—he is in the succession of Purcell and the Elizabethans; Holst and Bax have drawn some of their inspiration from English song, Delius from English landscape. All these men have, in their measure, used and developed the resources of the new idiom; they have used it to widen the barriers—not to break them down.

Arnold has said that the main function of criticism is to gather and make current the best available ideas, in order that they may be fused by the touch of creative genius. This is as profoundly true in music as it is in poetry, and it is a good augury that the growth of our composition has been constantly enriched and supported by a general widening of knowledge and experience. The spread of musical education, and of the interest which it encourages, is wider and deeper at the present day than it has ever been. Our schools of music, in London, in Birmingham and Manchester, in Scotland and Wales and Ireland, are at a high level of efficiency, and though they are sharing with the rest of the country in the economic stress are maintaining their quality and their influence unimpaired. In our public schools and universities music is taking its rightful place among liberal studies and learning to relate its work to the cognate pursuits of the Arts and Sciences.

Throughout the country at large the wave is flowing to flood tide. The competition festivals, which started with four vocal quartets in a provincial town, now number their centres

FIFTY YEARS

by hundreds and their entrants by many thousands ; the practice of choral singing, which has always been indigenous, is acquiring every year new opportunities of exercise, the level of taste and intelligence is steadily rising, and despite some transitory aberrations is setting in a right direction. Opera we have never succeeded in establishing on a national basis ; it is still too much at the hazard of private venture, and it is much to be hoped that when the present stress is ended we may proceed to a reform, long overdue, and equip England with an opportunity which is already enjoyed by all Continental nations.

The most powerful agency for disseminating music among the people at large is the British Broadcasting Corporation. Its vast wealth, its concentrated organization, its unlimited width of range, give it a position of privilege in which it has no rival and have brought it to a pitch of success which it is probable that its original promoters never contemplated. In this very success there is an attendant danger. We are much indebted to the B.B.C. for bringing the best music to our homes, and for bringing it in such abundance and variety ; it will be a national loss if we allow ourselves to be satisfied with listening and let our practice of music-making fall into desuetude. This not only concerns societies and individuals who are suffering from overwhelming competition ; it affects the whole future of the art in England, for England has grown to be a musical nation, not only by hearing but by actively producing the music which it hears. We cannot yet appreciate the extent or reality of the danger ; we can only suggest that it needs vigilance and some measure of common action. The whole question is worth inquiry ; if we can solve it we shall bring a valuable and potent ally into even fuller service of a national cause.

"Englischer Komponist, Kein Komponist" was a byword fifty years ago : to-day it would be not a satire but an ineptitude. English music has a definite character, which we may hope that it will never impair by following the heresies of cosmopolitanism ; it has recovered the voice which, during its decadent period, was almost put to silence ; it has once more its own contribution to make and its own message to deliver. Like all European countries, it has learned some of its cultivation from foreign neighbours—it has participated in the interchange of ideas because it has ideas of its own to bestow. But at heart it is of the same stock as our poets and our painters ; it looks

THE REVIVAL OF MUSIC

at life from the same angle and is informed by the same inspiration. It is not passionate but contemplative, its chief qualities are strength, sanity, and tenderness, its emotion is recollected in tranquillity. Our achievement so far is an earnest of further progress ; it has already made its mark on the artistic history of the race.

THE THEATRE IN TRANSITION

BY SIR ARTHUR PINERO

I HAVE often wondered how and where the old actors got their charm, that quality which it is the custom to describe as indefinable and into which personal distinction enters so largely. The majority of the old-time actors were poorly educated, if educated in the accepted sense at all; they lived in cheap lodgings, frequently in surroundings that were almost squalid; their club was the bar-parlour of the public-house; their ways were not the ways of "respectable" people. The only reason I have been able to discover for their charming manners on the stage is that the world then offered them charming manners to imitate. And now the world has changed, and the actor, having lost his model, is in danger of forgetting how to be personally attractive.

In looks and bearing Henry Irving was the most distinguished man of his day, on and off the stage. However eminent the company he found himself in, his was the most commanding figure. (I have seen a letter from him, written when he was a "stock" actor in Manchester, asking for the loan of a shilling to get his hair cut.) The quiet distinction, too, which my dear friend Bancroft put into his parts can never be forgotten by those who saw him. But he and his brilliant wife had the wisdom and the means to retire from management in their middle age and appeared rarely afterwards. Of Irving my juniors know more, for he played until the end, and may be said to have died in the robes of Becket, utterly worn out and enfeebled. As an example of his zest for work when in his prime, I recall his acting, in Edinburgh, Hamlet at a *matinée* and at night Louis XI. in the five-act play of that name, followed by Jingle in an excerpt from "Pickwick." At the final fall of the curtain I asked him if he was tired. "Tired!" he replied, "Not in the least. I should like to do it all over again." And he acted invariably with an ever-alert brain and with every nerve on fire.

Perhaps the old actors, having fewer demands on their attention than their successors have to meet, were more disposed



SIR HENRY IRVING AND DAME ELLEN TERRY
in *The Vicar of Wakefield*



SIR HENRY IRVING AS SHYLOCK



SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER AND MISS IRENE VANBRUGH
in *His House in Order*



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL
in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*

THE THEATRE IN TRANSITION

to concentrate on the business of the stage. They thought, talked, and, I believe, dreamt "shop." Here, again, Irving was a signal instance. His calling absorbed him ; he had hardly any other interests. This was once exemplified at the Garrick Club when half a dozen members, casually assembled, were discussing Dr. Nansen, the Arctic voyager. Nansen had just returned from wintering in Franz Josef Land after the partial accomplishment of his scheme for reaching the North Pole, and their admiration was so thoroughly stirred by his exploit that they could talk of nothing else. Irving was with them in the body, but separated in spirit. Sunk deep in his chair—a characteristic attitude—he said nothing. At last he roused himself, and there was a respectful hush in the conversation to allow of his contribution. "Nansen, Nansen, Nansen"—he repeated the name several times, and then observed dryly, "Ah, yes. Nansen. Stands the cold well."

But I am speaking less of exceptional figures than of the rank and file of the old actors, whose rewards were not large and who lived a life inconducive, one would have thought, to the acquirement of the charm so many of them possessed. Yet, though the salaries of the actors of fifty years ago were comparatively small, their engagements were of long duration, for the English theatre was then materially prosperous, whatever it may have been artistically. In the eighteen-eighties it was the fashion to go to the play. Dancing was not practised in public ; dining in restaurants had not become a habit. Indeed there were few first-class restaurants to dine at ; the Café Royal and Verrey's, both in Regent Street, being the principal eating-houses. Playgoing, therefore, was the chief evening amusement. The only rival to the theatre was the music hall, a place at which women of the upper and middle classes did not care to be seen. It was the age of the actor. People were drawn to the theatre by the performer rather than by the play. If the piece was a good vehicle for the display of the actor's talents, the public were satisfied. Thus they flocked to the Lyceum to see Irving and Ellen Terry, to the Haymarket to see the Bancrofts, to the St. James's to see Hare and the Kendals, to the Criterion to see Charles Wyndham ; and the play in which this or the other of such artists appeared, even if it were one of Shakespeare's or a classic comedy, was a secondary consideration.

As the eighties advanced a change was perceptible. It

FIFTY YEARS

showed itself in a marked degree in a concern for the subject and quality of the play apart from its interpretation. Some young men started writing plays that were at least original to the extent that they were not adapted from the French, though adaptations continued to be the chief fare at many of the houses. The close of the eighties was full of promise, and the nineties brought fulfilment. They saw the end, for the time being, of the complete dominance of the actor. The author achieved a decided importance. But what obstacles he found in his path ! In the first place he had to overcome the timidity of the manager.

With reluctance I venture on an illustration from my own experience ; and if I mention *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* it is because I can there be sure of my facts. As I progressed with my work, Hare invited me to read the first act to him, and after he had heard it he made a grimace, and said, " We shall have to cut a lot of that out." Having seen the whole play in print, he declined it flatly, declaring that he considered it not only bad art but commercially hopeless. (He was the first to congratulate me on its success, confessing his want of foresight.) I then took the play to Alexander, whose verdict was " Sorry ; I daren't do it." As I was leaving his room, rather disconsolately, an idea struck me. I turned to him and said, " Look here, will you do the thing at a *matinée* for nothing ? " " Oh, that puts another complexion on the affair," said he, and promptly agreed to my proposal. But a contract having been drawn up and signed, under which the piece was to be produced on a certain Wednesday and repeated on every succeeding Wednesday for as long as it paid its expenses, I receiving a modest percentage after the first performance, a serious difficulty arose. The author of the piece then running prosperously at the theatre objected, rightly, that the weekly representation of my play would distract the attention of the public from his own work ; so, to escape from his dilemma, Alexander begged me to tear up my agreement and enter into another. As he was making money out of the piece occupying the evening bill—*Liberty Hall*, a delightful comedy by my friend Carton—he determined to take the risk of doing *Tanqueray* at night. In these circumstances, on the withdrawal of *Liberty Hall*, my poor much-shunned play gained a hearing.

Other obstacles to a writer's intentions were the Censor's petty strictures and interference. There was, for example, a

THE THEATRE IN TRANSITION

regulation that the Deity should never be mentioned. If a character was made to utter "Good God!" the exclamation was struck out and "Great Heavens!" substituted. In a farce of mine called *Dandy Dick* I ventured to show a Dean yielding, under the stress of pecuniary embarrassment, to temptations of a sporting kind, and Mr. E. S. Pigott, then the Censor, though he did not refuse his licence, deplored in strong terms my want of taste in holding a dignitary of the Church up to ridicule. Mr. Pigott's successor, Mr. Redwood, I feel bound to add, took a slightly less rigid view of the proprieties.

Since those difficult days the drama has made great progress. From the nineties to the War its advance was uninterrupted. No other branch of art, in my opinion, can be credited with such strides during that period. But with the War came the further development of the films, whose opposition to the regular theatre has grown with the years. Everybody has heard how the mechanical theatre is gradually robbing the living theatre of its audiences. It is not, however, the question of commercial rivalry which is troubling some of us so much as the influence of the films upon the essential art of the drama. There are signs that the drama, in its efforts to get even with the films, is endeavouring to become as film-like as possible. By aiming at a narrow realism, by deserting the broad highway for by-paths where it must always be outvied by the tricks and devices of photography, it is letting opportunity slip. The regular drama should aim at keeping the widest difference between itself and the cinema. Instead, in too many cases, it has drawn closer and closer.

How far the modern "producer" is responsible for this newest phase of theatrical enterprise I will not presume to say. But I hazard a guess that to him must be apportioned a share of the blame. He attempts to set up in the theatre an authority superior to that of the author and, not unnaturally, is animated by a desire to bring himself into prominence. The result is that the attention of the audience is divided between the mode of presentation and the matter of the play. Whatever may be the author's intentions, the chances are that his work will be misrepresented, wholly or in part, if a higher power has control of everything from the designing of the scenery to the movement of the characters and the actors' tones and gestures.

This brings us again to the actors. At the risk of repeating

FIFTY YEARS

what has been said and written a hundred times, surely it is absurd to expect an audience to be interested in a play if half the dialogue is inaudible and the other half is caught only by intense effort and strain. To enjoy a play one should be able to rest comfortably in one's seat, and not to have to lean forward and cock one's ears painfully in the direction of the stage, as many of our otherwise capable modern actors force their audiences to do.

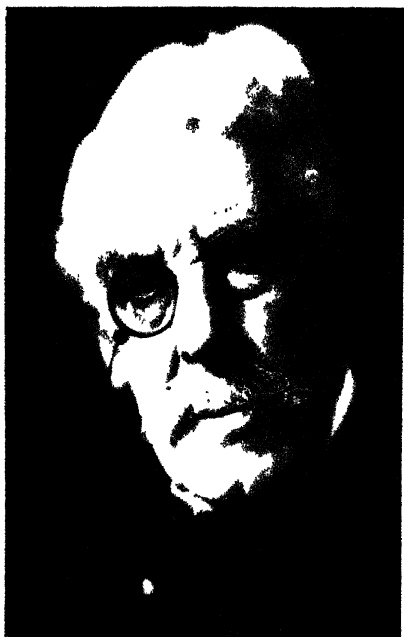
An old playgoer may be pardoned for going back even farther than the prescribed half a century for an experience of an opposite kind. As a youth I climbed one night up to the sixpenny gallery of the Standard Theatre in Shoreditch. The Bancrofts and their company were "starring" for a week in that huge house, so different from their own little Prince of Wales's Theatre in Tottenham Street, Tottenham Court Road, a mere bandbox of a place. From my remote seat I listened to Marie Bancroft as Polly Eccles in *Caste*. Her lightest whisper was as audible as her loudest tones. She might, so it seemed, have been holding me by the button-hole and imparting something to me that nobody else was expected to hear. Far off as was the stage, I felt that if I had held out my hand I could have grasped hers. And I am sure that every member of the audience had exactly the same sensation.

Her method, acquired after years of training, was the method of Mrs. John Wood, now almost forgotten, of Ellen Terry and (both happily still among us) Dame Madge Kendal and Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, and of many another I could cite. It was the method of the old actors and actresses generally—the ABC of their equipment. They knew that acting is an enlargement of life to be viewed from a distance, not a reproduction of nature confined to the limits of the small space of the stage. In the delivery of their dialogue they appeared to be talking as people talk in a room. But they did not make the mistake of pitching their voices as though the walls of the room were the extreme range within which their voices had to travel. In short, they had learnt, in their rough school, that the business of the actor is to act.

Moreover, the audiences of fifty years ago, and less, insisted on hearing—in plain words, on having their money's worth. They also had been well trained. The audiences of to-day are composed mainly of people to whom the traditions of the past



SIR ARTHUR PINERO



SIR SQUIRE BANCROFT



MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH
as John Wellington Wells in *The Sorcerer*



SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM
as David Garrick



LADY BANCROFT (MISS MARIE WILTON)
as Nan in *Good for Nothing*



SIR JOHN HARE
in *A Quiet Rubber*



SIR HENRY BURBOHM TREE
as Svengali in *Tilly*



MR. AND MRS. KENDAL
as Orlando and Rosalind in *As You Like It*

THE THEATRE IN TRANSITION

mean nothing. I am afraid it must be admitted, allowing for exaggerated statements, that the section of the public which used to frequent the cheaper parts of the theatre, as well as a proportion of its richer patrons, has in a great measure succumbed to the lure of the films. A consequence, easily to be appreciated, is that to-day in the regular theatre a play is either a compelling success or an utter failure. The cost of running a theatre has become so enormous that a manager cannot afford to ring up his curtain to moderate receipts—receipts which in former times would have enabled him to draw breath and prepare a fresh production without actual loss.

The theatre is now engaged in a struggle for existence with the films. To all appearance, the fight will be long and bitter. Nobody can say how it will end, what conventions may be sacrificed, what new features may be encountered, what new forms evolved. Those of us who love the play as we have known it must be a little fearful lest it should cease to be a medium for the serious exposition of life and character, or should be allotted only the task of dealing with subjects which may uplift the soul but certainly do not cheer it. Whether eventually the silent films conquer the talking, or the talking the silent, is not, to my mind, of great importance. What is of importance is the fact that the "pictures," for the moment at any rate, have captured the masses who formerly were the faithful supporters of the regular theatre, and who are now content with the thrills and humour furnished by mechanical process.

What are the chances of preserving the regular theatre? If we could look for a succession of dramatic geniuses—actors and playwrights—the question could be readily answered. For the drama of exceptional merit—as is proved even to-day—and for the highly capable actor and actress, a certain amount of favour is assured; but it can hardly be denied that the theatre, taken as a whole, is no longer fashionable, if not distinctly out of fashion.

A ray of hope comes from the "little" theatres and the repertory theatres which are being established pretty widely throughout the land. They are doing good work, and in due course may help to put our stage on its feet again. Meanwhile they have their own special war to wage, and we are told that many of them have no easy job in keeping their trenches unshattered. They deserve a loud hurrah. But the chief hope

FIFTY YEARS

of those who demand a living drama—the drama which is a true and vivid reflection of the age that has given birth to it—lies in the foundation of a National Theatre. By that we should brush the cobwebs from our classic dramatic literature, preserve what is excellent of our own day, encourage the writer, and breed and train players equal to their responsibility.

THE OLD MUSIC HALL

BY J. B. BOOTH

TO write of the old music hall is to write an obituary, for the old music hall is dead, dead as the England it represented. It was a purely native product, cheery, unregenerate, optimistic, self-satisfied, care-free. And the age of its glory was the golden age of golden coins, golden champagne, and gilded youth—and “Her golden hair was hanging down her back.” One Englishman was worth half a dozen foreigners—often a couple of hundred—and “We don’t want to fight, but by Jingo, if we do !”

The golden coins are melted down, the golden liquid is for millionaires, the youth has lost his gilt, the golden tresses are shorn, the age has long ceased to be golden, and England has neither the ships nor the money—to say nothing of the old music hall.

The old music hall was of the soil, racy ; it sprang from the people ; its performers, its bards, its impresarios were of the people, and it reflected, to no small extent, a certain national outlook and certain national characteristics. In a short space of time it became an institution. Like so many British institutions it began informally, under the guise of “harmonic clubs” and “free-and-easies,” and for long the informality persisted. Programmes were unknown ; the turns were introduced by a personage who sat in a large arm-chair with his back to the stage, a table before him to which it was considered an honour to be invited. As the music hall proper evolved, so did the importance of the chairman wax, but progress marched on irresistibly, and in spite of his blazing diamonds, his rolling periods, his Bacchanalian regality, the cold, printed word defeated him ; programmes were printed, tables removed, and, like a fiery exhalation, the chairman passed.

The chairman was the link between the tavern sing-song and the variety palaces which were to come, and in his day he was a power. Perhaps the king of them all was one Fox, who presided at the Mogul in Drury Lane—“The Old Mo”—a Bartholomew creature, with a good-natured face encrimsoned by

FIFTY YEARS

potations long and deep. It was Fox whose answer to an invitation to drink given by a nervous young would-be man-about-town was superb in its tolerance. Taking up the "list of beverages," the chairman lightly waved his diamond-studded fist across the entire contents. "*That's* my drink, my boy!" he said simply.

His position was no sinecure, for the "gods" at the "Old Mo" were a rough crowd. But Fox was equal to them, and, with a glare of his eye and a roll of his deep bass voice, could reduce to instant order a gallery composed of the scourings of the Dials and the lawless dwellers in the purlieus of the Lane.

Another celebrity was Knowles, of the Cambridge Music Hall. It was a favourite trick of his "gods" to demand loudly: "Who?" when he announced a turn. Then would Knowles assume his mantle of dignity.

"You heard!" he would retort magnificently.

A typical chairman was Robert Courtney, of the South London. "Baron," or "Bob," as he was more generally called, was an exquisite among chairmen, and had his diamonds only been real tens of thousands of pounds would not have bought them. He had one song, "Britannia's Voice of Thunder," and whenever there was a hitch he would sing his song. He must have sung it thousands of times, though no one ever heard more than the first line, for, to say nothing of the big drum, the gallery kept up an incessant fire of "Good old Bob! Bob! Bob! Bob!"

Characters as the chairmen were, there were characters equally as great among the managers of the early music-hall world. There was, for instance, one Hart, who ruled the Star at Bermondsey, and whose boast it was that he ran his hall more cheaply than any of his rivals. No believer in inflated salaries, he did not make up his company for the week until the Monday. On Monday morning it was his practice to stroll down to the "York Corner," where congregated the professionals out of collar, and from them, glad to accept any fee rather than face a week "out," he would pick his company.

Another manager, Paul, of Leicester, was a notable eccentric. He had his own way of getting rid of a bad bargain. On the morning after his first appearance he would invite the artist who had failed to "go" for a drive in his pony-trap. Fourteen or fifteen miles out a halt would be made for refreshments, in the middle of which the impresario would make some excuse

THE OLD MUSIC HALL

about looking after the pony, go outside, and drive off, leaving his victim marooned. When at last the unwanted artist staggered into Leicester, hours late, he was promptly "sacked" for unpunctuality. But one comedian, fully aware of the "bumping off" process, when "taken for a ride" turned the tables on his employer. As the trap pulled up at the inn he complained of faintness, and, before getting out, implored Paul to bring him some brandy. When the proprietor emerged with the stimulant the trap, driven by the comedian, was disappearing over the horizon, and it was Paul's turn to walk home.

Another eccentric—a London manager—had a small farm Finchley way and, at the end of the week, would canvass his artists for orders for fowls, ducks, bacon, eggs, and so forth. Customers got "return dates"; non-buyers did not.

It is an advertising age, and, if one is to accept the self-valuation of certain of the advertisers, never before has publicity been elevated into an art. Nevertheless, there were certain old stagers connected with the music hall who needed little instruction. There was no more ingenious advertiser, for instance, than George Belmont, "Barnum's Beauty," who opened the Sebright in 1885 and soon became famous for the bills he drew up with his own right hand. He was a believer in alliteration. From a bill before me I cull a few examples of his style. The comedian Harry Ford is described as "That Uncommon Commodity, the Comical Comic Singer, A Short, Safe, and Sure Cut Across the Stream of Sorrow." Jolly John Nash figures as "A Descendant of Democritus, A Rib-tickling old Rollicker in a Cacchinatory Carnival," while another comedian, Arthur Combes, is billed as "The Vigorously Voiced Vehicle of Vivid and Volatile Variety, Void of the Vestige of Vulgarity." Peggy Pryde, Jenny Hill's daughter, is "The Wittiest Chin-Wagging Woman in the World, the Tricky-Tongued, Tale-pitching Pet of the Populace"; Sequah is "The Malignant Molar Mover"; Joe Elvin appears as "A Repletory, Rippling, Roaring, Rushing, Rollicking River of Risibility"; and the week's company as a whole is announced as "A Cyclopean Conglobation of Seductive Serios and Callid Comics."

Many music-hall impresarios have claimed credit for the purging of their programmes from offence, but few in the terms of Belmont: "The musical director has instructions to stop playing the music of any song which is not absolutely whole-

FIFTY YEARS

some, and the stage manager has strict orders to lower the curtain *in front* of any turn who attempts to perform anything of a tainted tincture. The Proprietor will Peremptorily Punish all Performers Playing Putrid Programmes by Promptly Prohibiting their Performance, and Pocketing all Promised Pounds and Pence. Dirty Ditties, Wicked Wheezes, and Gone-wrong Gestures No Go Here. We Want Willing workers, Who Will Work Wholesome Wares Without Wrong 'Uns."

Such were the origins of the modern music hall. From the more or less informal sing-song, with a few professional turns, held in an annexe to a public-house, it swiftly developed into an institution, blazed up as a "Palace of Variety," and then faded as swiftly—for how long? The page was quickly turned, and the page was not a long one : many performers still famous when the Oxford was demolished, the rebuilt Tivoli and Empire delivered over to the film, and the redecorated Pavilion devoted to *revue* started their careers in the "sing-song." Of one such it is told that after his first appearance the proprietor drew him aside and asked him mysteriously, "What's a sixth o' thirty, lad?" The wondering performer answered, "Five." Handing him 5s., "Get back home, lad, to thy job. Tha's mistakken thy vocation," said the proprietor. Later, earning some £200 a week, the performer could afford to laugh, but at the time it must have seemed desperately unfunny.

The Oxford, Tivoli, and Pavilion may be taken as representative halls of their type, with the Empire and Alhambra in a class of their own, and the Palace, at one point of its history, unique. It was at the first three one heard the songs of the people. Here originated the catchwords that went flying through the town, the lilts that set Phil May's guttersnipes dancing to the barrel-organs' rendering ; here the performers' reputations were made ; here were sung the songs which, some cynic observed, formed the authentic voice of the British public.

As to the literary and musical values of the songs which rank as music-hall classics this much can be said : at times the words made some pretensions to a picture of the life known to the audience. The programme was largely a rough-and-ready commentary on the topics and foibles of the day. If lodgers, mothers-in-law, and drink seemed to occupy a prominent place among those topics—well, lodgers, mothers-in-law, and drink were pressing problems in certain circles. As they are to-day.



LOTTIE COLLINS



MARIL LLOYD



LITTLE FICH



VIVIA HILLY (LADY DE FRECE)



DAN LENO AND HERBERT CAMPBELL



WILKIE BARD



DAN LENO AND GROUP

Left to right : (standing) Fred Griffiths, Dan Leno, and Jack Griffiths ; (sitting) Mrs. F. Griffiths, Mrs. Leno, Mrs. Coborn, Mrs. J. Griffiths. In front is Charles Coborn

THE OLD MUSIC HALL

The average music-hall bards and composers by no means made fortunes out of their muses. A few, who wrote regularly for the big stars, probably made a fair competence, but the vast majority were lucky to get a guinea from the singer and half publishing rights, which might possibly amount to £5 or £10. The stage doors and the bars of the music halls of old were haunted by song-writers, who, when times were very bad, would dispose of their work outright for "a dollar." Dozens of "stars" looked upon a guinea as a regulation fee to a bard, and it was always said that that was the price at which the singer acquired a success that set the town humming, and—supreme test of popularity—became a catchword: "'E dunno where 'e are."

Joseph Tabrar, who died only the other day, was one of the most prolific of the song-writers of his period, and within his limitations was no mean musician. Yet in times of need he sold many a song at Willis's Music-hall at Woolwich for a few immediately needed shillings. Tabrar was a personality and an amusing one. The revival of Gilbert and Sullivan opera for some reason annoyed him. "Arthur Sullivan!" he sniffed; "I can do all he could an' more—*while you wait*—on the bit of old paper the trotters were wrapped up in!" But at times Tabrar would make as much as a hundred out of a single number—and the number was worth it, for he had an undoubted gift of melody, and the incommunicable knack of hitting the public taste of the moment. He had many successes in his long career; perhaps the biggest was the song he wrote for Leybourne, "Ting, Ting, That's How the Bell Goes!" which old stagers will remember with a sentimental affection.

To-day the song-writer has learnt financial wisdom. No longer does he haunt stage doors or licensed premises with his wares in search of the possible singer. He writes for the publisher and not for the individual and frequently temperamental star. And in the background are delightful possibilities, unknown to the old bard, in the shape of gramophone rights and records, and, thanks to the royalty system, unknown to the old-timer content with the guinea "ready," if his song catches on he may make anything from a couple of hundred to five hundred pounds.

The real cause of the popularity of a song was the tune. As to the words, there was little to choose between the inanity of "The Same Old Game," which swept the seventies, "Linger Longer, Loo," of the nineties, and "The Honeysuckle and the

FIFTY YEARS

Bee," which had its vogue in the early part of the present century. To become popular a song must possess two essential features. First, the melody must be simple and whistleable. Next there must be a similar simplicity in the words. With few exceptions the choruses that have become almost traditional consist of a few commonplace words often repeated, such as "Not for Joe!" "Champagne Charlie is my name!" "Wot cher, 'Ria!" and "Two Lovely Black Eyes"; and especially is this exemplified in such maniacal successes as "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!" "Hi tiddley-hi-ti," "La-di-da," and songs like "Tiddy-fol-lol," or with a fol-de-rol refrain. Miss Vesta Tilley, no mean expert, once summed up the essentials of a popular song: "Of all music-hall songs of my time perhaps 'Daisy Bell, or A Bicycle Made for Two,' with its simple, catchy tune and easily learned chorus, caught the popular fancy more than any I can remember."

Some of the trashy words have been embalmed in literature. A song of Bill Fair's received immortality at the hands of Robert Browning:

Treading down rose and ranunculus
You "Tommy-make-room-for-your-Uncle"-us,
Troop—all of you! man or homunculus!

In "The Ebb-Tide" Stevenson gives lasting fame to "The Great" Macdermott's

Up in a balloon, boys, up in a balloon,
All among the little stars, sailing round the moon,

and Arthur Lloyd's song—Lloyd wrote and composed most of his greatest successes himself—lives with Stalky, Beetle, and McTurk:

Pretty lips, sweeter than cherry or plum,
Always look smiling, and never look glum.

As to the performers, it is a mistake on the part of those who never saw it in its prime to depreciate the old régime. The absurdities were many and glaring—as are those of the film—but that régime produced men and women who were, in the peculiar, intimate setting of the old hall, indubitably great artists. Marie Lloyd, Dan Leno, Eugene Stratton, Vesta Tilley, Harry Lauder, George Robey, Bessie Bellwood, Jenny Hill, Cinquevalli, Arthur Roberts, Little Tich, Nellie Power, George Leybourne—to mention a haphazard few of different periods,

THE OLD MUSIC HALL

were geniuses in their *métier*. And be it remembered that the setting was a difficult one. From the moment of his entrance the performer was keyed to the highest pitch ; the "hit" must be immediate, for there were twenty or more turns on the programme, and every minute was of vital importance. A whole evening in musical comedy or *revue* did not entail a fraction of the strain. Hence it was that personality—above all, vivid, compelling personality—was essential to success.

There is one name that stands alone in music-hall history—that of Albert Chevalier, whose success was a sign of the changing taste. An admirable actor, for long he never obtained the success he deserved, and a group of friends persuaded him to try his fate on the "halls" with the coster impersonations he used to amuse them with in private. One memorable evening he appeared at the old Pavilion, and his friends turned up in force as an unpaid claqué. But their services were unneeded.

The halls I have named were the halls of the people, and the performers the people's artists. The Empire and Alhambra stood in a different category. Not for nothing did the Empire earn its grandiloquent description, The Cosmopolitan Club of Empire. It was cosmopolitan, and it was a club—a rendezvous for men from the ends of the earth. "Meet you one night in the old Empire, I suppose?" was the farewell of the Englishman abroad. It was also, for the lover of the dance, the scene of the triumphs of the adorable Adeline Genée—Genée, with her incomparable technique, her piquant grace, and elf-like humour—and the home of English ballet, ruled by Madame Katti Lanner, and ruled despotically.

"Don't let Katti Lanner have it all her own way," said George Edwardes to the author of the *Round the World* ballet. The author decided not to, and, as we sat together watching a rehearsal, he interfered—once. The old lady came down to the footlights and peered into the darkened theatre. "It is not your ballet now : it's mine!" she called imperiously. The older Alhambra also had its *corps de ballet* and its school.

At these halls, from Tivoli to Alhambra, the audiences were chiefly masculine ; the Palace, particularly, under the rule of Sir Alfred Butt, the successor of old Charles Morton, who had seen the rise of the music hall from the old Canterbury days, catered for a mixed audience, and, with the success of Maud Allan and the music-hall advent of Pavlova and the Russians,

FIFTY YEARS

became the music-hall Mecca of society. The Hippodrome also realized the value of the wider appeal, and after abolishing its circus ring and water display—well does one remember a lean and haggard de Rougemont endeavouring to confute his critics by riding a real turtle nightly—extended its appeal to the comfortable middle class. Sir Oswald Stoll, who had graduated from a tiny Liverpool hall of the old type, saw the new possibilities when he obtained possession of the Coliseum.

By the outbreak of War the old music hall was moribund, and now the pictures reign on its throne. For ever?

The life of the most popular song of to-day is a short one. It is the longevity of the old music-hall successes which renders difficult the task of the music-hall historian. Memories are treacherous; the really popular song would live for years, hence music-hall chronology has its pitfalls. Space forbids more than a brief survey of these people's classics and their periods.

In 1867 and 1868 Leybourne first sang "The Rollicking Rams," "She danced like a Fairy," and the famous bacchanalian songs "Champagne Charlie" and "Burgundy Benjamin," the last two giving rise to a whole "wine" series, for in 1871 he was singing "Moet and Chandon," and a little later "The Great Vance" sang "Clic-quot, Clic-quot, that's the wine for me!" to the tune of "Funiculi, Funicula." Another Leybourne success was "If ever I cease to love," the title-page to the published version of which was drawn by Alfred Concanen, one of the two best-known artists of the music-hall world, the other being Alfred Bryan. Other Leybourne classics were "Cerulea," "The Belle of the Ball," written by G. W. Hunt, and "Captain Cuff."

A whole series of music-hall literature belongs to the "Masher" or "Crutch and Toothpick" era, and a catchword was found in Arthur Lloyd's song, "La-di-da, La-di-do," and Nellie Power's:

He wears a penny flower in his coat, Lardy-dah,
And a penny paper collar round his throat, Lardy-dah,
In his hand a penny stick,
In his tooth a penny pick,
And a penny in his pocket, Lardy-dah!

A chapter might be written on music-hall catchwords alone, absurd sentences which went ringing through the English-speaking world, such as: "It's all done by kindness," "Who's your hatter?" "How are your poor feet?" "Whoa, Emma!"



ALBERT CHEVALIER
in *The Coster's Serenade*



ALFRED LESTER



G. H. CHIRGWIN, "THE WHITE-EYED KAFFIR"



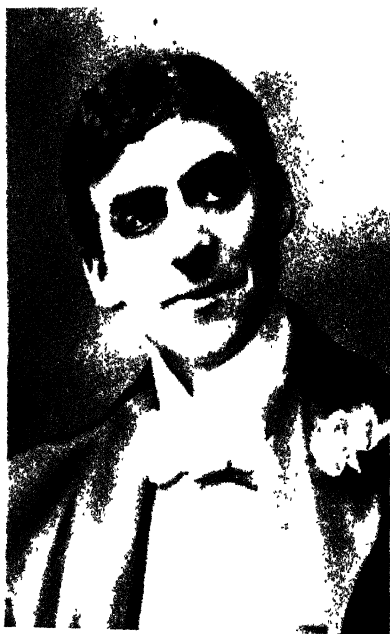
AN ACR0BATIC TROUPE OF THE OLD DAYS



THE EMPIRE THEATRE, LEICESTER SQUARE



THE OXFORD MUSIC HALL, OXFORD STREET



ARTHUR ROBERTS



CHARLES MORTON, "FATHER OF THE HALLS"
He opened the old Canterbury, and Oxford
music halls

THE OLD MUSIC HALL

"Now we shan't be long!" "Get your hair cut!" "What ho! she bumps!" and "Ask a p'liceman!"

In 1877, at the Sun Music Hall, "The Great" Macdermott set the patriotic vogue with the famous "We don't want to fight, but by Jingo if we do," and another music-hall phrase became history. The same year he was singing "Dear Old Pals," and the year before had sung "Hildebrand Montrose"—which Nellie Farren also sang at the old Gaiety—and his "Scamp" song at the Pavilion. Years later, in 1891, another music-hall song moved from the halls to the Gaiety, when George Edwardes brought Lottie Collins from the Tivoli to sing "Tar-ra-ra Boom-de-ay" in "*Cinder-Ellen-Up-Too-Late*."

It was in 1877 that another music-hall ditty became a catch-word—Fred Coyne's "Whoa, Emma!" In the same year Arthur Roberts sang "If I were only long enough, a soldier I would be," Sam Torr, "The Same Old Game," Vesta Tilley, then only thirteen, was touring with her father, and Jenny Hill, that real coster genius, sang "I've been a good woman to you." Other songs of Jenny Hill's were "Sweet Violets," "Maggie Murphy's Home," and "If I only Bossed the Show," which might stand revival, if only for the chorus:

I'd wake men from their torpor, and every foreign pauper
That helps to make the sweeter rich, and wages always low,
I'd send aboard a ship, sir, for an everlasting trip, sir,
And a chance give to the English if I only bossed the show!

Anything approaching a complete anthology of music-hall songs, with the names of their singers, would fill many columns of *The Times*, but among old favourites which may wake memories in the elderly and middle-aged are Harry Rickards's "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," Kate Santley's "The Bells Go Ringing for Sarah," Vance's "Slap Bang!" Bessie Bellwood's "Aubrey Plantagenet" and "Wot cher, Ria!" Harry Randall's "Ghost of John James Christopher Benjamin Binns," James Fawn's "He isn't a marrying man, my love," Herbert Campbell's "They're all very fine and large," Harry Clifton's "Pretty Polly Perkins of Paddington Green," Charles Godfrey's "Here Upon Guard Am I" and "After the Ball," Dan Leno's "Shop-walker," Eugene Stratton's "Little Dolly Daydream," Tom Costello's "At Trinity Church I met my Doom," Charles Coborn's "Two Lovely Black Eyes" and "The Man that Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo," Vesta Tilley's "The Sad Sea Waves"

FIFTY YEARS

and "Jolly Good Luck to the Girl Who Loves a Soldier"—to say nothing of the Albert Chevalier series, which form a class of their own: "My Old Dutch," "Knocked 'em in the Old Kent-road," "Mafeking Night," and "The Coster's Serenade."

Rubbish as some of these songs may have been—and some of them were not rubbish—they had as a rule some semblance of actuality, represented some point of view; the melodies, if crude, had vigour and swing, and the singers, within their limitations, which were the limitations of the old music hall, had real genius. The music hall was a national product, it dealt with the national life, its mirth was the robust mirth of a masculine nation, and its songs deserved a better fate than to be replaced by the negroid importations which have reigned so long.

OXFORD MEN AND MANNERS

BY H. A. L. FISHER, WARDEN OF NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD

THOSE who know only modern Oxford, with its thronged streets, its roaring motor traffic, its droves of tourists, and busy conferences, can hardly conceive the stillness and charm of the place in the eighties of last century, or the air of repose which settled upon the city when the undergraduates were at lecture or had dispersed for their vacations. More particularly in July was Oxford a paradise for the student. Save for a small sprinkling of men like-minded with himself, the colleges were untenanted, the quadrangles and gardens empty and silent. The blessed peace extended to the Cherwell and the meadows and gardens through which it winds its course.

My old friend Warde Fowler used to say that a greater variety of birds could be seen of a morning in the Botanical Gardens than in any other spot in England, and made it for many years his daily practice before breakfast to observe them as a pleasant introduction to the serious work of the day. Alas ! the warblers have long since made their retreat. Not for them the punt, the canoe, and the all-pervading gramophone. They are creatures of taste.

Oxford is now a part of the great world, more fully representative of the nation, more closely affected by its interests, and making a more direct and conscious contribution to its needs. In the eighties the University might not unfairly be described as a continuation of the English public school, with some contributions from the Scottish universities. An American was a phoenix, a German was unknown, the process of Indianization was yet to come, and Mr. Rhodes's great benefaction had not brought the University into intimate relation with the sons of our Empire overseas. Now we are very cosmopolitan in Oxford, and draw our undergraduates from a large number of schools in Britain and outside. In my own college, which in this respect is in no way singular, more than eighty schools are represented, and the public-school element, though it does not diminish absolutely, has with the general growth of the University experienced a relative decline.

FIFTY YEARS

The hour for hall dinner, when I first came up to New College as a freshman in 1884, was 6.20 p.m. Afternoon tea was not yet a function, still less the time-wasting habit (fortunately confined to a small minority) of mid-morning coffee. It was customary to entertain one's friends at small wine-parties, when almonds and raisins were consumed, together with a glass or two of port or claret, while the whole universe was discussed with confidence and fervour. As for cards, the more serious played whist, the more venturesome loo. The breakfasts eaten by rowing men during their period of training were portentous. This preposterous dietary has now been reduced to human dimensions.

It was part of College discipline to attend chapel on Sundays, and either chapel or roll-call on a certain number of days in every term. The idea of spending Sunday, or any part of Sunday, on the river would have greatly shocked our sense of the fitting. Indeed, I well remember how a friend of mine, now a distinguished don, when wishing to celebrate some special occasion by a Sunday river party, felt himself compelled, out of deference to public opinion, to charter his boat at Eynsham. In the matter of costume we paid homage to the day of rest. At Christ Church every undergraduate wore a top hat and a morning coat on Sunday, and the practice was general, though not universal, at New College. Elsewhere costume was less rigid. Golf was little played, and the Sunday golfer was consequently unknown. One result of the great relaxation of Sunday observance, now conspicuous in Oxford as throughout the country, is much to be regretted. In the eighties Sunday was the day for quiet reading and for country walks. The modern undergraduate works hard for his degree. I am convinced that there is far less idling in Oxford now than there was before the War, partly because men are poorer, partly because studies are more diversified, and partly by reason of the large infusion of older men from the Dominions and the United States and of poorer men from the secondary schools who have come to Oxford for a serious purpose. But my impression is that there has been a falling-off in general reading, to be ascribed to the loss of Sunday quiet.

To the world at large the most eminent Oxford figure of the eighties was, I take it, the Master of Balliol. Jowett had just finished his term of office as Vice-Chancellor and was lecturing in Balliol Hall on the pre-Socratic philosophers. W. L. Courtney, my own admirable tutor in philosophy, sent me to listen to the

OXFORD MEN AND MANNERS

prophet, and actually himself attended the first lecture of the course. "Incidental remarks good, general matter nil," he observed as we walked away ; and, indeed, Jowett, though still a great moral and controlling power, was then past his intellectual prime. My clever Balliol contemporaries affected to hold his intellect in infinite compassion, but an earlier generation had thought otherwise—

Ah, Pyramus cannot be Thisbe,
Though Bottom both functions absorbs,
Nor yet can thy scholarship his be,
Nor thine his translation, oh Forbes !

Then a sanctity, super-egregious,
Would attach to each word which you speak,
Incorporate Forbes with the Regius
Professor of Greek—

and I confess that the opening words in the old Master's lecture made me think otherwise too. He told us that Greek philosophy had been the passion of his youth, that it had been the inspiration of his manhood, and that it was the joy and solace of his old age. This he said so simply, quietly, and gracefully as to make one feel that something of the authentic spirit of Hellas was present in the Hall.

If Jowett was our major, Walter Pater was our minor, prophet. We had all, of course, read *Marius the Epicurean*, and were aware that its gifted author lived a bachelor life in B.N.C. From time to time he would put out an announcement offering instruction in the art of English composition, but I remember only one undergraduate who availed himself (without any visible advantage) of this unique opportunity. Pater, despite the elaboration of his prose style, was a most delightful and unaffected companion. He used to lament the neglect of compulsory English verse composition at school, on the ground that such exercises developed a sense of melody and rhythm in English prose style which was often lacking even in good modern work.

The race of Life Fellows is now extinct. No doubt the Life Fellow was often a drone whose emoluments, secured in early youth, proved to be a curse rather than a blessing ; but the system had some advantages. I recall the name of Herbert Bradley, who never gave a lecture or taught a pupil but was content to live in his rooms at Merton upon the modest stipend of a Fellowship, and so was enabled to give to the world a body

FIFTY YEARS

of philosophical work which in point of elegance, accuracy, and insight will always command admiration ; and the names of others, less distinguished, whose learning, though too often unpublished, was rich and profound. Gone also, for the most part, are the Prize Fellowships, those delightful rewards which enabled young gentlemen in Oxford to promote their fortunes at the Bar and in other open professions, and often proved the foundation of brilliant careers. In my own college we had one such example in Alfred Milner.

In those days there were no research degrees or research students, and, though the fashion was coming in, it was less usual than it is now for Fellows of Colleges to publish books or to regard it as part of their duty to contribute to the advancement of knowledge. The questions set in examinations were less specialized, and my own impression is that the examinations were not so difficult as, by reason of tutorial zeal and competence, they have now become.

Relics of an almost medieval Oxford still offered themselves to our admiring gaze. Dr. Sewell, the Warden of New College, had passed his undergraduate life in the days when New College men were exempt under the Founder's Statute from University examinations. His degree examination was a very different affair from those elaborate inquisitions which now dominate our lives. He was summoned into the Senior Common Room, required to translate a chapter of Livy and to explain the fifth proposition of the first book of Euclid, and after this exiguous test tranquilly proceeded to his degree, to his Life Fellowship, and in due course to the headship of an important college.

Home Rule and, to a smaller extent, Bimetallism were the themes which occupied the politically minded undergraduate. The effulgence of George Curzon and of Cosmo Lang as Union orators had not died away. In my own generation Gilbert Murray was *facile princeps* both at the Union and in the domain of classical scholarship. Nor would a survey of Oxford at this time be complete without some reference to George Brodrick, the Warden of Merton, whose generous hospitality and instructive talk endeared him to many generations of undergraduates. Despite oddities of manner and appearance, he was an admirable head of a college and a very good example of the influence of the old-fashioned classical culture of Oxford upon a mind principally absorbed by the problems of State. He was not afraid



DR. BENJAMIN JOWETT, MASTER OF BALLIOL.
Shown in centre



CARFAX, OXFORD, 1880

Showing the church which was demolished in 1896 only the tower remaining



CORNMARKET STREET, OXFORD, 1885

of smiling at himself. "There are some people," he would say, "who go to sleep after dinner; there are other people who go to sleep after lunch; but there is only one man of my acquaintance who goes to sleep after breakfast, and that is my dear friend Charles Parker, and when I am talking."

The reputation of German scholarship and philosophy stood very high. Carlyle had taught us to venerate the German genius, and to regard Germany as the source of all that was exact and profound in literary science. Well do I recall the visit of the great Mommsen to Oxford, and how I chanced to sit next him in the Bodleian one afternoon as he scrutinized with marvellous rapidity a manuscript of Cassiodorus. He thought very little of us, so far as I remember (though he had a high regard for H. F. Pelham and F. J. Haverfield), and described Oxford contemptuously as a pleasure city. The quick mind of York Powell discerned as early as 1888 that the sceptre of historical scholarship had passed from Berlin to Paris, and I believe that I was the first Oxford man to profit by that discovery.

Oxford is now a great deal more efficient as an organ of national education than it was in the eighties of the last century. It has more Chairs. It covers a larger number of fields of knowledge. Thanks very largely to the Parliamentary grant, it is more adequate to the needs of modern life. The array of science buildings is alone a proof that Oxford endeavours to meet the claims of the new learning. Much is written about our increasing distractions. They have certainly increased, but not, I think, to the detriment of serious study.

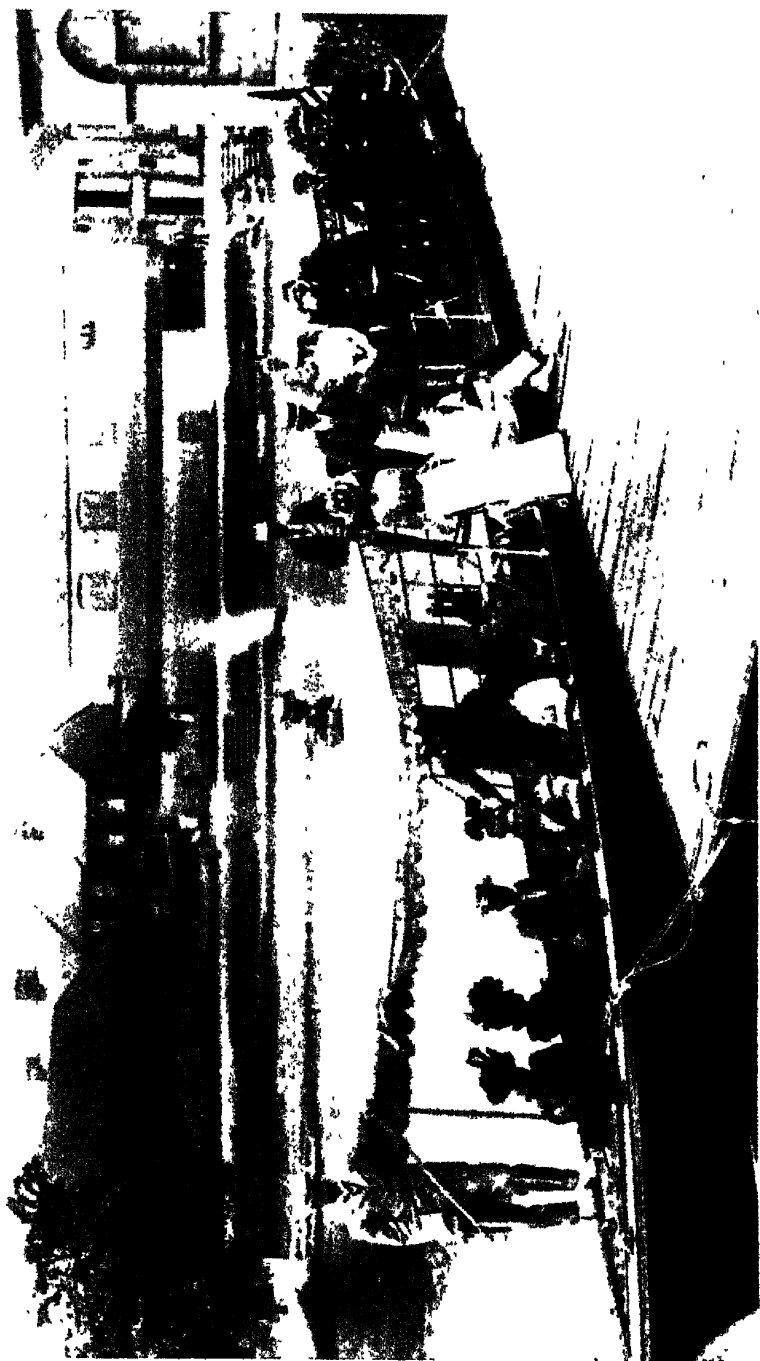
This proposition may perhaps seem surprising to those who reflect upon three features in the modern life of Oxford, which, although present fifty years ago, have received great developments since that time. The first of these is the increased sensitiveness of young and old alike to the movements of the outside world, to labour and its problems, to the development of the Empire, to international affairs, to the politics and society of the United States, and to the national movement in India. The second is the growth of extra-mural work and the increased contact between the University and the national system of grant-aided and rate-aided education. The third is the enlarged opportunity for the social intercourse of men and women. In my undergraduate days, though we were deeply interested in politics, we had fewer opportunities of learning at first hand either from contemporaries

FIFTY YEARS

or from seniors of the way in which the world was actually managed. From time to time eminent men came down to address us at the Union or at the political clubs. We picked up readily enough the outline of the principal questions which were occupying the attention of Parliament. But the body of political and economic knowledge common to thoughtful members of the University is now wider and more scientific. Oxford knows more about the world and the world knows more about Oxford. The Bursars are no longer innocent of finance. The younger dons have for the most part endured the rough weather of a European war. The undergraduates rub shoulders with men from every part of the globe.

It would be unjust to the men of the eighties to assume that they were deficient in a sense of responsibility to the cause of national education. Though the Workers' Educational Association was still in the future, the Oxford Extension Movement was in full swing, and there was in the University a widely diffused interest in our East End Settlements at Toynbee Hall and in Bethnal Green. A very considerable number of undergraduates were drawn into these admirable enterprises, which made a greater appeal to the imagination of Oxford then than they do now. On the whole, however, the volume of extra-mural work has greatly increased, and, in addition, the University now takes a direct part in the training of teachers for our secondary and elementary schools.

There were women's colleges in Oxford in the eighties, but women were not yet members of the University. I am disposed to doubt whether the women's degree has made so much difference in the social life of Oxford as is sometimes supposed. What has undoubtedly made a difference is the fact that Oxford is now a large residential city offering to undergraduates and dons alike opportunities of social intercourse with the other sex which were not to anything like the same extent available half a century ago. But a glance at the honours lists is sufficient to show that all these distractions, though they may prove to be injurious to a few, have not availed to check the growth of well-directed industry in the University.



A PICNIC PARTY IN THE NINETIES



EIGHTS WEEK AT OXFORD, *cir.* 1892



A GREAT OXFORD CREW, 1897

J. J. J. de Knoop (Bow), G. O. C. Edwards, C. K. Phillips, C. D. Burnell, E. R. Balfour, R. Carr, W. E. Crum, H. G. Gold (Stroke), and H. R. K. Pechell (Cox)

NEW AND OLD AT CAMBRIDGE

BY DR. MONTAGUE R. JAMES, O.M., PROVOST OF ETON

THE Cambridge of fifty years ago was viewed with very different eyes by the don and by the undergraduate. That, no doubt, is the baldest of truisms ; but since it must colour these observations, it has to be set down. In 1881 new Statutes for the whole community had been promulgated, and in 1882 they came into force. To be sure they affected the undergraduate, but not in ways that he was very apt to notice : it was the elder residents' business to know about them. Many long sessions had the authorities of the University and of the several colleges endured in bringing them into shape. The result was viewed by some with an auspicious, by some with a dropping, eye.

Two enactments in particular there were which, it was rightly guessed, were to affect speedily and fundamentally the everyday life of the place. One, that Fellows of colleges might marry ; the other, that Fellows elected after the passing of the Statutes should only hold their Fellowships for some six years, unless they were engaged in work for college or University.

The first change, of course, portended the introduction of a new element : hitherto the wives and daughters of Heads of Houses and Professors had formed the permanent body of Cambridge ladies ; for Cambridge was not a residential town, and the women's colleges, though already existing, were not an important constituent of society as yet. The invasions of ladies in the May Week were still inevitably described as angels' visits. Now there was a prospect of brides, of young families, of a fringe of new houses—yes, and there were fears of depopulation of colleges, whose officers would rush into domesticity. We had been monastic : now we were to become mundane.

The other change meant that the complexion of high-table society in the colleges would alter. Youth would gradually get the upper hand : the greybeard was to go.

Fifty years ago there were in most colleges a number of elderly gentlemen who were at liberty to hold their Fellowships until they married or took a living or died, and were under no obliga-

tion to do a stroke of work for college or University. They might occupy rooms in college or they might be schoolmasters, lawyers, Government officials, living where they pleased and making a few annual appearances at college meetings, drawing their share of the college income, and otherwise interesting themselves as much or as little in the society as inclination might suggest. Often they were a very useful link with the outer world, more so than those who vegetated in their rooms year in and year out ; nevertheless, the system could not be very convincingly defended. In future the newly elected Fellow would have to justify his existence : he might still, it is true, leave Cambridge and use his Fellowship in starting on a professional career, but only for a limited time. Changes of *personnel* in the colleges would tend to become far more regular and frequent than they had been ; most markedly, of course, in the larger societies.

There were many other changes, in the world of finance and of teaching, over which the elders were shaking their heads or waving their caps, according to their principles, but these two seemed the most radical. Memory, however, does not suggest that there was, in fact, any breaking down of floodgates. Marriages did take place, but you could not say that there was a general rush to the altar ; fresh Fellows were admitted, but years must pass before they gave place to others. The familiar figures still paced the streets, august or grotesque.

And here it seems worth while to pause and think who some of those were who on a Sunday afternoon " might have been seen " wending to or from St. Mary's or—more secular—setting forth on a constitutional. Historic figures, not a few. Westcott, Hort, Adams, Cayley, Stokes, Munro, Seeley, Maine, Jebb. These almost certainly. Among rarer birds would be Sidgwick, Henry Bradshaw, Thompson of Trinity, Jackson, J. W. Clark, Frank Balfour.

To such a list few would refuse the epithet august ; another list could as justly claim to be headed grotesque. The varieties were many. Here was a white-haired being with a smile like that of an amiable chimpanzee, who wandered all day about the streets and colleges, occasionally volunteering his services as a guide to strangers : here one to whom a discussion in the Senate House, in which he would take a vigorous but inaudible part, was the breath of life. Other dim figures spent their day in the premises of the Union, or conducted interminable and wholly

unproductive research seated in some "class" in the University Library.

Secure in the fortress of youth, like Cressid on the walls of Troy, the undergraduate, not unamused, watched his elders hop, stamp, limp, flit, bustle, gravitate about streets and courts. But, unless they sat at the high table of his college or lectured to him, he knew not who they were, and cared less. For the undergraduate was, and I suppose is, an incurious being. You found then (and you will find now) that he could not direct you to the University Library and had never entered half the colleges. It is absurd, then, to imagine that such a thing as a set of new Statutes would enter his purview at all, politely as he might listen to the vaticinations of the older sort.

The mention of undergraduate in contact with don suggests a word about the gulf that parted them. In most colleges that had been wide; widest where Fellows were few and mature. Elsewhere—I think principally at King's—there was a tradition of equality, for in the old days a young Fellow and a Scholar had very likely been at school together. Broadly speaking, however, the habit was for the freshman to make acquaintance with his tutor or dean at a large breakfast-party, a meal which had the advantage of being naturally terminable by lecture engagements. The head of the house might humanize by means of evening parties. The elders were anxious to show good will, but it cannot be denied that many of them had lost touch with youth, and hosts were often as ill at ease as guests. There were not many dons to whose rooms the undergraduate resorted spontaneously and unasked; yet some there were, and their number was palpably growing.

One who is writing of times when he was an undergraduate may be pardoned for thinking that persons *in statu pupillari* were on the whole more interesting than dons, and consequently for dwelling more upon their world. It was not a very large world; it numbered perhaps 2,800 (as against 5,000 of to-day); it was parcelled out among seventeen colleges, which were very unequally populated and were probably more self-centred than now, for few men were *habitués* of more than three or four colleges at most.

These young persons, if they were aiming at a degree in Honours, were most apt to approach it by way of Mathematics or Classics. Other Triposes there were, but their class-lists are

FIFTY YEARS

short ; in 1881 only six names appear in the Historical Tripos and about thirty in that of Natural Science, whereas the Mathematical shows well over a hundred. But enough of that ; the life was more than the examination, and important as that might be when it came near, the best performers, of course, thought more of what they were reading than of what they were to write down in the Senate House.

In essentials of work and play the life was what it is now. It is rather the trimmings that differ ; in telling of them it would be tedious to be always pointing the contrast between then and now ; better to be positive than negative, though the latter element cannot wholly be ignored. Very well. The undergraduate, arriving early in October, was conveyed to his college in a hansom. He wore a billycock hat, by the way (perhaps a brown one) ; or a stiff straw ; or, on occasion, a fore-and-aft *alias* deerstalker, *alias* trouser-hat. He also owned a black coat ; otherwise the cut of his clothes does not dwell in memory. It is to be noted that he wore more hair on his face than is now his wont.

Settled in rooms or lodgings, the freshman found himself a prey to certain obligations. His day was to some extent laid out for him by the authorities ; chapel might have to be attended at eight in the morning or five in the afternoon ; lectures might fill the morning. Hall was normally at six. Then there was the business of forming acquaintances. In some colleges it was the rule for men of the second and third year to leave cards on all the freshmen, and it was incumbent on the freshman to return these calls and go on doing so until he found the senior man at home. This could only prevail where numbers were not very large. There was also much inviting of new-comers to coffee after Hall ; but "wines," such as we read of in *Verdant Green*, were practically extinct. Breakfasts and lunches were a common means of working off freshmen to whom one owed some duty. The menu of a breakfast described by Ouida about this date was not common—"devils and ham pie, coffee and audit"—but beer was a usual adjunct.

After lunch, exercise. Many wended to the river, many to their college fields—not then some bleak expanse on the Barton road, but near at hand in the Backs. That change is a just cause for lament. With others country walks were popular, a minimum being the "Grantchester grind" ; a small contingent mounted



HENRY SIDGWICK
Fellow of Trinity College



SIR HENRY MAINE
Jurist and Master of Trinity Hall

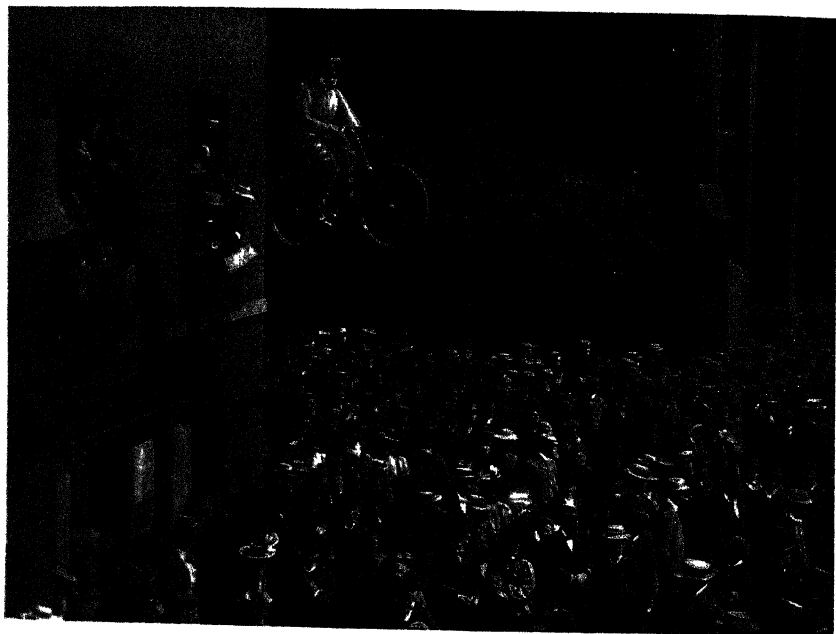


PART OF CLARE COLLEGE, KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, AND THE FILIO'S BUILDING OF KING'S
IN THE LIGHTS



THE SENATE HOUSE

The houses in the centre stood on the site of what is now Tree Court of Gonville and Caius College



A CAMBRIDGE PROTEST AGAINST THE ADMISSION OF WOMEN TO MEMBERSHIP OF THE UNIVERSITY

high bicycles, others were seen on mettled steeds, a very select few played golf on dismal Coldham Common. Upon the whole there was more interest shown in College matches and College sports in general than is now the case. If you did not take part, you earned merit by going to watch.

Dusk came on, and gas or oil lamps, or candles, were lit. After Hall and the slight hospitalities ensuing came a good time for work ; but on an evening off there were other possibilities—whist, billiards, meetings of societies. For an appreciable number the Union debate was a magnet on its weekly night. Music and the drama were moderately popular, the former taken seriously enough, the latter not. Its representative in the undergraduate world was the A.D.C., which aimed less at exciting pity and terror or speculation on the problems of life than at frank amusement. Greek plays had hardly begun ; our first was the *Ajax* of 1882. The then existing town theatre was a skating rink adapted.

On Sundays the fullness of college chapels—compulsory—and of the galleries of St. Mary's at the sermon—voluntary—was notable. Socially, the Sunday breakfast and Sunday lunch were important, and so were evening assemblies of an informal kind in rooms of dons here and there, and of juniors everywhere. In parenthesis it may be observed that there was a great deal of tea-making at late hours of the night, but that whisky and soda was not yet much in use ; liqueurs of a sweet and cloying sort—cherry brandy, Benedictine, curacao—were preferred.

Thus the weeks rolled by, superficially much alike but really full of variety. And they were uniformly spent in Cambridge. It was not possible for a young gentleman to dine with friends in Hampshire and set off at 10 p.m. for Cambridge by road. The advent of the always noisome and pernicious motor-bike and of the car has not been a blessing ; indeed, one would not be sorry to hear that authority had cut them off ! (This aspiration of the aged, is however, certainly controversial, and most likely impossible of fulfilment.) Not that it was out of the question for undergraduates to be away for a night or more—the facilities for that varied with tutors—but it was not part of the programme to run up to town for the day. While you are at Cambridge *be* at Cambridge seems both an obvious and a sound motto.

In ways of discipline the undergraduate has always been far more conscious of his college than of the University, with which, indeed, he might hardly come in contact from the day when he

inscribed his name under the anxious eye of an excitable Registry in the Senate House until that on which he sat down to his final examination. For the encounters with the Proctorial body which bulk so large in some reminiscences (remember Mr. Tinkler in *Vice Versa*) really counted for very little in the careers of most men. Was it the fifth or the ninth of November on which Town and Gown rows were supposed to take place? Whichever it was, the Proctors were much in evidence then, and the market-place was the scene of copious letting off of squibs and very little letting of blood.

Still, above and around the head of unconscious youth the machine of the University went on functioning—perhaps in Olympian calm. The Vice-Chancellor still kept, or had only just left off keeping, the accounts of the University as best he could, and probably on several days of the week needed not to summon or preside at any Board or Syndicate; and similarly on many mornings the quiet of the Registry's office was not invaded. But to us it was all one whether the authorities had much or little to do, and if we had been asked what part was played by G. F. Browne or Henry Sidgwick in running the University—well, we had our own affairs to think about.

Even in our own undergraduate world it is probable that the compartments were very watertight. The heroes of the river and those of Fenner's: were they known by sight to the whole community? Cries of indignation will greet the expression of the doubt, but there is foundation for it. Celebrity was very largely local. It was a subject of gratulation to a college—especially a small college—to be represented in the Boat or at Lord's; but the achievements of the college crew or team were much more thought of than those of the individual.

All this does not mean that fifty years ago the undergraduates of Cambridge were a stupid, idle lot, who cared about nothing but their sports. The truth is that the life of youth is engrossing to body as well as mind, and the young can use their bodies to more effect than their elders. But to imagine that in a day of new studies and new light on old ones the young were uninterested would be absurd. They were, in fact, indistinguishable, save in externals, from any generation of their successors. But they had no cars and no cinemas.

THE NEW UNIVERSITIES

BY SIR ALFRED HOPKINSON

AMONG the greatest changes that have taken place within the last fifty years is the growth of universities in all the largest cities of England, and the influence they have had and are likely to have still more, both directly and indirectly, on education in the country. But the extent and character of this change are seldom fully realized or understood.

While Scotland with its comparatively small population had four ancient universities, all really open to the poorest lad from the country, England had only two, and entrance to these for many years was hindered by "religious," financial, and social considerations. Now, not counting London, there are eight more universities in great cities in England, all doing valuable work, and with full recognition by Charter as degree-granting bodies, as well as several "university colleges" devoted to higher education, such as Nottingham, Exeter, and Southampton, which have not yet received that recognition. So in speaking of change in the last fifty years some general indication of the way these universities have grown and of what they are doing and what their teachers and students are like seems really essential. A rough sketch of some features must suffice.

Less than two years ago the Victoria University of Manchester celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the grant of its charter on April 20, 1880. The grant was a recognition of the advantage of giving to a college in a great city, already doing real university work both in teaching and research, the right of "branding its own herrings"—to adopt the phrase used by Professor T. H. Huxley at the time. But the sketches which have appeared in *The Times*, of Oxford and Cambridge, bring a reminder of how widely the conditions there differed fifty years ago from anything possible in other places. The long association of the old universities with the public life of the country and with the great public schools, their extensive landed property and social prestige, were things which no new university could have in the same way.

In London, University College and King's College had for many years provided a sound higher education available for

FIFTY YEARS

those who either by religious tests or by insufficient means had been prevented from entering Oxford or Cambridge. The so-called University of London was an efficient examining board with a rigid and high standard. It gave its brand to the herrings which satisfied that standard wherever they had been produced, and no doubt it helped to raise the character of the examinations for Pass degrees in the old universities. But a great movement for spreading university education in what are most improperly called the "provinces" was already on foot. The University established in Durham in 1832 was of very limited range, but was extended by the foundation in 1871 of the Armstrong College, Newcastle, which has become the Science Faculty of Durham. Now there are eight universities included in the phrase, the "Combined English Universities." All of them grew out of colleges already in existence fifty years ago in large towns—namely, the Yorkshire College, Leeds, opened in 1874; Mason College, Birmingham, in 1875; the Bristol College, in 1876; Firth College, Sheffield, in 1879; and the Liverpool University College, in 1881.

Two of these, Liverpool and then Leeds, were admitted after 1880 as colleges of the Victoria University and worked in association with Manchester for some years successfully and grew rapidly, until separate charters were received by Liverpool in 1903 and by Leeds in 1904. Birmingham, which before had no recognition, obtained a full charter in 1900; Sheffield followed in 1905; Bristol in 1909. The date of the foundation of the Victoria University of Manchester is properly given in "Whitaker" as 1850, when Owens College was opened. Thus in a wonderfully short time there arose universities in the six largest English cities outside London. Reading was a later growth of different character, but its useful work obtained the recognition of a charter in 1926. So when I retired from Parliament, in 1929, I had the honour of being one of the representatives in the House of Commons of eight universities, all doing valuable work. The mind was carried back a little over fifty years when, not long after leaving Oxford, I was commissioned by Mr. C. P. Scott, who had recently been appointed Editor of the *Manchester Guardian*, to visit the colleges then contemplated or growing up in large English cities.

Scott saw in advance the significance of this movement. In Manchester Owens College had already established a firm

THE NEW UNIVERSITIES

position. Its teachers were known both in England and abroad, and they and some of their students have been among the greatest leaders of our time in scientific research. Having been a student there from 1866 to 1869, I was already familiar with its work. Through the action of two Oxford colleges and with the support of T. H. Green (then one of the strongest influences at Oxford) and of Jowett, the establishment of a University College in Bristol was under discussion, and I had the opportunity of hearing from T. H. Green particulars of what was being done. At Newcastle the Armstrong College was working under great difficulties. On visiting it I found the Professor of Chemistry lecturing in what had been the kitchen of an old dwelling-house and a distinguished Professor of Physics at work with his apparatus in the pantry. At Liverpool the University College was not yet in existence. At Leeds the Yorkshire College of Science had made a start, housed in three shops in a side street, but the choice and character of the professors, who were working with very little equipment, made it even then appear certain that this would be the nucleus of an important university. With such men as T. E. Thorpe, Arthur Rucker, L. C. Miall, and A. H. Green a fine future was assured, provided only that the college was not to be limited, as originally proposed, to natural science and technology, but should include arts as well. It is worth notice that the principals or vice-chancellors of Leeds usually have been arts men, among them being Nathan Bodington, Michael Sadler, and the present Vice-Chancellor (Sir J. B. Baillie).

At Birmingham I found the Mason College just beginning, but here, again, the existing foundation was limited to physical science and its applications. Arts subjects were to have no place. In every case it is to be noted that the colleges were founded by some liberal benefactor and were independent of municipal control. So in Sheffield the Firth College, out of which the University grew, was due to private endowment. Nothing is farther from the truth than to regard the new universities as merely local, controlled and limited by municipal authorities. On the other hand, it was everywhere recognized that its situation in a great centre of population gave to a university an opportunity for intimate association with the life of a city, and that men engaged in commerce, industry, or one of the professions would share in its government with great advantage. Extra-mural work, too, could easily be undertaken. A University Settlement

FIFTY YEARS

in a poor district could be close at hand, and the spread of a useful movement like the Workers' Educational Association in the city and surrounding places would receive efficient assistance from teachers who lived in or near them. It would be difficult to over-estimate what the rapid development of Birmingham University owes to Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. A clear proof that the new universities were not merely local institutions is afforded by the fact that the heads of various important departments were frequently brought from a distance. At Manchester, for example, Sir Thomas Holland (now Vice-Chancellor of Edinburgh University), who succeeded Sir W. Boyd Dawkins, came from India, Lord Rutherford from Canada, Dr. Elliot Smith from Egypt, Professor Lorrain Smith from Belfast. Liverpool brought from Canada a great man of science, Dr. Adami, to be its Vice-Chancellor. He was once a student in Manchester. Students, too, were drawn not only from all parts of the United Kingdom but also from the Far East, several European countries, and the Colonies.

The charters and constitutions of the new universities, adopting fully the principles laid down in the will of John Owens, have firmly established the position that no test of religious belief or practice should ever be imposed on any teacher or student. The idea of ecclesiastical or clerical control in higher education is repugnant to them ; and indirectly their attitude in this respect has had its effect on Oxford and Cambridge. Sixty years ago, when I was at Oxford, most of the heads of colleges in both Universities were clerical ; now the clerical head is the exception in Oxford. It has sometimes been said that theological subjects are excluded from the scope of the teaching and examining of the new universities, but this is a complete misapprehension. Free theological faculties exist and degrees in theology are given, involving no declaration of individual belief, and in these faculties teachers of all denominations work together in perfect harmony.

It is also settled that these Universities will not be under municipal or State control. At one time there was a real risk of both. Now local authorities and the State give very liberal support, but do not interfere with the mode of carrying on the work, though it is, of course, right that the State should inspect and consider reports on the efficiency of the institutions it aids. As to the social distinctions which sometimes were seen in the old universities, they really have not affected the new.



PARK ROW, BRISTOL, WHICH TEMPORARILY HOUSED THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE
ON ITS FOUNDATION IN 1876



COOKRIDGE STREET, LEEDS, THE FIRST HOME OF THE YORKSHIRE COLLEGE



A DEPUTATION TO THE KING FROM THE THREE COLLEGES COMPRISED IN THE VICTORIA UNIVERSITY

Left to right : (Front row) Lord Spencer (Chancellor), A. E. J. Spencer and C. E. R. Spencer (train-bearers), Sir Alfred Hopkinson (Vice-Chancellor and Principal of Owens College) ; (Back row) A. Smithells (Yorkshire College, Leeds), H. Lamb (Chairman of Convocation), A. W. W. Dale (Principal of University College, Liverpool), and A. Hughes (Registrar)



PROFESSORS OF OWENS COLLEGE

Left to right : W. C. Williamson, W. S. Jevons, T. H. Core, Balfour Stewart, H. E. Roscoe, A. S. Wilkins (behind), T. Barker, A. W. Ward, O. Reynolds, I. Theodores, James Bryce (afterwards Lord Bryce), J. H. Nicholson (Registrar), and J. G. Greenwood (for many years Principal and first Vice-Chancellor of the Victoria University)

THE NEW UNIVERSITIES

A photograph of the Professors of Owens College taken not long before its removal to the present site of the University of Manchester will show better than anything the character of the work then done and of the men who did it. It was carried on in an old house in a poor part of the city adjoining Byrom Street, which takes its name from the author of the Christmas hymn most popular in the North of England, "Christians, awake." The house had once been the home of Richard Cobden and is now the county court. We see Williamson in his characteristic white necktie, who undertook the teaching of zoology, botany, and geology, and is still recognized as having made contributions of great permanent value to scientific knowledge by his work on fossil botany. Among his pupils at that time was Sir Thomas Barlow, who has for years been a leader in the medical profession.

Then come W. Stanley Jevons, logician and economist, a slow lecturer but brilliant writer; his Chair was afterwards divided like others and the work continued in its different branches by such men as Robert Adamson (afterwards of Glasgow), Samuel Alexander, George Unwin, and Sydney Chapman, now of the Tariff Advisory Committee. Jevons's friend Barker, the mathematician, was also devoted to the study of cryptogamic botany and endowed a Chair in that subject. He wrote little on mathematics, but was the trainer of great mathematicians and men of science, including John Hopkinson, Horace Lamb, and J. J. Thomson (Master of Trinity). Reynolds, the engineer, is admitted by the best judges to have had a mind of singular originality. Theodores was said to know ten Eastern languages and was a brilliant raconteur beloved by his colleagues. J. G. Greenwood, for many years Principal and first Vice-Chancellor of the Victoria University, gave lectures on the Greek Testament, which are gratefully remembered by the few pupils who survive still. A. S. Wilkins, the Latin scholar, was one of the brilliant Cambridge men who were prevented by the Test Act from taking the Fellowships which would have been their natural reward.

James Bryce (afterwards Lord Bryce), whose early work *The Holy Roman Empire* is a classic, died at the age of eighty-four and never showed any diminution of intellectual power, but rather increase, and a mellowed outlook on life, so that he will be numbered in America as well as in Britain and in Ireland as one of the really great men within living memory. Ward, afterwards Principal and Vice-Chancellor in Manchester and then Master

FIFTY YEARS

of Peterhouse, founded the school of history which was carried on and extended by Tout, James Tait, and others. He continued his historical researches actively until his death at over eighty. Balfour Stewart, the Professor of Physics, was joint author with Professor P. G. Tait, of Edinburgh, of *The Unseen Universe*, which seems to have adumbrated the recent speculations which have attracted so much attention, though they are probably very little understood by most who speak of them. He was an active member of the Psychical Society.

The work of the Physical Department has been outstanding, for Balfour Stewart was followed by Arthur Schuster, Ernest Rutherford, and William Bragg, jun.; and there Sir Joseph Petavel, Director of the National Physical Laboratory, Dr. Simpson, Chief of the Meteorological Department, and Sir A. S. Eddington, astronomer and philosopher, received a great part of their training. But perhaps the best known and most influential in promoting scientific development in the modern universities was Sir Henry Roscoe. He succeeded Edward Frankland, also a great chemist and clear expositor. I remember, when he was quite an old man, an important patent case in which all the usual "gang" of counsel had been retained on the other side. Frankland came to my chambers and explained the case so clearly that it might have been undertaken as leader in Court by one whose scientific knowledge was slight. Sir Henry Roscoe's mother, a lady of high literary attainments, used sometimes to dine with us in Manchester and told us she could remember hearing of the Battle of Trafalgar as a girl and of the beacons ready to be lighted on the Lancashire hills in case the threatened invasion by Napoleon Bonaparte took place. While sitting beside a Judge in Court at Liverpool she saw a dispatch handed up to the Bench announcing the escape of Napoleon from Elba.

Roscoe, with such colleagues as Carl Schorlemmer, knew how to train chemists fitted for the most important posts and by the influential position he occupied to obtain suitable appointments for them.

In a university, as old John Owens knew, it is the men that matter. Expensive and elaborate equipment and great blocks of buildings will follow if needed, but to measure a university by the extent of its equipment or its buildings is a fatal mistake. To see at Manchester the apparatus Joule used to find the mechanical equivalent of heat might help to put an end to that

THE NEW UNIVERSITIES

heresy. Owens directed that his gift should not be spent in buildings. If it had been, the new University movement would have failed. So when the late Mr. H. O. Wills gave a similar amount to enable the Bristol College to become a University he directed that it should be appropriated to the endowment of Chairs. Afterwards his son Mr. H. H. Wills gave the much larger sum which was expended carefully under his direction in erecting the most beautiful modern buildings in the country devoted to education. They are admirably planned, and Bristol is justly proud of them.

An interesting example of the relationship of the three colleges comprised in the Victoria University, before the changes made thirty years ago, was the presentation of an address to King Edward on his accession. All three colleges joined in the deputation, which was headed by the Chancellor, Lord Spencer, the most stately and dignified figure who ever took part in public ceremonials within living memory. It was sometimes difficult for those not familiar with the three colleges to understand the exact position of the so-called Federal University at that time. I remember having to see the late Duke of Devonshire on other business, and he asked for a full explanation of the one University with three colleges. He ended the interview by saying, "It seems very complicated, rather like the Athanasian Creed." At a later date, when a strong committee of the Privy Council under his presidency considered the question of separate charters, his searching questions, while affecting to be ignorant, proved that no one understood the subject better. After the decision had been given in favour of the change, which had been strongly opposed by Lord Spencer and Lord Ripon, President of the Yorkshire College, he said to me, "How Rosebery enjoyed cross-examining those old colleagues of his! He threw a note to me during the sitting on which was written, 'Those were the two quietest members of the late Cabinet, so how do you think we got on?'"

Owing to the growth of these new universities, it can be fairly said that "higher education" is now available for all who desire and are capable of receiving it with advantage. The "educational ladder" is open from the elementary school to the highest university work, but the ladder ought to remain narrow at the top. To give every one a university education would produce a semi-intellectual proletariat, a danger to any State.

FIFTY YEARS

There is now no bar to anyone on the ground of religion, or of sex, or of poverty (assistance from public funds as well as private endowments is so large), or from the limited range of subjects taught or their apparent remoteness from practical life, or from distance, or from social distinctions of any kind.

As regards the position of women the attitude of the new universities may be shown by quoting from one of the Charters : " All the degrees and courses of study in the University shall be open to women subject to such conditions and regulations as the Court may prescribe and women shall be eligible for any office in the University or for membership of any of its Constituent Bodies."

There is a specialization which is valuable as well as specialization which is really harmful. No one university can deal adequately with the vast range of practical subjects in which teaching and research are required and the advance of knowledge makes more special equipment necessary. So Liverpool has its great school of tropical medicine and Birmingham special work in commerce, Leeds devotes special attention to various applications of chemistry to industry, Reading to branches of agriculture, Sheffield to metallurgy, Manchester to engineering and its Public Health Department to industrial medicine and the training of officers of public health.

In all of them, however, there is an Arts Faculty, and each is absolutely free to develop in any way it finds most useful. The university must not be a technical college and the association of teachers and scholars engaged in a wide range of differing subjects is essential for its welfare.

To be in populous places and near to works where the industries are actually carried on, and to have the advice of practical men who direct them, prevents a disastrous separation of theory and practice. Perhaps most of all the advantage of new universities in great cities is to be found in their medical faculties. Medical schools were already in existence in several places, but the incorporation of such schools in a university has been useful for both. A large population is necessary to support and supply a great hospital, and large hospitals linked up with university schools of science are required for the practical clinical work which forms an essential part of medical training.

The new universities have their specialized Faculties of Commerce, of Engineering and Technology. There is, however, a

THE NEW UNIVERSITIES

risk of over-specialization, of a want of a common culture and of a broad common foundation on which specialized knowledge can be built. Men supposed to be educated may soon be unable to find any subject for conversation in which they can share except perhaps golf and bridge. The best literature even of their own country will be a closed book to many. Yet many practical men tell us that a broader training, even a classical training, makes a man in the long run a better engineer, doctor, chemist, or lawyer than a highly specialized course undertaken early.

Any account of the new universities must be quite incomplete which does not refer to the provision made for the corporate and social life of the students and for their residence. The attention of all of them has been directed to this subject and in all some provision is made ; but the conditions in the eight universities vary so much that it is impossible within reasonable compass to make exact statements with regard to them all. Durham, for example, has always been a residential university with a number of colleges, some specially intended for theological students, and now provision is also made for the residence of women. In the youngest of the eight universities, Reading, students are ordinarily required to reside in one of the halls of residence recognized by the university unless they can live at home with parents or guardians. The students living in their own homes must be much less numerous at Reading than in the great cities, and one of the striking characteristics of this young university is what has been done for the student life both of men and women.

PUBLIC SCHOOL ADVANCE

BY DR. T. E. PAGE

ANYONE who attempts to estimate or criticize the changes which, within living memory, have taken place in our public schools can hardly do otherwise than begin with an apology. For even where a writer's experience as boy and master or as a member of education committees and governing bodies extends (as in the present case) over more than sixty years, yet that experience can only be partial and incomplete. The field of inquiry has been immensely extended since the time when the Public Schools Commission of 1864 considered that only nine schools came within its purview, whereas to-day, if the *Public Schools Year Book* may be taken as evidence, the number of schools which lay claim to that ambiguous and somewhat misleading title is about 150.

Assuming, however, that the term "Public School" is generally used in a more limited sense, even so their number and variety present a problem which is almost bewildering in its magnitude and perplexity. None the less there are certain points which stand out with absolute clearness. One is the growing and now almost complete recognition of the fact that laymen have an equal right with clergymen to be appointed headmasters; another is the increasing demand made by parents for more comforts and even luxuries of every sort; while the third, and most important, is the necessity which has arisen, owing to the changed conditions of modern life, for greatly enlarging the range of studies.

On the first point little need be said. A generation ago for a layman to secure any great headmastership was almost impossible, with the result that men of ability were discouraged from entering the profession while, to the great injury of education, others were raised to high posts who neither from their capacity nor the conditions of their advancement commanded any real respect. To-day, however, it is otherwise. Ability has found a more open field; the atmosphere everywhere has become clearer and, as a natural consequence, healthier and more invigorating, while as regards religious education all tremors and anxieties

have proved in fact utterly groundless. Nor, indeed, is it unreasonable to suppose that those difficulties, unknown to our predecessors, which now cluster round the subject, may possibly be best dealt with by men who, holding a sure grasp on what is assured and fundamental, are at the same time unencumbered by the acceptance of burdensome and often embarrassing formulas.

Unhappily, along with this great enfranchisement has come a new enthrallment of a very different nature. For, until the War made a wreck of everything, there had grown up everywhere, during more than fifty years of unexampled prosperity, an increasing demand for whatever is purchasable by a plethoric purse ; and the public schools succumbed to the temptation. A few older men can still say of their school, as Odysseus did of Ithaca, that it was "rough, but a goodly rearer of lads." But to-day that has largely altered. Neither the apostolic "Endure hardness" nor the pagan *Spartam nactus es, Hanc exorna* is a maxim that is any longer in repute. Fare must now be generous, buildings magnificent, the provision for sport or amusement lavish, and, as the number of schools grew, there has grown up with it a somewhat ignoble rivalry in such matters.

The preparatory schools, whose development is one of the features of our age, have certainly not helped to make the demands of well-to-do parents for material improvements less exacting. Nor is this wholly a matter for regret, for much was undoubtedly at one time unsatisfactory. None the less, it has its disadvantages. For in these hard days, the struggle for a livelihood being what it is, it will go ill with boys from a public school if they show themselves to be not so much its *alumni* as its "nurslings," while the more masters have, as it were, "to serve tables" the less are they likely to become "ministers of the word."

But the chief disadvantage—and at the present time it is a very serious one—is that these changes or improvements have only been carried out at a great cost and consequently involve a corresponding and almost alarming increase in the expense of education. For a time this did not appear to matter. During the years that immediately followed the War men still dreamed of a new era of assured prosperity, and the inrush of boys, despite increased fees, was never greater. But all this is now rapidly changing. Many parents can no longer face the cost of a great school. Above all, it is the sons of professional men, boys reared

FIFTY YEARS

in simple, hard-working, and cultured homes, the very stuff out of which to make the men whom our country to-day most sorely needs, that, unless the present extravagance of expenditure is at once checked, will be more and more excluded from our public schools, which then, catering only for more wealthy customers, will cease to deserve the title they have so long and so honourably borne.

Yet, even if they can deal with this urgent task, another difficulty remains to be disposed of. For those early-Victorian methods of education of which the Eton Latin Grammar may, perhaps, stand as a symbol, and of whose beneficial influence some ability to quote Horace, or even Virgil, was accounted a gentlemanly and sufficient proof, no longer satisfy a more exacting age. Under favourable conditions, no doubt—for a sixth form, say, under a Kennedy—the study of a literature in which human speech as the instrument, or, as Shelley would say, the creator, of human thought, embodying in almost perfect shape all that could then be known of man and of the universe, could never lose its value as a means of disciplining and informing the mind. Even from a commercial point of view, a remark of Albert Ballin (quoted by Prince Bülow) that, if he had “to choose between two candidates for a post in the Hamburg-America Line one of whom could read Homer and Virgil in the original, while the other knew all the intricacies of double book-keeping” and similar subjects, he “would prefer the former,” may perhaps give pause to those who, like a famous writer of to-day, utterly anathematize “those damned classics.”

The retirement of Mr. H. A. Roberts, for many years Secretary of the Cambridge University Appointments Board, was a more recent occasion for recalling a similar experience. Mr. Roberts, when drawing on his recollections, dwells with particular relish on the application from a Dutch oil company on the shores of the Caspian who, after reluctantly sampling some products of the appointments board, wrote in the following year for “twelve more graduates : Classical Tripos preferred.”

None the less for many boys the possession of “a little Latin and less Greek,” even when tricked out with a smattering of French and a few fragments of mathematics, afforded but a poor equipment with which to face the many-sided requirements of the modern world.

Large changes had to come, and they have been made every-

where. The old simplicity has disappeared, and the curriculum now offered to a boy is almost as bewildering as the menu of a fashionable restaurant. But even should his taste be sound or his choice well guided, some perplexities remain still to be solved. Take Science for example. It is easy to talk of "teaching science," but in that vast and varied field it is still wholly undetermined what the average boy either can or should learn, nor could the Royal Society, whose specific aim is "the advancement of science," do any better service to education than to offer some clear guidance to schoolmasters in this important and complex matter. Or take modern languages, and the question at once arises, How and for what end are they to be taught? Is it for informing and disciplining the mind, at a time when it is most receptive and most pliant, or is it for some wholly utilitarian aim, such as inculcating this new art of "salesmanship," for which study of the best writers would probably afford the least help?

Even as regards English, that "mother tongue" which it is so easy to advocate and so hard not to mishandle, are the principles on which it should be taught as yet in any way settled? Or is anything sure when Euclid himself, whom our fathers revered as a master of pure reason, is now, in a more practical age, regarded as a rather foolish fellow who might better have proved the *Pons Asinorum* by the judicious use of a pair of compasses?

These questions are not put merely to carp and to depreciate, but for the needful purpose of indicating that much in our modern education is as yet unstable and uncertain, that many problems remain still to be solved, and that, though the old maxim *stare super antiquas vias* is no longer tenable, the path to progress is leading into regions still imperfectly explored, and where, except under wise guidance, it is only too easy to go astray.

But it will at once, and not unjustly, be said that much of this is of comparatively little concern, that it matters less what is taught than what is the quality of the teacher. Huxley took a lump of coal and fascinated his hearers, nor with the good school-master will it be otherwise. If he is inspired he will inspire. If he bring with him the Promethean fire he will kindle some spark even in the dullest. And in this respect, although in so delicate a matter to be assertive is to be rash, yet it may fairly be said that modern masters, while certainly not inferior in ability, are, on the whole, more earnest and more enthusiastic than their predecessors. The old type of treadmill-treading master has

FIFTY YEARS

practically disappeared, but at the same time there is, perhaps, a certain lack of what may be called individuality. Men like Elam, of St. Paul's, or still more notably John Sargeaunt, of Westminster, who went their own way and were successful exactly because they did so, are perhaps rarer.

Indeed, the elaborate machinery of a great school seems nowadays, if it is to run smoothly, to be somewhat intolerant of any form of eccentricity, however valuable a certain admixture of that quality may be. For was not Socrates, the wisest of men, eccentric, and had not a greater teacher than he to bear the reproach of being "mad"? Nor is there any reason why what Plato calls "a divine madness" should be more indispensable in a poet who is a "maker" of verses than in a schoolmaster who is, or should be, a maker of men; while, if such remarks apply in any way to their staff, may they not have some application also to headmasters? They, if any men, need not only to be "wise and eloquent in their instructions," but to bring to their task something also of apostolic zeal and of prophetic fire.

Unhappily, the world to-day makes other claims upon them. It does not count it their chief praise that they should be great teachers, but that they should be great organizers, men who can conduct a sort of large outfitting establishment in a businesslike fashion, with sagacity and success. And in any case, with schools grown to their present size, with six hundred boys, say, and forty masters under his charge, how can any headmaster, struggle gallantly as he may, find time to fulfil what is, after all, his highest duty, to encourage, that is, the love of learning by the infectious and invigorating example of his own personal devotion? Nor is the remedy for a condition of things which every friend of education cannot but deplore easy to discover. For unless their numbers can be kept full few schools can to-day meet the expenditure needed for their maintenance, with the inevitable result that governing bodies will be more and more compelled to appoint headmasters distinguished not so much for their excellence as teachers as for their possession of mere administrative ability.

But it is a weary and perhaps foolish business to write thus timorously and with hesitation. For after all there is something about our public schools which still makes them "the envy of less happier lands"; something which amid all changes, whether within or from without, remains unchanged and apparently

PUBLIC SCHOOL ADVANCE

unchangeable—that strange something which is known everywhere as the “public school spirit.” To define it is impossible, nor can anyone say how it came into being. It owes little to theorists or system-mongers ; it is no synthetic product of pedagogic laboratories ; it has grown up naturally, insensibly, and of itself. And though it has its detractors, for there is about it sometimes a too easy-going content, or it may even degenerate into a silly snobbery and conceit, yet on the whole it has shown itself a hardy, an honest, and an unselfish spirit, so that, to put it in the simple language he would himself employ, a public school boy may be trusted always “to do his bit,” “to play the game,” and never, at whatever cost to himself, “to leave a fellow in the lurch.”

And is it not something of a like temper which a wise nation should seek to foster everywhere in its youth if we are to face our present difficulties with any confidence of hope ? For “the public school spirit ” is in fact only public spirit in embryo, as it were, and in the making. And of what has the nation to-day a sorer need ? For that increase of knowledge which, within the last fifty years, has changed all the conditions of life to an extent that in all recorded history is wholly without parallel, has brought with it such an unsettlement, has so shaken the foundations of society, that unless something is found which shall counteract this disruptive tendency the fabric of national life may fall utterly to pieces. And may it not be that to-day the chief task of our public schools, or rather their chief claim to bear that eminent title, is that they should, in an exemplary and distinctive manner, be the nurseries of that public spirit, of that personal devotion to public duty in which, whatever difficulties or dangers it may have to face, lies the only sure strength and security of the nation ?

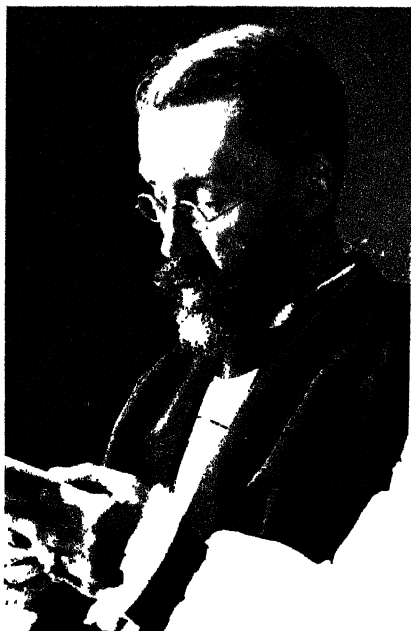
while resisting the claims and the attractions of Rome. Institutionalism has a logic of its own, and leans heavily on the prestige of ecclesiastical tradition. If the seat of authority is neither (as our Articles plainly teach) the Holy Scriptures nor the inner light, the *testimonium Spiritus Sancti*, it must be the Church, and the question arises, which Church? The Church of England speaks with an uncertain voice, being in fact the Church of the English nation and containing as many varieties of religious belief as the nation which it represents. Continental Catholics have not been slow to seize upon the chaotic condition of Anglican doctrine. "The Church of England," said Döllinger, "is a collection of heterogeneous theological propositions, tied together by the Act of Uniformity." It is, however, held together by something better than an Act of Parliament—namely, by the national character.

It would be strange if there were no recognizable form of English Christianity, for in no other country is there a stronger national type, and in no national history has religion played a larger part. English divines of different schools have had their answers ready to Döllinger's gibe. Jowett calls the Anglican Church "the best and most tolerant of the Churches of Christendom, and the least opposed to the spirit of the age." Dean Church says: "With a kind of gallant contempt for the protection of a theory, we in England shaped our measures as well as we could to suit the emergencies which at the moment most compelled the attention of the steersman at the helm. The English Reformation ventured on its tremendous undertaking—the attempt to make the Church theologically, politically, socially different, while keeping it historically and essentially the same—with what seems the most slender outfit of appliances. . . . It sprang from an idea, a great and solid one, even though dimly comprehended, but not from a theory or a system. . . . It has been called a *via media*, a compromise. It was rather an attempt to embrace in one compass as many advantages as possible, without much regard to harmonizing theories." Our countrymen have never cared much for logic; our Reformers aimed at the largest possible measure of comprehension, in order that they might say with Hooker, "One and the self-same people are the Church and the Commonwealth."

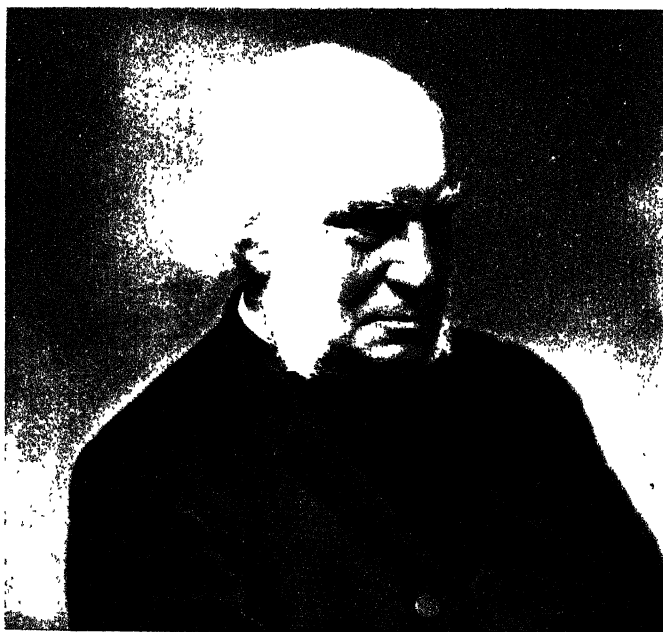
But this did not satisfy the ardent spirits of the Catholic revival. They would gladly forget the 350 years of English



DEAN LIDDON

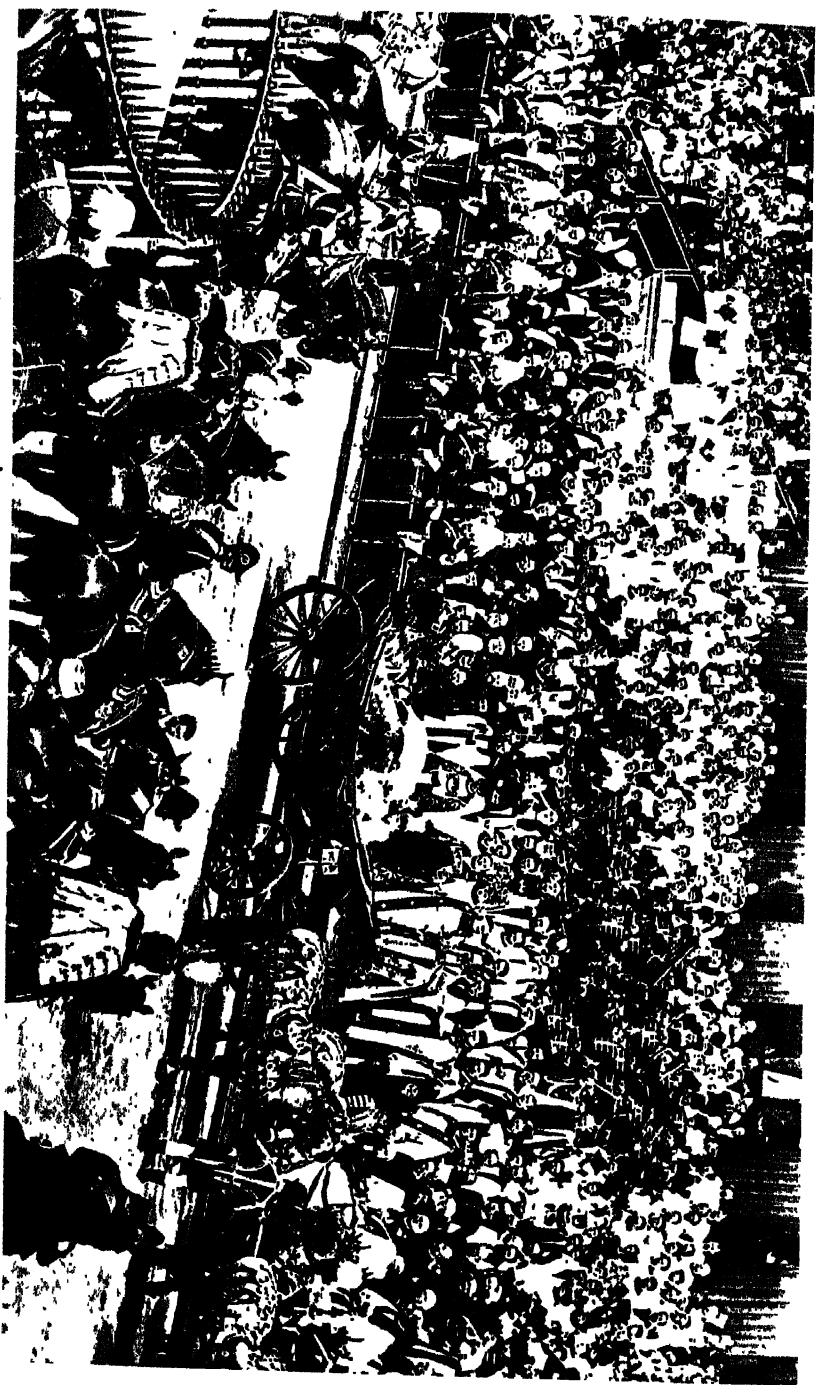


DR. TALBOT



BISHOP STUBBS

Bishop of Oxford, and a distinguished historian



QUEEN VICTORIA'S DIAMOND JUBILEE SERVICE ON THE STEPS OF ST. PAUL'S

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

Church history since the Reformation, though those centuries have not been inglorious. They have built up an *ecclesiola* within the Ecclesia Anglicana, and are naturally uneasy at the very limited prestige which such a faction can enjoy. Instinctively they feel that ultimately there is only one religion of authority, and that its name is Rome. In spite of their theoretical reverence for the episcopal office, they are restive under the light yoke of canonical obedience which they have promised to their diocesan bishops. Some of them have declared open defiance, like Bishop Weston of Zanzibar, who was regarded as a prophet by all the hotheads of the party. "Mark you," he said to his followers, "I am not asking for obedience to a bishop ; I ask for obedience to the bishops in so far as they themselves obey the Catholic Church." And who is to judge of the degree of obedience which is due to the bishops ? Obviously, the recalcitrant priests themselves !

It is not surprising that there is a thin trickle of " conversions " to Rome from the ranks of this party. There have been several converging causes which have tended to a Catholic revival all over Western Europe. But this revival has been much more marked in the Protestant countries, such as England and Holland, than in Italy or Spain, where the Church has steadily lost ground, without any compensating gain to other forms of Christianity. In spite of the great energy now displayed by Anglo-Catholicism, some think that this movement, which has the weaknesses inseparable from a revival, has now about reached its zenith. But all must admit that without the growth of the High Church party the Anglican Church in the last fifty years would have made a poor appearance.

The Evangelical party, during the same period, fell on evil days. It lived too much on shibboleths, and the life had gone out of them. Puritan taboos, special providences, unintelligent bibliolatry, and millenarian expectations were not an attractive programme for educated persons. Ultra-Protestant services seemed bare and dull, and the party offered little to evoke enthusiasm, except foreign missions. But in the last twenty years there has been a hopeful revival of a more liberal Evangelicism, which has discarded the old-fashioned narrowness and rests mainly on personal religion of a semi-mystical type. This movement is growing steadily, and it may keep alive what is of most permanent value in Protestantism. There has been

FIFTY YEARS

a marked *rapprochement* between the Liberal Evangelicals and the moderate Liberals, who wish the Anglican Church to retain its continuity with the Reformation settlement.

The Liberal group in the Church likes to trace its spiritual ancestry from the "Latitudinarians," or "Cambridge Platonists," of the seventeenth century, "the fine flower of English religion," as Alfred Fawkes not unjustly called them. But it is not, and does not wish to be, a separate party. Its work is done by permeating the historical parties and helping to close the breach between orthodoxy and secular culture. It is not too much to say that if it is now easy for a man to be an Anglican clergyman without being a dunce, a fanatic, or a liar, this is the work of men who in their lifetime had to bear the reproach of being called heretics. The bishops, most of whom are, or have been, scholars, have not tried to check the great changes which have come about, quietly and almost imperceptibly, in what it is thought permissible for a clergyman to believe and even to preach. It has been said that, when any new discovery is made, the public declares first that it is absurd, then that it is contrary to religion, and finally that every one knew it before. An ecclesiastical institution, which can never own itself in the wrong, always covers its tracks in this way. But the changes are accepted, and the fears of those who opposed them are seldom justified by the event.

Nevertheless, the course of Liberalism has not run smooth. There are important differences between the Liberal Protestants, who rely much on the massive learning of German scholars, and the Modernists, properly so called, who rest upon a very different philosophy, akin to American pragmatism. Liberal Protestantism, which produced a classic in England in Seeley's *Ecce Homo*, rejected miracle, dogma, and ecclesiasticism. It sought to found itself on the character, teaching, and example of the human Christ. It was thought that an intensive and critical study of the Gospels could prove beyond question the unique significance for humanity of the Person of Christ, whose acts and words might serve for all time as an infallible guide to right conduct in all the relations of life. This is the dominant idea in such famous books as Harnack's *What is Christianity?*

But the progress of criticism has not spared the central figure of our religion. In particular, the so-called eschatological school has depicted Jesus as an apocalypticist, whose mistaken

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

belief in an approaching "end of the age" must deprive His ethical teaching of much of its value for modern times. Some acute thinkers in the Roman communion, seeing that the foundations of Liberal Protestantism were insecure, sought to save the situation by separating the Jesus of history from the object of the Church's worship, and acknowledging (in Loisy's words) *comme deux Christs*. Then Catholicism becomes "the Gospel for human needs"; its evolution is justified by necessity and by its results; religious truth is that which has been proved to suit human nature, and, as in the philosophy of William James, truth has no other meaning. This is not the place to criticize either of the schools into which Liberal Christianity tends to be divided; it is only necessary to point out how widely they differ from each other.

The external relations of the Church have undergone certain changes. The bitterness of the Nonconformists and their agitation for disestablishment have died down. Courtesy and friendliness are the rule on both sides. It is only the attitude of the Anglo-Catholics—an attitude quite consistent with their presuppositions about the essentials of a Church—which prevents a federal union between the Anglican Church and other bodies. But as long as this party retains its honest convictions on this head there is "nothing doing" in the movement for home reunion on corporate lines. Meanwhile, mutual recognition has been accomplished with the Episcopal Lutheran Church of Sweden and the Old Catholics, and may be agreed to with the Eastern Orthodox Church. Foolish overtures to the Church of Rome have met with the contemptuous rebuffs which might have been expected.

The decline of church-going, which is often exaggerated, is no proof of the failure of a body like the Church of England. It is an integral part of the spiritual life of the country, and it will share the fortunes of the English people, whether these are to lead us to further progress or to slow degeneration.

NONCONFORMITY OLD AND NEW

BY DR. T. R. GLOVER

SOME few years ago the world was startled and amused by a trial at Dayton, Tennessee, where a young school teacher was being tried for contravening State law and teaching "Evolution." The journalists of the continent swarmed to the place, despite the great heat, and the famous W. J. Bryan made in Court his last stand for Truth as he saw it, and died of it. That "Evolution" was something definite, like the multiplication table, which you could accept in a lump or reject, seemed strange on this side of the ocean ; stranger still that Legislatures should prohibit it. What was the reason ? The American community west of the Alleghany Mountains, apart from immigrant Jews, Irish, Italians, and some others, is predominantly Protestant and non-episcopal ; Baptists and Methodists form the greater part. Then why in England, where perhaps a half of the Protestants are non-episcopal, has there been no such movement called out by Darwinism ? There are many reasons perhaps.

But I want to concentrate on two movements of the last half-century well within my own memory, though they belong to its earlier years—movements in each case within a single denomination, but with effects far wider than any single community, wide and deep effects upon English-speaking peoples all over the world.

Of all English preachers of the Victorian period Charles Haddon Spurgeon was easily the most famous. There may have been greater preachers, but the world did not know of them and was not much interested in them. His sermons were printed week by week and circulated by tens of thousands. I heard one of them read at a little service on an island of Lake Ontario. Little busts and cheap prints of him were in thousands of small homes. He had a huge congregation, which, in spite of faults of his own and constant criticism by outsiders, he held charmed. Nature had given him a squat, ugly exterior, and made amends by adding a marvellous voice and the supreme gift of oratory. He was an untrained man, without the discipline of ordered study, but he read enormously and remembered.

NONCONFORMITY OLD AND NEW

Every one knows how often Catholic and Calvinist have been able to live in the profoundest sense of God's love while holding tenets (or thinking they held them) which others found strangely incompatible with the central belief. Spurgeon was of this stamp. A large-hearted human creature, he maintained an orphanage and (in a rather amateur way) he trained young men for the Baptist ministry. It is, unhappily, no strange thing that a great man, who attempts too much, will prefer at last the homage and tattle of admirers to challenge from independent minds. Europe has suffered from it since (let us say) President Wilson's election in November, 1912. Spurgeon became the centre of a circle and lived within it, and trouble followed.

In 1887 the storm broke upon the Baptist Union of this country. Spurgeon launched his "Down-grade Controversy." Baptists, he said—people told him so, and he believed it—were abandoning the Bible and the evangelical faith and "going downhill at breakneck speed." The Baptist Union Council asked quietly for evidence and begged him to see old friends, but nothing served. The council then gravely voted that, as no evidence was forthcoming, the charges ought not to have been made—moderate enough, one would think. Spurgeon flung out of the Union, dissolved his Students' Conference (for his stronger men would not stand with him), formed a new one of the residue, and for five years, till his death, carried on a *jihad* against the Baptist Union. The man was ill. I remember (for my father was personally attacked, and I was not a child) asking the aged Frederick Trestrail, who, in extreme old age (and great girth), kept a clear head and a lively humour, if he thought the trouble came from Spurgeon's gout. No, he said abruptly, it was Satan. Well, gout, conscience, and Satan make queer alliances in us all. The thing was not done in a corner; the whole Protestant world watched, and the Baptists bore the brunt of it.

They stood firm. If they had been quite the people whom Matthew Arnold loved to make fun of in those days, how came they to refuse Spurgeon's call? The answer is that their leaders were trained men—some from the old divinity colleges that grew out of the dissenting academies of the eighteenth century and by 1880 were working in close union with the University Colleges (now Universities) all over the country, some from the Scottish Universities. They were men who did their own thinking, and,

FIFTY YEARS

while less famous and less gifted, had a wider intellectual range and outlook than Spurgeon. So obscurantism lost its battle of the Marne. No stronger leader than Spurgeon, no likelier place for a victory than his own denomination, could have been thought of; and the attack failed.

In the very same years Mansfield College was founded by the Congregationalists in Oxford. Andrew Martin Fairbairn was a Scot, from the Evangelical Union, and his impress on the Free Churches is deeper and more lasting than Spurgeon's. A strong and formative personality, he decided that English theological education was inadequate for an age of compulsory Board schools, reviving grammar schools, new universities. He would have a new thing in ministerial training—a college at Oxford where everything should be on the highest level, a challenge to Anglicanism, Agnosticism, and anything else concerned—a college where architecture and woodwork (yes, and dinner in hall), as well as scholarship and Theology, should be the best that art and learning or spiritual religion could give. And it was to be modern. A cartoon appeared in Shrimpton's shop, the work of a charming Irishman, Sinclair Stevenson, afterwards a missionary in India—a design for a window to be erected in the new Mansfield chapel: Fairbairn in cruel likeness in the middle—flanked by Selbie, very young and standing on a stool—and by Vernon Bartlet, with his feet accommodated far below; and a legend from Lucretius, *victa superstitio*.

For a number of years Fairbairn's men won a long series of university prizes in Divinity, which was significant of much. The college thrived and became the model for all dissenting colleges; Fairbairn's work meant new ideals of scholarship and culture for every one of them; it raised the standard in every English denomination. One instance: a pupil of his became Fellow of an Oxford college, but left Oxford for the seminary of his own people, a layman for life; and, in a certain sense, he remoulded the ministry of his connection. Others, too, beside Primitive Methodists, owe a great debt to A. S. Peake. To-day, if you want a real old obscurantist college, you have to found a new one.

Now put the two movements together, in the life of our half-century, not forgetting certain common characteristics of the time that affect religion. Let us try first to sum these up in outline: universal education; a strong direction (almost a

NONCONFORMITY OLD AND NEW

wrench) given to education in favour of Natural Science. Let me break off to say that I have known scientists whom cruel critics could have called "half-baked," and who were certainly dreadfully one-sided and (I will dare to say) awfully ignorant of everything human. Thousands of schools needed science teaching and got it, all at once; and if something was gained in outlook something was lost in culture. Remember, too, the popular Press and the loose thinking of millions half (or quarter) educated. What did it mean in such a *milieu* that the Baptist Union held the door open for fresh conceptions of Truth, that Fairbairn's college challenged every Church to find a better and a wiser ministry, and that Dissent (like the Christian Church in the second century) prepared to face and to answer outside criticism, rather than close its ears to it?

R. W. Dale, in earlier days, had once replied in kind to Matthew Arnold's ironies by an allusion to "the Almighty's well-known preference for University men." The Universities were at the time closed against Dissenters. The great final opening came in 1882. It was looked upon as a great opportunity, and since then thousands of Free Churchmen (Fairbairn brought us this name from Scotland) have been through Oxford and Cambridge. Some have wondered whether the Free Churches have really gained by the change. That I cannot compute. I suffer from a Cambridge education and a historical training, which leave me sadly conscious that I have not access to the Recording Angel's manuscripts, which some of my friends read so freely, and that I have no gift at all for deciding what might have happened, and might yet happen, if something that did not happen had happened. I think that the opening of the Universities was inevitable, and I fancy that the main currents of English life, of the world's life, do not altogether depend on Oxford and Cambridge; you can see what I might deduce; but I won't. I will say this, however, that the admission of Dissenters has strengthened the Universities—and the Church of England.

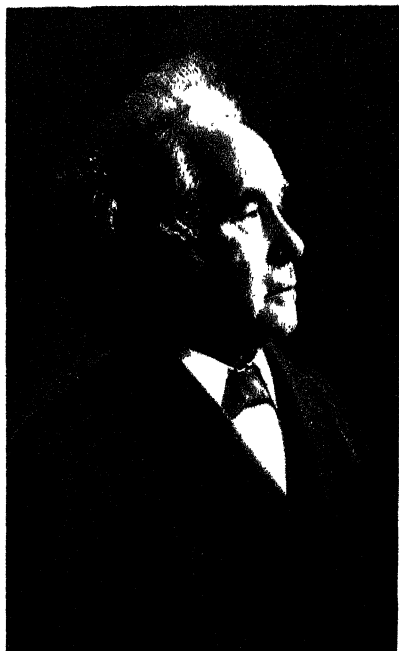
In every college there are and have been men—and more than mention it—from non-episcopal homes, English and Scottish, who have given life and heart and brain to their own colleges and the University. The opening of the Universities has, roughly, doubled the area from which in fact they have drawn their power. The Free Churches have been strengthened

FIFTY YEARS

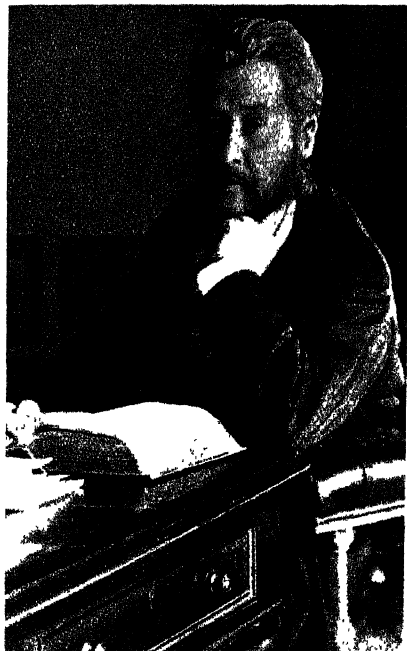
by having ministers and laymen with something more of the old culture, at home in the old Universities ; and it has been evident in sermon and church music, in architecture (though, alas ! for the immortality of yellow brick !) and even in ministerial dress. At the beginning of our half-century few clergy or ministers wore the clerical collar ; fewer dressed as laymen ; the white tie and a long black coat were the rule. About 1885 an Oxford don became a Congregational minister and electrified his friends by announcing that he " would wear no clothes to distinguish him from his lay brethren." Shrimpton's window at once responded with a portrait of him, wearing no clothes, indeed but saved by a chaste cloud. But even when ministers dress as laymen they are still quite evidently sheep in wolves' clothing ; and clerical collars to a practised eye are a thin disguise.

I am not trying here to write an exhaustive history of fifty years of Nonconformity. The time would fail me to tell of Gideon and of Barak—I mean Hugh Price Hughes and General Booth and many others—who through faith—but you remember the context. Like Herodotus, I know the names ; but, as he said, I am not obliged to mention everything. This battle for freedom seems to me to have been the outstanding thing in the period ; and I pass to some generalizations. " All generalizations," said an American humorist, " are wrong—including this one."

Pessimists may say that nobody has any Theology to-day. (Always listen to pessimists ; they have generally something to say ; and you needn't believe. Indeed, optimism without a basis of pessimism won't stand ; and I believe in enlarging the basis for the grander structure.) No Theology ? Well, we have less ; and it is gain and loss. We have less, because science crowds out philosophy and shouts it down ; we are all specialists, and we are afraid of the universal outlook, which from Plato's day philosophy has claimed, the spectator of all time and all being. But it is surely gain that we dogmatize less quickly. Some day we shall have to reckon seriously with principles. Meanwhile it is something to have a higher standard of verification, to work more slowly, and do less jumping to conclusions. But I wish Free Churchmen had more realization that belief is the real centre of life, and that, in spite of all Matthew Arnold said about conduct, it is belief that is nine-tenths of life and



DR JOSEPH PARKER



CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON



WILLIAM BOOTH, FOUNDER AND FIRST "GENERAL" OF THE SALVATION ARMY



SANKEY AND MOODY, I. D. SANKEY SEATED AT HARMONIUM AND D. L. MOODY ON RIGHT OF PLATFORM

NONCONFORMITY OLD AND NEW

shapes conduct. If you tell me that I am wrong, that is nothing new for me ; I live in a combination room, and St. Paul will back me against you. Faith is still the one creative thing. I wish Free Churchmen could write hymns. It is curious that the wicked old eighteenth century is the lyric age of the Church, and that the Victorian period, apart from Horatius Bonar and Thomas Binney's one hymn, was so mute. Our half-century has not been lyric at all—too deeply engaged in squaring accounts with Spurgeon and Huxley (the original Huxley) and H. G. Wells, perhaps. Watts and Cowper and the Wesleys had some Theology, and there were things they really believed. Perhaps some day——

Meanwhile the decline of Theology has opened the door to reunion. (Perhaps I annoy you here?) Curiously enough, the Baptists, who least favour union with those who baptize infants and obey Bishops, began the unions in England. In the nineties General and Particular Baptists united ; we had mostly forgotten the adjectives ; I discovered, with some surprise, when well on in years, that I had been "Particular" ; and there was little enough endowment to prompt division. The great Presbyterian unions in Scotland, the general Methodist reunion in England, are familiar to us all ; and we all remember the House of Commons rectifying the judgment of the House of Lords. The combination of Presbyterian and Methodist in Canada is less happy ; the continuing Presbyterians are a real factor there ; it suggests that unity must precede union. The "discussions" with Lambeth are not yet very serious on either side ; there are those who think they are only continued because each party wishes the other to make the proposal to stop. There is really no compromise possible on episcopacy ; one side must give way—or both honestly go on as they are.

When I was a child deacons' meetings and funerals had still very often their wine, or it was remembered ; since then the Free Churches have become almost solidly teetotal. I remember the change in my own home. All sorts of new ideas have been tried in social work ; ministers, uncertain about everything else, have at times found a refuge in social righteousness and Amos. Bunyan, I think, might have said that social righteousness was his old village of Morality transformed, like Manchester, to a town, by the industrial revolution. I wish ministers would let the Old Testament alone and preach from

FIFTY YEARS

the New Testament. I don't, of course, mean to cut the Old Testament out for ever and ever ; no sensible person would think that ; but it does a man good to grapple with central issues ; and the challenge of the New Testament is the one thing that matters, and the hardest in the world to understand—it would not be much good if it were not.

The opening years of the half-century saw more “ revivals ” than we see now ; things have changed and different methods, different approaches, are needed. Foreign missions, however, in spite of changes in Theology (and the price of silver), have more than held their own.

As to the outlook for the Free Churches or any other, I cannot write about the future. I like the past better—I know it better, and I loved the people, and I have no responsibility (or little) for my father's upbringing. It has always been my ambition to be a historian, and the prophetic role is quite different. Somehow the prophet has always easier access to omniscience than the historian ; and there I must leave it.

THE NAVY UNDER STEAM

BY ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET LORD WESTER WEMYSS

IT is never easy to view events in their true perspective, but the farther they recede into the past and assume different proportions the more difficult becomes the task. We who all our lives have been accustomed to the use of railways, steamships, telegraphs, and telephones cannot possibly form a true estimate of the conditions under which our forefathers lived before the advent of steam and of electricity, whose application to transport and communication created a veritable revolution in the manners and customs of that time.

The miracles of to-day are the commonplaces of to-morrow. As new inventions and discoveries follow one another in bewildering succession, bringing in their train improvements in all the amenities of life, succeeding generations become more and more mentally estranged from their predecessors ; and as time goes on this mental gap becomes wider until it manifests itself on the part of youth in a total disregard of tradition and a lack of respect for all authority.

Happily this is not the case in the Navy, where, in spite of the material transformation the Fleet has undergone in the last fifty years, the spirit is fundamentally the same to-day as it ever has been. A study of our naval history for the sixty years before the War brings little of general interest to the public at large, though for the naval historian the period is full of significance. In that time the Fleet gradually developed from a somewhat loosely organized combination of sailing vessels into a highly organized concentration of mechanical force such as the world can never have witnessed.

In the year 1880 the Navy was still in a state of transition from dependency upon wind to reliance upon steam for its motive power. The charge and manipulation of the engines were in the hands of a branch other than the executive, to whom a knowledge of the science of steam was barely necessary since seamanship was still considered of the utmost importance : a natural state of affairs considering that, in spite of every ship being even then fitted with a propeller, sail power was still in

FIFTY YEARS

the ascendancy. With the gradual suppression of mast and yards the role of the man-o'-war's-man became more that of a floating artilleryman than of a seaman. A knowledge of mechanics became of greater importance than that of the dying art of seamanship. But the paramount part the latter had so long played in the general scheme of a seaman's training left a mark never to be entirely obliterated. The signs of it are visible to this day.

A naval training is bound up with traditions which, out of date though many of them may be in practice, have ever proved of benefit to those who have come under their influence. They teach that the present and the future are not wholly independent of the past ; that certain principles are immutable, and that without due consideration of them the practical application of all innovations, however beneficial or necessary in themselves, is apt to be fraught with danger. Rooted convictions such as these are not likely to be seriously affected by material changes, however sweeping, and the material changes that came over the Fleet during the last two decades of the nineteenth century were radical indeed.

By the end of the century the typical ship of the line had grown from some 9,000 tons displacement, with a speed of 15 knots and muzzle-loading guns, to one of 15,000 tons, of 18 knots, with four 12-inch breech-loading guns and 12 6-inch, at a cost of £500,000 for the former and of £1,000,000 for the latter, while the size and power of the cruiser had proportionately grown even greater.

The progress of naval education had not been proportionate. It was not until the year 1903 that a radical alteration was brought about by a system of common entry for both the executive and the engineering branches, which, in spite of some modifications found necessary from experience, exists to-day and has had the salutary effect of bringing the control of all the elements of a man-o'-war into the same hands : an amalgamation of authority very beneficial to general efficiency. At the same time there was introduced a system of education on broader and more general lines than had hitherto existed, a change rendered feasible by a longer period of time spent in the training colleges.

The gradual substitution of mechanical power for manual labour was productive of somewhat unlooked-for results. Formerly work involving the use of power had been carried out



A GROUP TAKEN ON WHALE ISLAND

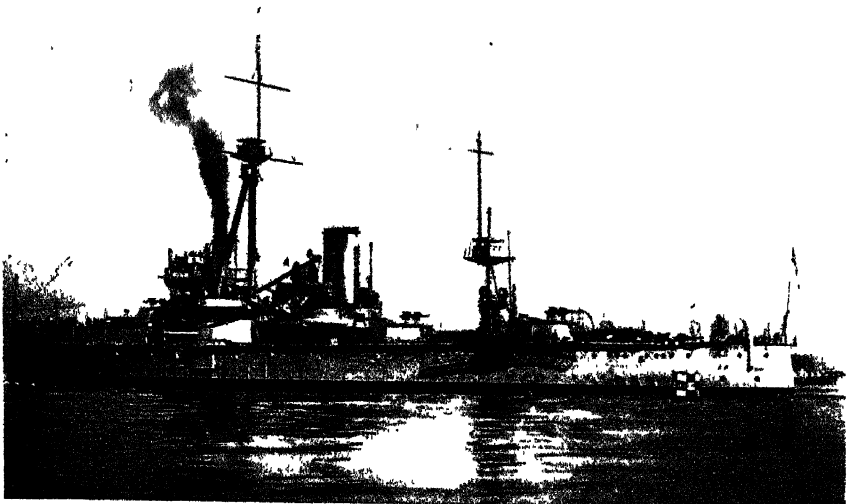
Reading second from left : Admiral Sir Percy Scott, Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, and Lord Fisher



ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET, SIR ARTHUR WILSON
("Tug" Wilson), who succeeded Lord
Fisher as First Sea Lord



LORD ALCESTER (ADMIRAL SIR BEAUCHAMP
SEYMOUR), Commander-in-Chief in the
Mediterranean 1880-83



H.M.S. "DREADNOUGHT," WHICH WAS TAKEN TO SEA FOR TRIALS IN 1906

THE NAVY UNDER STEAM

by parties of men under the supervision of officers or petty officers, who thus had frequent opportunities of exercising some of those qualities of leadership so necessary to efficiency and to the maintenance of discipline. Now that is all changed. Such work is frequently performed by single individuals, manipulating a lever or a valve. These methods afford but little opportunity for the exercise of initiative or judgment and have largely tended to change the independent-minded "Jack Tar" of old into the somewhat automatic artilleryman of to-day.

With the death of Queen Victoria in the early days of the twentieth century there disappeared much of that restraint and reserve that had characterized the life of the nation, and society in its widest sense gave itself up to a luxury both of habit and of thought previously undreamed of. The Navy was not unaffected by these changes. The general rise in the standard of living on shore, with all the broader interests it entailed, had its repercussions afloat, where a natural desire for similar ameliorations was felt. But the conditions prevailing in a man-o'-war, where a certain amount of crowding and want of privacy is inevitable, can never permit of amenities afloat being equal to those on shore. In spite of these disabilities the lives of both officers and men did in many ways assume a form less severe and more compatible with the general tendency of the age.

Of all the changes imposed upon the Service by the advance of science that which has certainly produced the greatest effect is the introduction of wireless telegraphy. Highly valuable as it has proved itself to be, its use is not without an element of harm. Before its installation a ship on going to sea was, from the moment of her disappearance below the horizon, completely cut off from all communication with the remainder of the world. She was "in being," but, as an integral unit of the Fleet, an unknown and uncertain quantity. Thus segregated she was entirely dependent upon herself, and the responsibilities of her captain were necessarily heavier than ever they can be to-day, when he is in constant touch with those who have the power to control his actions and movements. Such a possibility of referring to others for decisions inevitably tends towards a decrease of initiative in those on whose shoulders responsibility would otherwise have fallen—a contingency which, as may be well imagined, may lead to much harm.

FIFTY YEARS

As time went on developments in shipbuilding increased. The advent of the twentieth century saw the submarine definitely installed as an arm of the Fleet, necessitating a separate school of training ; and the Dreadnought type of battleship was produced in answer to the demand for further concentration of power. So much more powerful were she and her type than any of their predecessors that their appearance rendered all less modern capital ships unfit in comparison for the line of battle. The circumstance afforded Germany an opportunity, of which she was quick to avail herself, of commencing on even terms the construction of a Fleet comparable in strength and size to our own, thus giving a further impetus to the race in armaments which played no small part in bringing about the catastrophe of 1914.

Gunnery, too, made large strides. Target practice had been of a somewhat haphazard nature, conducted with little science or organization. But the invention of ingenious instruments for the control of fire, for "spotting," and for range-finding led gradually to an increased accuracy of fire at ranges longer than any before contemplated, thereby greatly increasing the offensive powers of the ship and calling for a revision of tactics.

During this period of change it was found that the health of the *personnel* was apt to deteriorate from a want of proper exercise. As a remedy a school of physical training was established, which, by means of organized physical drill, regattas, and the like, had the desired result, though they can never stimulate the nervous system as sail-drill did.

The War gave ample proof of the readiness of the Fleet for its duties and showed its powers of expansion and adaptation. The improvements brought about in all directions, as a result of actual experience, are too large and of too technical a nature to set forth here. The War also demonstrated the vast strength of the nation's reserves in seafaring population, in ship-building, and in all that stands for naval power, and though they were so largely drawn upon as to cause considerable strain it may be hoped that in time they will once more assume their former proportions, so vital to our existence.

The post-War period has proved for the whole world one of uncertainty, disillusion, and thinly disguised chaos, amid which the British Navy is being used as a shuttlecock between the idealist who looks upon the War as ending all wars and the

THE NAVY UNDER STEAM

cynic who regards the terms of the Treaty of Versailles as a veritable sowing of dragon's teeth.

It is but natural that the Fleet should have undergone large reductions after the victory of the Allies ; but the blind acceptance of the Treaty of Washington, without due regard to our own particular needs and without full consideration of its possible consequences, opened the eyes of an astonished world to our readiness, under pressure, to tamper with our greatest national asset, for temporary and ephemeral advantages. The injustice caused to the *personnel* by such sweeping reductions was great and very real. Officers whose pride it had been to serve in, and joy to live in, the Navy, believing that so long as they satisfactorily performed their duties they never would be let down, found themselves thrown on the world with an education which made it difficult to find employment elsewhere and with such remuneration as obliged them to seek it. As might have been expected, they bore their disappointments with dignity, but there was created among the survivors a feeling of insecurity which is a new and unpleasant element in the Service.

No comparison between the past and the present is ever useful unless it be for the purpose of historical interest. The man-of-war's-man of to-day, changed though he is in habits and in education, does not fundamentally differ from his predecessor of fifty years ago. Like others, he is the product of his time, and the change, such as it is, has been caused by circumstances. The life of segregation led by seamen in the days of sailing ships was productive of qualities more prevalent then than now, when contact with the outer world is no longer an infrequent occurrence. Dependent upon each other for companionship to a degree unknown to-day, both officers and men were bound together by ties of intimate acquaintance and mutual interest which created a bond far closer than that which unites them at the present time, with its more frequent opportunities of enjoying the amenities of life. The Service was their very life ; everything beyond it but a passing interlude.

To-day both officers and men can enter into the life of their equals ashore as their predecessors could not enter ; and thus they can form ties and interests beyond the Navy which cannot but wean them to some extent from a whole-hearted devotion to the Service.

The recent regrettable incident in the Atlantic Fleet found

FIFTY YEARS

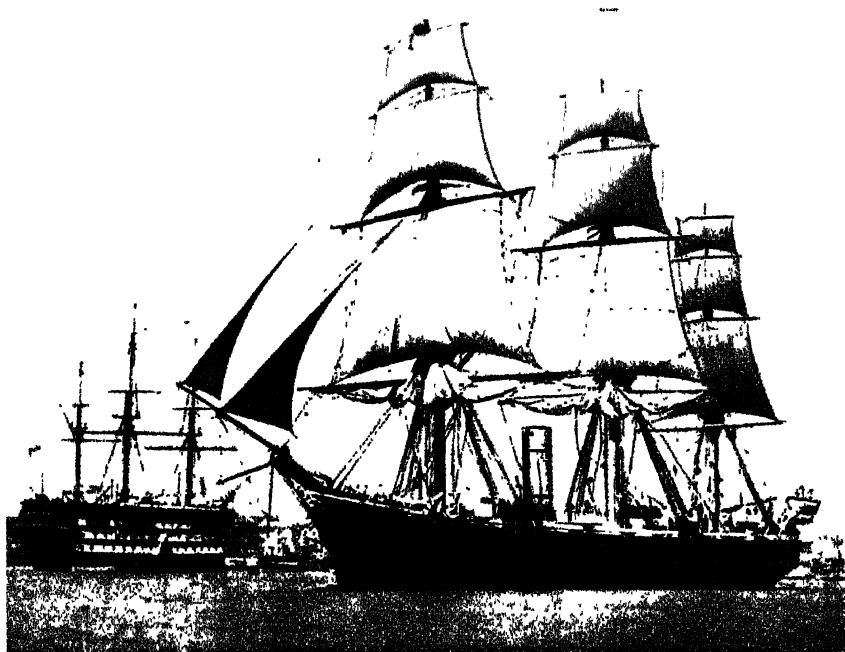
no echo in the remainder of the Navy and was foreign to the history and traditions of the Service. No useful purpose can be served by any examination here of the circumstances which led to it, but there is every reason to believe that those who participated in it now realize that their impulsive and ill-considered action was a gesture which should only be remembered with profound regret. The bluejacket is no mutineer. He retains a strong sense of loyalty, of respect for his officers, and of affection for the Service, but, like so many others to-day, he has been led to believe, by bad example, that any sense of grievance, just or unjust, can be instantly removed by means of collective action, quite forgetting that the Service itself supplies ways by which these grievances, real or supposed, can be put forward and ventilated, and that the circumstances attached to his enrolment can never justify such means as were taken.

The effect produced by this unhappy affair is acknowledged to have played an important part in bringing about that very state of affairs which the Government were trying to avert. Perhaps this may open the eyes of the public to the preponderating part which the Navy plays in the eyes of the world in the upholding of British prestige and teach them in a practical manner the truth of Mr. MacDonald's dictum, "Our Navy is us."



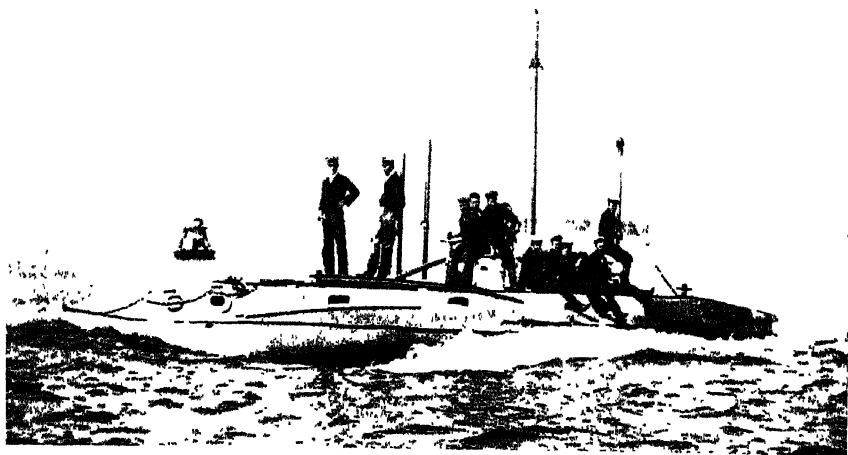
OLD STYLE UNIFORMS

The tunic shown in the picture on the left gave rise to the title of "Blue-jacket"; it was abolished in 1890. The seaman on the right is wearing the cloth trousers and white frock abolished in 1907, and the sennet hat abolished in 1920

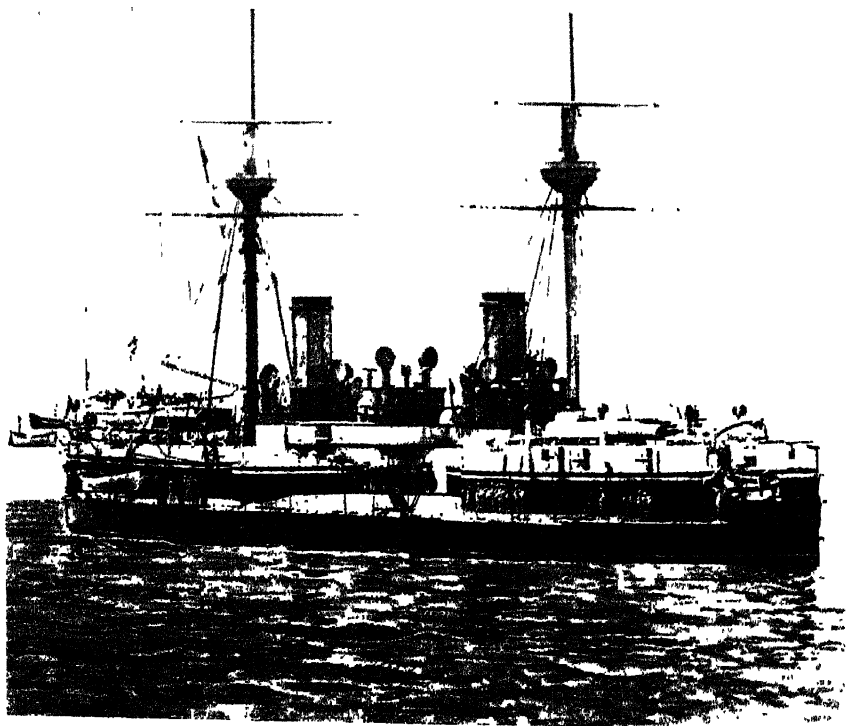


THE "ACTIVE," ONE OF THE LAST SHIPS OF THE FLEET TO USE SAILS

The "Victory" is seen in the background



THE FIRST BRITISH SUBMARINE, NO. 3 OF THE "HOLLAND" TYPE, COMPLETED IN 1902



H.M.S. "INFLEXIBLE"

One of the principal ships at the bombardment of Alexandria in 1882, commanded by Captain John (afterwards Lord) Fisher

MAKING THE NEW SOLDIER

BY GENERAL SIR IAN HAMILTON

AS I was beating about that tangle of dead emotions I call "My Past," in the hope of getting one or two live memories to rise, it so happened that my eyes fell upon a picture of Wellington holding forth to his Generals.

At the centre of a prodigious long table the Iron Duke is depicted in the very act of orating. Immediately behind him stands, not the toast master of modern banquets, but the famous picture by Vandyck of King Charles bestriding a beautiful charger, evidently belonging to another breed from that lately selected for Lord Haig by a House of Commons Committee. Round the table, chattering to one another, or paying attention to anything except those words of wisdom presumably falling from the lips of their Chief, are seated eighty-three Generals—average age about sixty-five.

The artist, who must have been tempted by much gold before he tackled this valentine to glory, has failed in his general effect, but he has at least given us some types of Generals. Upon the Duke's aristocratic features he has set the precisely same modest and pleasing expression which used to render Lord Haig, even in reading his speech, an attractive orator. His Generals—the Playing Fields of Eton Ring—are the living spit of the existing Public Schools Ring. There has been no change, no degeneration. Most of the leaders on the Western Front can be picked out of this masterpiece: I see there quite clearly X, Y, and Z; the very fashion of their faces is that of the survivors of the Marne. Some of the old Waterloo crowd wear a very small, sickle-shaped whisker half-way down to the chin; all of them, bar two or three light cavalrymen, shave their moustachios. As in 1932, evidently the wearer of uniform had to be smart and to have as little hair as possible flying about his face.

A close scrutiny of these eighty-three Generals confirms me in my belief that we still possess in our Army the type of officer who, under a Pitt and given a Nelson, would have wheeled the Kaiser into line with one-twentieth of the loss of life and half the cost in gold it did cost us. Had the enemy meanwhile overrun

FIFTY YEARS

France and tried to overrun Russia, Pitt would have been sorry, but not so sorry as to cause him prematurely to decorate the cemeteries of France with the bones of one single British Grenadier.

Very different from the Army of the Peninsula or of the Marne was the Army of the Crimea into which I, to the profound surprise of my family, passed quite decently in the huge examination of 1870. Purchase of commissions was being done away with, and no further examination was to take place for two years to come. Hence a big rush of spurious candidates, who aimed only at getting a second string to their bow in case they were spun for Woolwich or the Civil Service. My father had asked that I might be given permission to wait for a commission in the Gordons, and meanwhile my schoolboy brother Vereker and I were staying with our grandmother on the Gairloch, while our father was away at Prestwick, in Ayrshire, playing golf. For me, thus waiting, there came one day a letter bearing the strange device of O.H.M.S. With trembling fingers I tore it open, and learnt that I was about to be gazetted as sub-lieutenant to the 12th Regiment of Foot, stationed at Athlone, and that I was to report myself forthwith to the commanding officer. Feeling that the respective situations of myself and the universe had been readjusted greatly to my advantage, Vereker and I together concocted a telegram to my father telling him a most important letter had arrived, and begging him to come up to Glasgow at once, as we were starting off to meet him there at a certain restaurant (where we reckoned he would give us a fine luncheon to celebrate the occasion).

Duly my father appeared. He had not had time to change his tweeds, but in deference to the custom of Glasgow had clapped a silk hat on to his head. Swelling with self-importance I handed him the letter. Very rarely did this gay and laughter-loving man give way to anger, but now he sneered as he said, "So this is the precious letter for which you have wrecked a most important golf match." Then, working himself into a rage, he took off his hat and exclaimed, "Oh Almighty God, what have I done that Thou shouldest have given me a fool for my first-born!" Having uttered these terrible words and being now completely possessed by the devil, he turned his back on the restaurant and marched up Buchanan Street, making, we hoped, for the Western Club; but no, on he went until at

MAKING THE NEW SOLDIER

last he pulled up at a third-rate eating-house which we all three miserably entered.

Handing his hat and umbrella to Vereker, he seized a large white jug which stood upon the table to pour himself out, as he thought, a glass of beer. It was milk ! When he saw the milk his face looked so funny that, downcast as we were, we both began to laugh ; he himself after a moment joining in. So we sat down together more happily until a dreadful smell caused my father to turn round to the side-table where his hat had burst into flames. My brother in his nervousness had stuck it down over a small taper kept alight for the convenience of gentlemen who might wish to light their pipes or cigars, and also no doubt to save matches. This time our parent was really beside himself. I cannot repeat his remarks, and will only say that they again indicated to the Almighty a sense of the unfairness with which he had been treated. But the bright side of human misfortunes is that they cannot last for ever, and in due course the exquisite thrills of putting on a shako drove away, until now, the thought of the stove-pipe hat.

If the distinguishing mark of the officers of either Wellington's or Haig's armies was their clean, trim turn-out, the words " shaggy " and " unkempt " most closely fit my recollection of the field-officers and captains of the 12th Foot. The battalion had been in New Zealand throughout the Maori War and long contact with the Colonists had made them extra hirsute as well as—at table—convivial. The Colonel was as handsome a man as I have ever seen. But I don't really quite know what the ladies of to-day would make of him. His hair was so long that it mingled with his sweeping side-whiskers, and these, together with the ends of his luxuriant moustachios, were welded into two gigantic curls. The majors and captains tried to emulate him. The cult of shaving was not altogether taboo, but in the 12th Foot was confined to a space upon the chin of the width of the first, second, and third fingers laid side by side.

Our Colonel was reputed to have the most violent temper and powerful flow of language in Ireland, so those who had the nerve to brave it were few and far between. At the first mess meeting I ever attended the regimental doctor did offer an opinion and had to fly forthwith, oaths rattling about his ears. I have no recollection of the regiment playing any part in the social life either of the county or the town. Several of the subalterns were

FIFTY YEARS

sportsmen, and used to shoot, hunt, and fish. Others were more open in their affairs with young women than would be possible nowadays. Anyway, I enjoyed life and even managed, rushing down to the Shannon in my uniform between two recruit drills, to catch a salmon whose weight has been increasing ever since.

After a month or two at Athlone we went on to the Curragh, where I saw my first active service. Seated at mess one night, the alarm sounded. The battalion had instantly to fall in. Ball cartridge was issued. A battle royal was going on between the North Cork Militia and the Tyrone Fusiliers, and we were to separate them! I had not finished my recruit drill, but my captain was sick and I had to take command of A Company. Away we marched, and soon to our ears came the noise of blood-curdling Irish howls and yells. We were advancing in the antediluvian formation of double fours from the centre, and, led by our gigantic sergeant-major, an ex-Scots Fusilier Guardsman, we plunged straight down the middle of the square which lay between the huts of the combatants. Each lot fell back for a while on their own huts, and we formed two parallel lines, facing outwards, between them.

How this infernal manoeuvre ought to have been executed I have no wish to try to remember, but the shameful fact remains that I gave the wrong word of command and found my company with its back to the enemy. The Irish, getting over their surprise, now began to attack one another afresh, hurling stones and bayonets over our heads. Perhaps the bayonets might have frightened me had I not been far more frightened lest Triphook, the adjutant, should find me out. But he was dismounted and could not gallop about in his usual uncomfortable and discourteous style. Already the rank and file were, as ever afterwards they were to be, my best friends. [For me they committed an appalling crime, and, in the dark, there, under showers of bayonets, each man went to the right-about on his own. The thought of these lads of the 12th Foot still makes my heart glow with gratitude. Long live the Suffolks!

When I was transferred to the Gordons everything was as different as is an English Squire from a Scots Laird. The seniors had no taste for drinking as a pursuit, but when they did have an orgy it was an orgy. I have described one of these elsewhere, and it created a sensation over the whole of India, which was unlucky, because when later on we dined with other units or

MAKING THE NEW SOLDIER

had them to dine with us we found them wound up to the pitch of challenging us to drink salt-cellars full of whisky or gin. Whereas we were ordinarily rather abstemious, though what we did drink at mess had to be of the best—pleasant but expensive. Except whisky quaichs with haggis, and old brandy with coffee, spirits were banned at mess ; the mixture of soda with whisky had not been invented, and out of doors or in the ante-room we drank brandies and sodas or gin and tonics.

There was a grand spirit of camaraderie right through the 92nd Highlanders. All ranks felt bound into one clan by the yellow stripe which distinguished their tartan. At that time it was the pride of the regiment that no officer belonging to it had ever even contemplated going to the Staff College. The cult of sport—pony racing, pig sticking or competitions against one another and the world for record heads of Himalayan game—had entire possession of our thoughts. The feminine danger was brought down to about 15 per cent. of what it would have been at home. Mothers, take my hint ! Chance the malaria and let your sons do the first five or six years of their service in the East.

Drill had become a formalism absolutely divorced from any element of reality. In "the attack" I have seen the stereotyped "rush" of fifty yards bring the firing line within, say, twenty yards of a breast-high wall. Instead of moving the men up to take advantage of this cover by firing over it, they would be permitted to lie down where they were and to blaze away their blank merrily into the bricks and mortar.

Until the Afghan War (1878) and the Boer War (1881) came along to fling a few stepping-stones of common sense across the morass of misdirected efforts imagined by the Horse Guards to be military training, there was no foothold anywhere for would-be reformers. With breech-loaders in our hands (the Snider .577 had just been replaced by the Martini Henry .450), we used to practise forming square to receive cavalry ; or else we would, several times a day, "prepare for cavalry" by fixing bayonets and wheeling up to the two flank companies at angles to the front and rear of the line. I wonder if even at Blenheim or Malplaquet this fancy piece, which used to give great joy to the sergeant-major and to the adjutant, was ever really brought into action. Except as a shaft for the bayonet no trust was placed in the rifle. These medieval tactics were still fashionable as late as the

FIFTY YEARS

Nile Campaign of 1884-5, though they were beginning to be questioned.

At Abu Klea, instead of each man opening fire at the charging Dervishes from where he stood and sweeping them off the face of the earth, the British were still busy forming square when these same Dervishes, in chain armour and wielding two-handed swords, entered that square, finding in it a battlefield precisely suited to their tactics, for no one could shoot, and in their armour they were more than a match even for Burnaby.

At the same time as the Desert Column, composed mainly of *corps d'élite*, was being hustled back to Korti, General Earle with the River Column encountered an equally formidable body of Dervishes entrenched across his path at Kirbekan in a very strong position along the top of a steep rocky ridge running at right angles to the Nile. Trusting in fire effect he treated them with contempt. In order that none should escape he held them in front, marched right round them in columns of route, and then attacked them in open formation. In due course the Dervishes launched their charge. When it was over, in a couple of minutes, there were no Dervishes left upon their feet, for the score or so of them who had escaped were swimming across the Nile. A trail about a quarter of a mile long like that of a serpent—thick near the top of the crest, thinning down as it got closer to our line—that was all that was left of them.

Given the conservatism of the British Army, I suppose we should be grateful Lord French did not advance in hollow square at the Battle of the Marne. For the contrast between Abu Klea and Kirbekan failed to finish off that prehistoric formation. Thank heavens the Dervishes at Omdurman were not able to borrow from Marchand a couple of thousand rifles and a million cartridges wherewith to slate the massed targets presented by Kitchener to their aim. That was in 1888; in 1889, under direction of a General who was one of our most capable and accomplished administrators, we found ourselves, on a field day got up for Lord Wolseley, marching about Salisbury Plain in two huge hollow squares, each with a balloon rising from the centre of it. In the seventies the Horse Guards, the inspecting general, the colonel, the adjutant, and the sergeant-major were all united in regarding musketry as a vexatious interlude, a sort of unhealthy excrescence upon the serious business of life, barrack-square drill. The fortnight during which a company

MAKING THE NEW SOLDIER

was "struck off" for musketry was supposed to unsettle the rank and file, tending to blunt the fine edge of their performances of the manual and platoon.

Such was the temple of Rimmon into which, concealing under my "blue serge" the heart of an iconoclast, I was shovelled by fate to become in due course that anathema to H.R.H. the High Priest of the Temple—Musketry Instructor to the Regiment. Until then I had been a rotten bad bargain for "The Widow" (as we subalterns had irreverently nicknamed the Empress of India), shirking work and only anxious to get as much leave and enjoy as much sport as possible. Now, however, I became bitten by enthusiasm; spent all my spare time and all my spare cash upon the ranges; gave lectures and managed to enthuse the rank and file. Even Major Jock Hay, who was wedded to pipeclay, condescended to be a little interested, and said to me one day, "I never thought you had it in you." As a result we became the best shooting regiment in India, and great was my joy, although nobody else seemed to care a hang.

Perhaps that was lucky, for it tempered the bitterness of the ensuing misfortune. At Sitapur one day Charles Douglas, the adjutant, afterwards Chief of the Imperial General Staff, sent for me to communicate a letter from the A.A.G. for Musketry at Simla saying that, when the Commander-in-Chief in India had instructed him to communicate to the Officer Commanding the 92nd Highlanders his pleasure at the remarkable figure of merit attained by his regiment, he, the Assistant Adjutant-General, had felt bound to inform him that the scores were unprecedented, and that he could not but fear the system of marking must have been at fault. This insinuation was entirely undeserved. Had I been a little older I would have insisted on an apology and would have got it. For, as I said to Douglas, "Let him take any company he likes; issue fresh ammunition; get his markers from another corps; I will stake my commission that (in view of the previous practice) they will not only equal but will surpass this score which they have honestly made." But Douglas, by nature cautious and not in the least anxious to have his drills spoiled by an extra dose of musketry, got the colonel to say that "the matter had better be allowed to drop quietly." So now I have quietly dropped it!

Relations between officers and men have improved out of all knowledge during the sixty years of my service, and I should

FIFTY YEARS

have the knowledge, for I am still "active" and in constant touch with the youngsters as Colonel of the Gordons. There was good feeling in the old days also. But, as compared with to-day, the officers did not know their men. Had it not been for the striking off of companies for musketry and occasional field sports, subalterns and even captains would often not have known the names of more than a quarter of their men. The reorganization of the regimental machine, and the decentralization, whereby the company commanders have become very largely responsible for the training and discipline of their companies, are the main causes for this beneficent change.

Another cause lies in the quickened grasp and receptivity of the mind of the English recruit since the children of the first educated generation began to come into the Army. The first generation to be educated were spoilt as soldiers rather than improved. In the River Column's Campaign, 1884-5, the post where quickness of eye and hand was most vital was that of the pole-man at the bows, who saw the sunken rock and by one mighty thrust kept on saving us all from drowning. Out of my eleven boats six of the pole-men could not read or write, and I do not suppose there were more than twenty or thirty in the whole battalion who were literate. But when the children of the educated men became recruits in 1905, as I wrote in a report to the War Office, they mastered their military alphabet in one-third less time than it had taken in the year 1872. Since 1905 there has been further improvement, though the swift, spontaneous reactions of the illiterates are now for ever gone, unless we were to breed individuals for the purpose.

Sir Archibald Montgomery-Massingberd has given his opinion in his monumental work on the Fourth Army that British military discipline has no equal in the Armies of Europe, being based on mutual confidence and respect between officers and men. I believe this is so, but we must credit our late enemies the Germans with a certain amount of it too, although no one reading some of their War books would believe it. In 1908, on my way back from the Russian manœuvres, I saw a company of the Queen Augusta Regiment being inspected near Berlin. When the signallers reported the approach of the colonel, the captain fell his men in and addressed them more or less as follows, begging them for their own sakes and his sake and also for a much higher thing, the honour of the company, to play up. "Please, lads,"



THE CHESHIRE REGIMENT IN CAMP BEFORE LEAVING FOR SOUTH AFRICA
IN 1899

Note the two-handled beer pot, abolished soon after



LORD HALDANE AND LORD ROBERTS



RECRUITING SERGEANTS
A picture taken at Westminster



MEN OF THE GORDON HIGH ANDERS
One of the earliest military photographs
ever taken



OLD STYLE MANOEUVRES
A sham fight at Aldershot in 1898

MAKING THE NEW SOLDIER

he said, "don't forget the pains I've taken with your education and forget the punishments I've felt it my duty sometimes to inflict. Let me now in this hour of trial feel sure that when I give an order you will try and go one better." The men cheered him and he won through his inspection "hands down."

All the same, we certainly are a happier family than other nations whose troops I have inspected, and I have sampled most of them. From the moment of the *Entente cordiale* I foresaw it would be good business to get to know the French generals. Every year from the autumn of 1905 until 1914 I asked to go to French manœuvres at my own expense during my leave. But possibly this did not suit the book of our General Staff; anyway, every year my application was turned down and I was officially ordered to attend the autumn manœuvres of some other Power at Government expense.

Thus I have got to know most Armies bar the French. And I do think Sir A. Montgomery-Massingberd was right, and that for two main reasons—first, because of the games for which the officers of conscription nations have no time, seeing the huge mass of raw recruits they have to train each year; secondly, because of the jolly "off-duty" spirit which pervades all ranks of our voluntary service Army. There is no "off-duty" spirit abroad, where a colonel remains a colonel in the restaurant or the hunting field and the major must court a pretty girl after the manner of a major.

No other career, not even the Church, can vie with the Army in offering to a boy while still in his 'teens the chance of becoming friend and adviser to a delightful set of young adventurers called recruits. The boy who aims at making for himself a million pounds will miss all the fun of the fair just when he can best enjoy it: the boy who aims at having a million good comrades should, with any luck, hit the bulls-eye of happiness plumb centre. The Tsar of all the Russias said once to me: "The happiest time in my whole life was when I commanded a company of the Preobajensky Guards; I did really feel then that I could really help somebody."

THE BENCH AND THE BAR

BY THE VISCOUNT DUNEDIN

LET me first make clear my opportunities of experience, as it is personal reminiscence and impression that is wanted, and not hearsay. I passed for the Scotch Bar in 1874, and up till 1891 my practice was in Scotland, with occasional though fairly numerous excursions to the House of Lords in Appeal cases. From 1891 to 1905 I was mostly in London, with a steady practice in the House of Lords and some contact with English counsel. Then followed eight years at the head of the Court of Session, during which time I occasionally sat in the House of Lords and the Privy Council, and then from 1913 to the present day continuous attendance in London as a Law Lord. So far as the House of Lords is concerned, the result has been that I have pleaded cases before four different Lord Chancellors, and sat as a colleague with nine.

One is perhaps inclined to be influenced by the natural feeling of awe and respect which one had for the Judges and leading counsel of one's youth. I think there has been more change in the Judges than in the counsel during the fifty years with which I have to deal. But, speaking generally and discounting the feeling of reverence to which I have alluded, I do not doubt that the erudition of the older generation was greater than that of the present. This is not necessarily a derogatory criticism, for erudition is not everything, and I think the younger generation are more inclined to go straight at the point. Moreover, it was probably the result not so much of the individual talents of the men as of the stuff whereof their ordinary work consisted. In Scotland a very large proportion of the litigated cases depended on the Feudal Law; and the Feudal Law as it had been developed in Scotland by successive generations of lawyers was a very intricate subject which required much study and knowledge.

I am not competent to say whether a like remark could be applied in England to the kindred domain of Real Property Law. England had an earlier commercial development than Scotland.

THE BENCH AND THE BAR

But this at least I can say from my own experience. I have sat in the House of Lords sporadically since 1905, continuously since 1913, and I cannot remember a single occasion on which a Year Book was quoted to me ; yet I have often come across such quotation in reading the older judgments of Lord Blackburn. Moreover, the old Common Law cases which so often, if not always, depended for their point on the particular form of action in question, necessitated a line of study in which I strongly suspect the counsel of to-day are somewhat deficient. I doubt, therefore, whether any member of the Bench or Bar nowadays would claim to be the equal of Blackburn in his knowledge of Common Law, though they might say that Lord Sumner was not far behind him ; I am sure that no member of the Scotch Bench or Bar possesses the intimate knowledge of the Feudal Law possessed by Lord President Inglis. This is not, after all, quite the fault of the individuals. You cannot have complete and masterly knowledge of a subject without continued practice with regard to it. The first period which I have indicated, 1874-91, saw a steady decline in real property cases.

The period from 1891-1905 witnessed the development of one, and the introduction of another, of the most prolific parents of litigation—the Companies Acts and the Workmen's Compensation Acts. I was in the House of Commons when the first of these latter Acts was passed, and I was in charge of such clauses in the Bill as provided for the application of the Act to Scotland. In the Bill, as it was in Committee before Report stage, there was a clause prohibiting a workman from employing a paid lawyer in the proceedings to assess. I put in a clause which allowed him to do so in Scotland and got a wiggling from Mr. Joseph Chamberlain for so doing, and I remember so well how he said that he hoped there would be but little litigation arising out of the measure. On Report he had to give way, it being pointed out that the only result would be that big employers would have a specially trained man against a workman with no forensic experience. But it is a curious instance of how little a man like Mr. Chamberlain, the author of the enormous boon to the working classes which the Workmen's Compensation Acts represent, foresaw what its effect on litigation would be.

Now the introduction of a new and great subject has its effect both on counsel and Judges, and such subjects as those mentioned

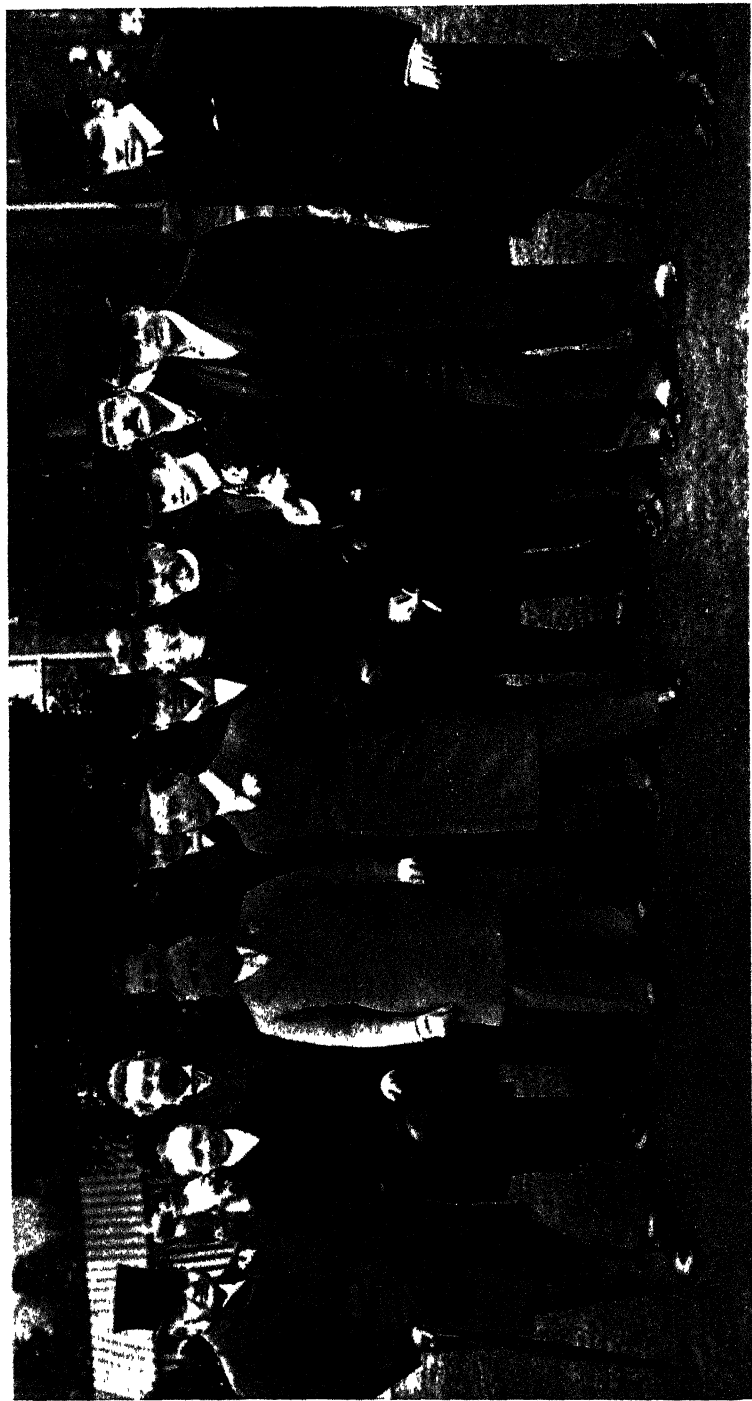
FIFTY YEARS

certainly appealed to a different class of mind from that which found its congenial field in Real Property Law. Of course I do not mean that an able man could not be good at both classes of cases ; but the development to extra excellence will take place in a different kind of man.

I do not wish to indulge in a review of names, but when one mentions Company Law in its inception the name of Lindley will occur to all. Jessel also contributed much to that subject. But there was to my mind this difference between them. No Judge is always right, but Lindley, even if he were wrong, was consistently sound ; Jessel was often brilliant and right, but he was also at times strikingly unsound and wrong. Lord Wrenbury also must needs be mentioned. He afforded an instance of what is comparatively rare, a man who wrote a law book and then was a successful practising counsel in the subject. The early development of workmen's compensation law owed much to Cozens-Hardy. My own time as Lord President roughly coincided with his as Master of the Rolls, and I distinctly remember what a pleasure and encouragement it was to me when he quoted a judgment of mine with approval.

What changes have the fifty years seen in the characteristics of Judges and counsel ? Well, as to Judges, I think there was more striking individuality in the older generation. Going back as before to old names—for I do not propose to discuss any man who is still alive and in the practice of his profession—there is no one like Deas in Scotland or Blackburn in England. Strong individuality is generally associated with peculiarities, and these two showed no exception to the rule. Deas was about the last of the Scotch Judges whose habitual lingo was broad Scotch. He had never been contaminated by an English education like so many of us that followed him. He was a quite first-rate Feudal lawyer and a good Judge in every sense of the word, but he was also deliciously outspoken.

In Scotland the circuit system is not developed as it is in England. It was altogether, and still is almost, confined to criminal work. The very young men at the Bar go on circuit to act as counsel for poor prisoners who have no one to represent them. If a case is important and there are funds available, a more experienced member of the Bar would usually be employed. I remember at my first circuit in Glasgow there was a murder

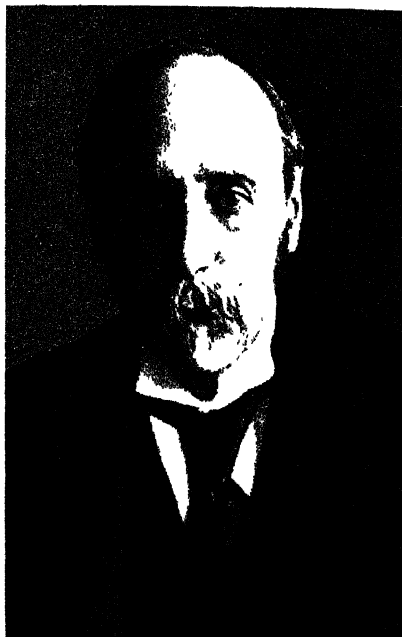


AT STAINES, 1899.

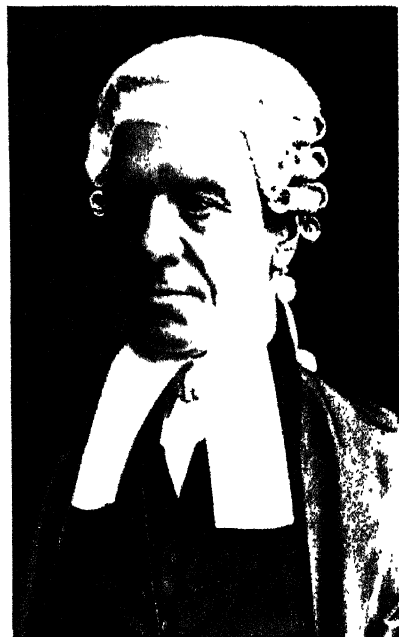
Left to right : Sir Richard Webster, Lord Robertson, Mr. H. C. Richards, Q. C., Sir Edward Clarke, Q. C., Mr. Arthur Gill (behind), Mr. C. F. Gill, Q. C., Mr. (now Sir) Percival Clarke, Mr. William Whately, Sir Douglas Straight, Mr. R. J. Drake, Mr. George Roshier, Mr. Justice Bucknill, and Sir Edward (now Lord) Carson



LORD WRENBURY



LORD MOULTON



MR. JUSTICE HAWKINS, AFTERWARDS LORD
BRAMPTON



LORD HALSBURY
For many years Lord Chancellor

THE BENCH AND THE BAR

case and an old and experienced counsel in that sort of work had been briefed. At dinner (for the Judges generally asked some of the young counsel to dine) Deas turned to us and said, "I hope you young gentlemen took heed of the judeecious way in which Mr. S. conducted his case. He asked nane o' thae silly questions that you do, makin' things waur instead o' better." And he pursued the topic in several sentences, Mr. S. sitting beaming with modest delight. And then suddenly without warning, "To be sure he hanged his client in his speech."

Of Blackburn—whom I look upon as in the quite first rank of Judges, my absolute ideal being Baron Parke—I had my own experience. As a junior of four years' standing I had to open a case in the House of Lords when he was on the Woolsack, the case having been unexpectedly reached, and my leader, Sir Horace Davey, being absent. Our side had the wrong end of the stick, and he bullied me for all he was worth in order to get the case decided before four—it had been called at two. But I kept the wickets up so that Davey might appear next day and take the blame of losing from my shoulders.

It was a violent contrast to a case I had had a few weeks before, when again, owing to Watson's absence in the House of Commons, I had to open. Cairns was on the Woolsack, and the courtesy and kindness with which he treated me—for the case was an intricate one of Feudal law—I shall never forget.

Counsel have not, I think, changed in the same way. I served as a junior to Watson, Herschell, and Davey, but I think I have listened to just as good speeches, and of the same style, made by men who are now alive and on the Bench. Keeping to my rule I will not mention names, but I am glad to be able to add that I think the legitimate succession is well assured by the present Bar.

In venturing to mention speeches which I have heard made by men now on the Bench I shall not be misunderstood as I was by an American lady whom I met at dinner not long ago. She was a newcomer, and wished to know what my job was. I told her, and said I had been at it a long time, and I added that this gave me the unusual experience of sitting with colleagues every one of whom had in past days appeared before me. "How

FIFTY YEARS

interesting," she said, "but I hope not for crime." I hastened to reassure her.

It is obvious from what I have said as to my career that I was not in close touch with either criminal or civil jury practice. There never was enough heavy criminal work in Scotland to allow of anyone making it his speciality ; we had no counterparts to Serjeant Ballantyne or Marshall Hall. As to civil jury cases, naturally as counsel I took part in some of them, and as Lord President I had to try a good many. But here again there was not a sufficiency of this class of case—for civil jury trial is not indigenous to Scotland—to allow of a counsel devoting himself especially to this class of work and achieving a reputation like that of Lord Russell, C.J., Sir Edward Clarke, or Lord Carson. Lord Craigmyle (then Mr. Shaw) was indeed very successful with juries, but only as in one branch of a general practice. But in the art of cross-examination, which is one of the essentials for a great jury counsel, I must mention the name of Alexander Asher, sometime Solicitor-General and Dean of Faculty. He was far above every other man we had, and I have often wished that he could have been pitted against his great English contemporary, Lord Russell. He was a great lawyer in other ways as well, but he was singularly unlucky, and died comparatively early without ever having achieved the position and recognition which he so richly deserved.

There is one other branch of the law whose mention I must not omit—namely, the Parliamentary Bar. The Scottish Courts do not sit between March 20 and May 12, and when I was a junior in large practice and knew most of the solicitors in Scotland I thought it would be good fun to have a brief at the Parliamentary Bar. I secured two. It was the heyday of that Bar. Business was plentiful and the Bar had great leaders. Pope, Pember, Littler, Bidder and Balfour Browne were the chief. I was greatly amused and slightly shocked by the turbulence of the proceedings. Experienced Chairmen, such as the Duke of Westminster, could keep order, but given a weak or inexperienced Chairman—and there were some such—a regular Babel ensued.

I remember one delightful example of outspokenness. Balfour Browne was a most vigorous and able counsel, but he had a very strident voice. Bidder, also able and vigorous, was not an

THE BENCH AND THE BAR

Adonis. They were opposed to each other and were both speaking at once. "Mr. Chairman," shouted Bidder, "would you ask Mr. Balfour Browne to allow me to speak without interruption?—his voice worries me." To which came the immediate retort: "Mr. Chairman, would you ask Mr. Bidder not to keep looking this way?—his face worries me."

I enjoyed my two cases and made many new friends, but I came to the conclusion that I was not suited for the Parliamentary Bar.

I rather think that my fifty years have seen, if not the first appearance, at least the development of a particular class of counsel, to wit the scientific, chiefly occupied in patent cases. These are the counsel with whom it is most difficult for the Bench to keep pace. It is not the rule that a member of the Bench possesses such scientific knowledge of his own as would enable him to decide a certain class of case without instruction from scientific witnesses interpreted by skilful counsel. Lord Moulton was an exception. His brain power was prodigious, and he would, I think, have been placed in the highest rank of Judges had it not been for one grave defect. As soon as a case was opened and he apprehended what the point was—and his apprehension was very quick—he simply could not help turning himself into an advocate for the view which first appealed to him. Such advocacy was embarrassing to his colleagues and very hurtful to final decision.

I think the ideal mind for scientific cases—apt to understand, but entirely unprejudiced by self-conceived ideas—was found in Lord Parker. Indeed, I remember while he was still only a Judge of First Instance that it was jokingly said that the proper way to try a patent case would be to begin it in the House of Lords, then let it go to the Court of Appeal, and then be finally decided by Mr. Justice Parker.

I have restricted these remarks to the personal side of the profession as I saw it. I have not in any way attempted to describe or to evaluate the abilities of the Judges during this period or the contributions which they made to the law. Nor have I said anything as to the many changes in the law which the fifty years have seen. One great change of another sort I witnessed. I remember the Common Law Courts opening off Westminster Hall; and the change to the Strand has, I think, in an insidious

FIFTY YEARS

way rather lessened the gulf between the Chancery and the Common Law Bars.

I would like to add one more remark which I am glad indeed to be able to make. I make it as a Judge. I find no deterioration in the high standard to which I have always been accustomed in the treatment of the Bench by the Bar. This has no reference to personal demeanour or respect, but to what is infinitely more valuable, the feeling that one can trust the statements of counsel ; that they are there to instruct but not to deceive, and that through them the Bench may get at what must always be at the foundation of justice—the truth of the case.



THE OLD LAW COURTS AT WESTMINSTER, PULLED DOWN IN 1882



LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN AT SARATOGA IN 1896

In the back row are Miss M. Russell, and Mr. (afterwards Sir) Charles Russell. In the centre row are Lady Lockwood, Lord and Lady Russell, and Sir Francis Lockwood



NEWSPAPER SELLERS AT LUDGATE CIRCUS IN THE EARLY NINETIES



TRAFFIC CONGESTION AT THE BANK IN THE NINETIES

THE NEW FACE OF THE CITY

BY HARTLEY WITHERS

“**W**HAT a disreputable-looking mob !—must be trippers up for the day.” Such would be the first natural comment of any Rip Van Winkle of the City who visited it to-day after a sleep of fifty years. In the times that he remembered, not only all the principals but every clerk in a bank or insurance company or Stock Exchange office wore in business hours a top-hat, a black tail-coat, a stiff-fronted, stiff-cuffed shirt, with a stiff collar round his neck. Stock Exchange men, it is true, sometimes went about bareheaded, but no one dared to enter the precincts of the House in any but the correct headgear. Anyone who had done so would certainly have been mobbed, and the offending hat would most probably have been kicked about from the Consols market to the Mining corner until it fell to pieces.

In those days even to arrive in the City in anything but the full panoply was bad form. A certain broker was thought to have crossed the line of propriety by coming up to the office on a Saturday in a boating straw hat, though with every intention of covering himself respectably before entering the market-place. Eyes of half-envious astonishment used to follow the first Lord Revelstoke as he daily drove a splendid pair of horses to his office, clad and hatted correctly, but with a short briar pipe between his teeth. Such a thing, it was felt, could be done only by one who was at once a Baring and a peer of the realm.

It is easy to laugh at these Victorian conventions, but they certainly gave the City crowd a much smarter and more dignified appearance than it now wears. The first accepted breach in tailoring etiquette was the short black coat, still surmounted by a tall hat ; it was followed by soft shirts and even soft collars ; and then, when the War came and crashed through so many conventions, any clothes and any hat became possible. Comfort rather than dignity is now the general rule, except in a very limited circle or on very special occasions.

“ And what on earth are all these women doing in the place ? ” would be the next exclamation of the resuscitated visitor. In his time any lady who had to walk through the City was likely to be

FIFTY YEARS

stared at in a manner that was sometimes uncomfortable to Victorian modesty. Now, what the crowd has lost in dignity it has gained in the brightness and variety given it by the many-coloured dresses of the ladies whom stenography and the typewriter have made regular soldiers of the business army. They have gained their place in it by cheapness, punctuality, and a capacity for steady work which old-fashioned grumblers are apt to find lacking in the younger generation of men clerks ; and in this development, which has brightened and civilized life in the City, the Bank of England was one of the pioneers. It is interesting to remember that, when it first introduced its bevy of lady clerks, it appointed a sort of duenna to chaperon them and there was a rule that they should come in to business at a later hour, so that they should not mingle with the crowd of men. Some water has flowed under the bridges since that time.

Besides the changed appearance of the crowd, the external aspect of the City has been altered to a degree that makes it in places almost unrecognizable, by the erection of palatial buildings by the banks, insurance companies, Lloyd's, and other institutions. The Bank of England, which in old times was sometimes mistaken for a prison by reason of its fortress-like exterior—and it had to stand a siege at the time of the Gordon Riots—is now converting itself into a lofty structure towering above the Royal Exchange, that used to dwarf it ; and nothing could more clearly show how the mind of the City has changed as fast as its appearance, than the weird figures that decorate the new front. Fifty years ago they would have been considered preposterous, unworthy of the Bank, perhaps even improper. Even to-day they have caused a break in the solemn silence in which the meetings of the Bank's shareholders are usually conducted.

But the erection of these vast buildings has a much deeper significance than the mere change in the outward appearance of the City. The buildings have grown with the companies and firms that own them. Amalgamations and combinations and working agreements have marshalled the financial army into huge battalions to cope with the growth of the great industrial and commercial units which require credit and accommodation on a scale that the smaller companies and firms of former generations could not have provided. This change has had a certain subtle effect on the life and atmosphere of the place, making it, on the whole, more democratic and giving it a free-and-easiness

THE NEW FACE OF THE CITY

in intercourse which corresponds with its greater carelessness in dress. The big men of to-day have so large a battalion behind them that their power appears to be immensely greater than that of their predecessors. In fact, the battalion is so big that more and more of the work of commanding it has to be done by the company officers, and matters of high policy are more often decided by consultation and committees than by the fiat of a single mind.

An obvious exception to this democratizing tendency is the immense and unprecedented power wielded by the present Governor of the Bank of England, and the extent to which he has imposed its authority over every branch of financial activity. If the visitor who has been supposed to return after a long absence heard that the most powerful issuing houses now respect an embargo laid on foreign loans by the Bank, even when they know that the loan would be taken by New York, which would pocket the issuing commission and then pass the bonds on to London, he would probably describe them as a set of Byzantine degenerates fawning on the hand of a despot. But the City knows better, or thinks that it does ; though one sometimes hears grumbles about too much meddling and control, it is generally recognized that organization, regulation, and control are the order of the day, and that a certain amount of discipline is necessary, especially in the centre that tries to treat its foreign customers with the consideration due from a reasonable and civilized banker.

Apart from this remarkable development of personal authority, delegation and decentralization have necessarily grown with the size of the business unit. The leaders are less accessible, partly owing to the vast size of the establishments in which their businesses are housed, but much more of the detail work is handled by the heads of departments. Exchange brokers with long memories can remember how on Tuesdays and Thursdays in old times the heads of the great Anglo-foreign firms used to be seen in the crowd in the then unroofed Royal Exchange, with an umbrella in one hand and in the other, on wintry days, a candle and a dealing-book, skimming the last sixty-fourth off the price of the foreign bills, which are now dealt in, chiefly over the telephone, by the exchange experts of the companies and firms doing this kind of business.

In the domain of deposit banking—the sort of banking that keeps the public's money—the most momentous change during

FIFTY YEARS

the past half-century has been the practical elimination, by the growth of the joint-stock principle, of the private banker who owned his bank and managed it with his partners. In some ways this process has meant a serious loss to the City. In *Lombard Street*, written in the early seventies, Bagehot gave a description of the London private banker as often representing "a certain union of pecuniary sagacity and educated refinement which was scarcely to be found in any other part of society." Such a banker could "feel pretty sure that all his transactions are sound, and yet have much spare mind. A certain part of his time, and a considerable part of his thoughts, he can readily devote to other pursuits. And a London banker can also have the most intellectual society in the world if he chooses it. There has probably very rarely ever been so happy a position as that of a London private banker."

This figure, thus pleasantly portrayed by a member of his class, has either been absorbed by the joint-stock banks, which have given him a seat on the board, or has joined a great union of private banks, which joint-stocked themselves under the name and leadership of Barclays. As director and useful member of bank committees, he still survives, but his race is rapidly becoming extinct; and it provided the City with a body of prestige and tradition and high ideal that can ill be spared. On the other hand, the private banker had, sometimes, certain qualities which make his disappearance less a matter for regret. Some of them cherished, to a degree that is now almost incredible, a belief that the way in which they made use of their depositors' money was a matter about which no depositor, and still less any outside inquirer, had any right to ask for light. When that fierce old journalistic firebrand, A. J. Wilson, ventured to assert that private bankers, with millions of the public's money in their hands, ought to publish a balance-sheet once a year or so, he was forbidden by one of them ever to enter his premises again.

With that sort of spirit the City can very well dispense; and the fine hereditary and traditional qualities that the best of the private bankers brought to Lombard Street and its neighbourhood are still provided by the members of the great accepting houses and issuing firms, and also by the leaders of the discount market, that curious appanage, so special to London, of our banking system. A seasoned observer of the City and its ways reports, among notable recent changes, a strong tendency among the

THE NEW FACE OF THE CITY

members of the discount market to become, as he phrases it, "more and more West End swells," and to be distinguished in activities outside the range of business life. He notes that they lately included in their ranks several peers, a noted yachtsman, a leading member of the racing world, a crack golfer, an enthusiastic flying man, and a member of the Government.

Such links between East and West, though a novelty among the discount houses, have long been common among the Stock Exchange firms, which naturally found it to their advantage to include in their ranks people who could bring them business from the wealthy inhabitants of Mayfair. That old joke about a West-End connection bringing "distinction without a difference" (referring to a certain slowness in meeting the difference between buying and selling prices to which aristocratic clients were sometimes prone) has turned up in every slump from the Kaffir collapse at the end of last century to the Hatry tumble in 1929. And the Stock Exchange has always been remarkable for the versatility of its denizens and for the large number of them who are prominent in sport and politics and all kinds of social and charitable activities.

In general, it may be said that, in spite of the vanishing of the private banker, with his leisure and educated refinement, the outlook of the City has been widened by recent changes. The old complaint against our joint-stock bankers, that their horizon was bounded by the needs and circumstances of their domestic customers, was always an exaggeration and is a thing of the past, now that a large part of the business in foreign exchange has been taken over by them since the War.

Among minor changes which have made a great difference to the rank and file of the financial army may be mentioned the growth in number of the tea-shops and light caterers, accompanied by the vanishing of many of the old eating-houses, partly owing to the spread of the great new office buildings which have crowded them out. On the whole all the City community eats much more lightly than it did, and its drink bill (at least for alcohol) has dwindled almost to zero. Time was when a big deal on the Stock Exchange was followed, as a matter of course, by at least the offer of a drink by the jobber to the broker who had brought him the business. Now a bottle of wine seen on the luncheon table of the City University Club, when a member was entertaining a foreign guest, was lately a cause of astonishment to a

FIFTY YEARS

humorist, who pretended that he had never seen such a thing before.

But the decreased number of eating-houses, which makes the finding of anything like a solid meal a matter of some difficulty at the most popular hour, has been accompanied by a great extension of the practice of providing lunches for the staff on the premises of the big companies and firms. This system abolishes the break and change, given by the need to sally out and feed ; but it means that the staffs are better and more cheaply fed. In every respect, in pay and hours and in better accommodation and ventilation, their conditions have been immensely improved, though, on the other hand, the process of mechanization of clerical work has tended to thin their numbers and make their occupation more a matter of dull routine.

Generally speaking, the City, though it looks so different, is just the same as it always was. Now, as all through the past half-century, its chief characteristics are adaptability and fair dealing. It was not the British sovereign that gave it its old prestige, but the men who handled the sovereign. They were not, perhaps, as clever and quick as some of their rivals, but they were, pre-eminently, prompt and trustworthy, and their word was as good as their bond. Such men are their modern descendants, with an added camaraderie and spirit of co-operation and mutual helpfulness which is, so foreign observers tell one, in marked contrast with the little jealousies that mark the course of business on the Continent.

THE OLD CIVIL SERVICE

BY SIR STANLEY LEATHES

FIFTY years ago the British Civil Service was well started in its honourable career. In or about the period 1850-70 the cynical indifference to efficiency in administration and the frank dishonesty of public patronage, which characterize the eighteenth century (though in many ways it was so admirable), gave place to an austere demand for impartial selection of the best to assist our statesmen and lawgivers in the performance of their duties. Decade by decade those duties had become more onerous as population and wealth increased. The responsibilities of Great Britain throughout the world not only grew constantly in magnitude and extension, but came to be more seriously regarded. The comfortable maxim of *laissez faire* was not indeed abandoned, but its validity was already questioned and its easy optimism was out of tune with the spirit of the times.

The great dates of Civil Service reform are : 1853, when Sir Charles Trevelyan and Stafford Northcote, at the invitation of Gladstone, produced their report recommending competitive examination for the selection of Home Civil servants ; 1854, when Lord Macaulay reported to the same effect with regard to the Civil Service of India ; 1855, when Civil Service Commissioners were first appointed to test the qualifications of entrants to the Service ; 1858, when the certificate of those Commissioners was made a condition for pension rights ; 1859, when open competition was prescribed by Act of Parliament for the selection of Indian Civil servants ; and 1870, when the Civil Service Commission was reconstituted and its authority extended to the great mass of appointments throughout the whole of the Home Civil Service. Those were the dates and those names are the four great names.

The Civil Service leads a secluded life. Its operations are not showy, its adventures are not romantic ; its virtues have little news value, its defects and offences (if any) are taken for granted as part of our normal affliction. It is therefore not surprising that the Civil Service, so far as I am aware, has seldom attracted the notice of our masters and mistresses of fiction. But Anthony

FIFTY YEARS

Trollope's novel, *The Three Clerks*, published in 1858, is interesting, not only as a rarity, but because it shows how the movement for reform was regarded by a somewhat cynical and sceptical officer of the Post Office. The examinations, which were then being methodized, are held up to contempt. Sir Gregory Hardlines was a satirical portrait of Sir Charles Trevelyan, as Trollope imagined him to be before he had met him. Later Trollope and his victim became friends and laughed together over the wit that had missed its mark. But Mr. Jobbles, the arch-examiner of the day, is a type that may well have been drawn from life. For many years he "had been examining undergraduates for littlegoes and greatgoes and had passed his life in putting posing questions, in detecting ignorance by *viva voce* scrutiny, and eliciting learning by printed papers." He "wanted to crush all patronage at a blow." He was "enthusiastically intent on examining the whole adult population of Great Britain, and had gone so far as to hint that female competitors might be made subject to his rule and compass." Anthony would have been surprised if he had lived to see how nearly Mr. Jobbles and others like him have succeeded in their fell emprise.

Before 1855, as the Playfair Commission says, "appointments of clerks in the Civil Service were a matter of patronage. There was no attempt to separate superior from inferior work, or to pay according to merit and value." But when I was up and about and beginning to take notice of such things, the scheme of 1870 was coming into full working order. Richmond Ritchie, my kind fag-master at school, was successful for the India Office in 1877. Before his untimely death we met again when he had been made Permanent Under-Secretary of State. My friend, Lord Chalmers, must have been successful soon after I left school. Among my closer contemporaries Sir Thomas Heath, Sir Laurence Guillemard, Sir Henry Babington-Smith, came in during the eighties, and all rose to high eminence. But I feel sure that in my days the attention of "bright young things" at the University was not so closely directed to the Civil Service as it is now. In fact, I remember asking Laurence Guillemard who and what and why the Civil Service Commissioners were, when I was already too old to compete had I wished to do so.

After Gladstone's Order in Council of 1870 had fixed the recruitment of the Civil Service on lines which are still observed, two Royal Commissions sat. The Playfair Commission, 1874-7,

THE OLD CIVIL SERVICE

established the two divisions—Upper and Lower—which continued to be the mainstays of the Service well into the twentieth century. The Ridley Commission, which reported in 1887, is chiefly noteworthy as having endeavoured to set up a firmer Treasury control on the Civil Service in general. Robert Lowe had said that you could not invest one Department of the Government with the power to control the others.

Nevertheless the attempt was made, and culminated in the Order in Council of 1919, which constituted the Permanent Secretary of the Treasury head of his Majesty's Civil Service. Since the Treasury has to present to the Chancellor of the Exchequer the estimates of each department, and has the power to criticize them, and, in effect, to approve them before they are presented, the ultimate issue of this controversy was certain. The control of the Treasury, in the days of stern economy, was chiefly confined to saying "No"; their phraseology was varied and had a certain charm: "My Lords are not convinced . . ." "My Lords cannot entertain the proposition . . ." "My Lords are surprised . . ." "Their Lordships view with alarm . . ." "fail to understand . . ." "are unable to conceive . . ." The mouthpiece of their Lordships had a hundred pretty turns of speech, but each of them barred the way, firmly, if not contemptuously.

When the days of profusion began about 1909, under the impetus of Mr. Lloyd George, "No" had still sometimes to be said, but the Treasury was understaffed, and the details of the multifarious plans for national beneficence could not be adequately examined and weighed. After the War the Treasury staff was doubled, and, if the day of negatives is now once more at hand, one may be sure that eager Ministers and heads of Departments will get a carefully reasoned answer. But already before the War questions between the Departments and the Treasury were being discussed informally, by semi-official letters, by talks between man and man, by telephone, or even at the club. The solemn official letter was only needed to register an agreement and to be passed to "Records."

One of the most interesting changes that have occurred within my time has been that high appointments in the Civil Service have been almost restricted to the regulars, and Ministers' personal private secretaries can no longer look forward to much patronage. Lord Kilbracken (Sir Arthur Godley), whose

FIFTY YEARS

memoirs we have all been reading, came into the Service at the top after proving his quality as private secretary to Mr. Gladstone. Lord Milner was, I think, the last of this class. He was private secretary to Mr. Goschen in 1887, was sent to Egypt in 1889, and in 1892 he was made Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue. The rest of his brilliant career is well known. I myself, in 1889, had the firm offer to become private secretary to Mr. W. H. Smith, when he was First Lord of the Treasury and Leader of the House of Commons. I was greatly attracted, but declined, being well advised, as I believe, especially in view of Mr. Smith's lamented death two years later.

Of course, private secretaries allotted to Ministers from among Civil servants have great opportunities of making their value known, and escape the deadening routine that all must feel at times, if they are not numbed thereby. Such relations can be very friendly and intimate, almost filial. Sir William Harcourt was a difficult man ; he was the scourge of Prime Ministers ; but you may read in his life how he impressed one of his private secretaries ; Sir Laurence Guillemard's little study is worth quoting. " I remember that, quite in my early days, I was given a bit of work to do that was important and had to be done in a hurry. I sat up most of the night, and . . . the next morning came into his room . . . tired but happy and expecting to have my head patted. Directly I got past the door I saw that the storm-cone was hoisted. We began going through the papers, and at last came to the memorandum at which I had worked so hard. He took it up, and read bits of it. Then followed a series of noises which I had learnt to associate with disapproval, and at last he tossed the paper at me, saying : ' A very slovenly bit of work ; you cannot have taken any trouble about it.' . . . Like the Psalmist, my heart was hot within me, and at last I spoke with my tongue. . . . Suddenly I realized to my horror that I was actually scolding my chief—this terrible man of whose temper I had heard so much. The fountain of my eloquence was dried up, and I stole a look at him expecting to be dismissed on the spot. And what did I see ? A sort of benevolent uncle with shaking chins and amused eyes. ' Never lose your temper, my young friend,' he said ; ' you will no doubt have observed that I never lose mine. When you are in a calmer mood you shall explain your memorandum to me. It may not be so bad after all. Meanwhile let us pass on.' "

THE OLD CIVIL SERVICE

There have been a few high appointments from outside in the last twenty years, some of them quite successful, but the tendency is towards a closed Service except so far as experts are concerned. On the other hand, Governorships and other appointments, such as were formerly reserved for noblemen and the like, have been more frequently given of late to Civil servants. And some of our best men have gone into business, which is good, I hope, for business, and at any rate relieves the congestion at the top of the Service. On the whole the range of prospects has been greatly improved for the Administrative Class; meanwhile, also, promotion all through the Civil Service has been made far more free. The War proved how much good talent was running to waste in the lower ranks. The main attractions of the Civil Service are security of tenure and pension after retirement; those advantages are inconsistent with an abundance of rich prizes.

Hours are long nowadays, especially for the Administrative Class, who have to work until their urgent tasks are done. I have worked in an office where the Board often sat till ten o'clock at night, and the chief frequently did not go home till two o'clock in the morning. In the early eighties life was not so strenuous. Friends of mine tell me that in a certain office a game of whist could then always be had in the afternoon. The Ridley Report recommends with hesitation that a seven-hour day should be fixed for the Lower Division and six hours for the Upper Division. Even Trollope's Mr. Neverbend was content with ten o'clock till four.

Let me conclude with a few trifles which may be of interest. Women were first introduced into the Post Office in 1881, no doubt for counter duty, and perhaps for sorting work. Female typists were not introduced until 1894. Female shorthand-typists were not recruited as a class until 1908. Now women are eligible for all ordinary grades, and enter for the most part by the same competitions as men. It is said that there are 70,000 women in the Civil Service, but such figures are difficult to verify.

Copying was done for Departments at the Civil Service Commission until 1902, also law-writing and map-making. From early times there was a class of men copyists, reinforced by boy copyists, who worked by the job. Many will remember the scandal in 1878, when the British Secret Agreement with Russia, and later the Secret Treaty with Turkey, became known through

FIFTY YEARS

the carelessness or corruption of copyists working at 10*d.* an hour. Ministers used to write their own letters and copy them themselves. On the other hand, my friends who were working in the Upper Division of the Civil Service during the eighties tell me that they were often set to dreary copying work day after day. Not until many years later were papers systematically filed and indexed, at least in most of the Departments ; the task of consulting the records was dirty, dusty, tedious, harassing, and uncertain. There was no telephone in my own office until 1904. Nowadays a large proportion of business is done by telephone and confirmed afterwards by letter if necessary.

Nothing perhaps is more remarkable in the modern development of the Civil Service than the recruitment of technical officers of all kinds. Trained lawyers must always have been enlisted by some means ; indeed, I myself have known some who entered as lawyers and ended up as heads of Departments. Now we have platoons of doctors, engineers (civil and mechanical), architects, accountants, surveyors, chemists, geologists, biologists—in short, every type of expert. Fortunately we have ceased to try to recruit them by open competitive examination ; common-sense methods are good enough, or better, especially since heads of Departments are not anxious to be advised by inexpert experts.

It is a long way back to the days of Trollope and Trevelyan ; still farther back to the days of Chadwick and his Local Government Board. We have made some progress, though we have more to make, and we certainly have bad times before us. When last I visited North America I came into touch with hundreds of Civil Service Commissioners, though we are satisfied with three. They asked me for our secret. I could only say : “ Good will, good faith, good sense, and good luck ; above all, since we serve a democracy, good luck.” May we continue to deserve our good luck !

THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE

BY SIR WALTER R. LAWRENCE, BT.

I LOOK down over the sunny, sloping meadows to the point where the Wye joins the silver Severn sea, and the world seems asleep and at peace. But there is no peace for me, waiting week after week for the news. At last I hear the sound I long for, yet dread, the clatter of the groom riding fast up the drive. He hands me a telegram and says with a smile "Hikes," for so he pronounces the letters after my name, H.E.I.C.S., covenanted Civil servant, competition-wallah ! How buttressed I felt !

Later I am told that I am worth £300 a year dead or alive. I do not like that cold word "dead" ; but such was our ignorance of the conditions of India that many of my older relations for the two years I was to linger on in English life seemed to humour me, as they used to humour the fatted stripling in the East, chosen as a sacrifice to the gods. Then two years at Oxford, years of leisure after one year's intensive toil, were very happy, but not happier than those which followed—the last years of the glorious rule of the Queen Empress of India. I am a Victorian and optimist enough to see that our country is not much worse than it was when I was young. And I also know that in those pre-petrol days life was good, full, and beautiful.

Like most youths of a large Victorian family, I was always wanting something. I was one of the conscript army of ineligibles, of detrimentals. I counted £300 a year as wealth. I was inflated. Money for younger sons was scarce, and it was not easy to be independent. It was a wise principle of the Victorian parent to be careful with his doles, for it encouraged his sons to go far afield. But with the sole exception of my eldest brother, who went to India with his regiment in the Mutiny, none of my many brethren had gone abroad. And all that I learnt from my eldest brother was that India was hot, very hot at Lucknow. It seems strange now that no one told me anything about India, though I met some who had been there. But it is difficult to give any idea of India away from the sun, the smells of spices, flowering trees, and the warm earth : away from the colours and the sounds, and, above all, away from the language, quaint

FIFTY YEARS

names, and cunning idioms of that mysterious and fascinating land.

Dr. Jowett at Balliol took a real interest in India. He once asked me in his sudden way whether I had any ideas as to the work which lay before me. I had none, but I had recently read, in one of the few books on India then available, of sanitation, and I said I thought that might prove a useful line. The Master approved. It was almost prophetic, for one of my first tasks was the cleansing of the dark, Augean lanes of Lahore city, deep in festering filth. I learnt something of caste, something of the life and strange professions of a large Indian city, and much of the lack of co-operation, even in the face of imminent pestilence. I had many tasks. There was the Municipal Committee, and the District Committee, and the Zoological Gardens of Lahore. I had also to look after the beautiful Mughal gardens near Lahore, where I spent as much time as I could spare, talking to old men, venerable Sikhs who had been with Ranjit Singh, the Lion of the Punjab ; old courtly Moslems, some exiles from Kabul, delightful old men, full of love and fear of the Lion. They told me quaint stories, and sometimes would pause, as though they would tell me more were I not so young and inexperienced in the ways of Oriental Courts. Like the fishermen who love and fear the sea, all Orientals love and fear personal power.

It would have been better for us to have walked more in those exquisite gardens, listening to those wise old Indians, and sat less in the murky Magistrates' Court hearing dreary and monotonous inaccuracies. The soul of India is not in the great cities and the Law Courts ; but rather in the villages, or in such places as that garden near Lahore, the dream of an Emperor at night. Velvet-black are the nights in Shalimar, but the glow of the countless little lamps—foolish virgins' lamps—and the flickering smoke, turned the marble palace into warm gold, gilded the silver fall of the innumerable fountains, and all to the tinkling of water running drowsily. Such stories they tell, confused and fanciful as dreams ; tales of demons and snake gods, and often the story would end " the place where the man hid when the demon rushed out of the cave, can still be seen, so this proves that the story is true."

In those days town planning was not in men's minds ; but we were unconscious town-planners ; for the great game was to push out by night the little plinth in front of one's shop, and see

THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE

whether anyone would notice the encroachment. It was hard to disbelieve the man who swore that it was an ancient building. But the lane must not be blocked ; and the Chibutra had to be pushed back. My companion, Nur Din, rough-rider, on his prancing painted horse, had an eye for faked antiques. A gallant figure in his bright dress, flashing with little chains which looked like gold, and turban of dark blue silk, stiff with gold embroidery. Once I was on an elephant, a real town-planner. He would waltz round and sweep away not only the plinth, but the thatched veranda, and sometimes the crazy wall of the shop. The fatalist merchant would merely say, "Wah wah," for my lord the elephant was a chartered libertine. It was all a game, and in the glare of the sun and the buzz of the flies, busy on the sweetmeat stalls, and busy in the black liquid in the open saucer drains, if one smiled and kept one's temper, it was a game full of moves.

But the relief to march out with one's slender camel caravan to the more natural and kindly villages, enisled in a great sea of waving crops ; to sit by the groaning music of the Persian wheel, bringing up the precious water in earthen cups ; to sit and talk to the greybeards under the religious fig-tree, and learn the real purpose of man and of life. Slowly from one village to another, all self-contained, alike and so unlike, but all with one object, the harvest and the food for the family. Always taking notes, for "half a word fixed upon or near the spot is worth a cartload of recollection" ; always comparing and always wondering what would happen if the rains came not in due season. Noting the ways of the bad landlord and of the slim tenant, and always finding that truth waxed in the open air in the villages, just as it waned in the murk of the cities.

Slow ! It was slow in the Victorian time, for three to four months riding through the villages ; and as we rode, others would join our cavalcade, yeomen of the country, and never an official save Shahji, a genial, burly Mughal, mounted on a horse befitting his stature. He taught me my work, covering my blunders with blunt courtesy. He capped every anecdote, and, free spender as he was, gave many a feast of a sheep, with ample rice and sugar. The cavalcade grew in size—we were the best of district committees. For these men knew the country and knew what the people wanted—just to be let alone. They would tell me of some local bandit, usually a Robin Hood, out for a better disposition of other people's wealth. But they always

FIFTY YEARS

disapproved and said he was dangerous and had become *be-khauf* (without fear), an evil portent in India. These men riding with me, whose families stock the regiments of the Indian Army, knew the danger to their homes when a young man became *be-khauf*.

So we rode on, in single file when the crops were tumbling over the track, or in open line when the country was waste ; and one day as we rode, happily talking, suddenly we came on the railway and reined up as the train rattled by. The English passengers waved their hands, and I raised my battered sun helmet ; the train passed, and we crossed the line. But the talk ceased, the charm was snapped, and old Shahji edged up on his horse, pointed to the dust of the train and said, " There goes your caste." For we were a caste. We married and we ate in our own caste. What else ? The other 60,000,000 untouchables live on the skirt of the towns, or the fringe of the villages, but we lived farther away in the Sudder Station, or in the Cantonment, if we were of the Army. It was inevitable that we, a few thousands, should come under the compelling influence, the mass osmosis of the many millions always within our sight and hearing. It was natural that we should absorb something of the spirit of the East. Once an Indian friend, Mr. Malabari, of the *Indian Spectator*, said to me, " If all the millions of India blew one breath together, they could get you out of the country," and the power of one-fifth of the world's populace exerted in unison could move mountains.

I used to hear of India being " Anglicized " ; but in my experience it was rather the other way. It was we who were being Indianized. I never met an Anglicized Indian. I saw and knew many who spoke and dressed like Englishmen ; but they will never be English. They have too much to lose and to leave, and the ancestral mortmain grips them. It would be far easier for the detached Englishman to become Indian. For we went to India at a most plastic and impressionable age, and for our first years we were in the hands of the most charming and courteous of teachers. I went through the hands of more than one Shahji. I am certain that, while I did nothing to Anglicize them, they did much to Indianize me. And it was caste, that great conserving force of India, the caste that went by in that train, that kept me English. The rules of our caste were three—and I had them burnt into my young mind in 1879—Work hard, Keep English, Keep faith with the Indians.

THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE

What a "griffin" I was when I first arrived in Lahore ! How cold it was morning and night ; how dreary the dusty tamarisk-trees by the roadside when I went calling on the European residents, dropping cards into the white tin "Not at home" boxes by the gate, or being ushered into the *gol kamara* by the hostile tailor, who sat sewing in the veranda, bit his cotton viciously, and looked superciliously at the stranger ! And then how warm was the welcome, and how generous the hospitality in those Victorian days, very frugal days. Days of mutton-clubs and tinned foods. They said in the bazaar that the Queen and the magnates in London lived on tinned foods, and when we had guests the cook would open with a flourish some ancient tins of lobster or whitebait. We never seemed to suffer from ptomaine poisoning, though I remember sudden deaths from Bombay oysters. We all knew one another's pay—the Indians knew it, too—and this discouraged display. The amazing frugality, not only of our own means, but also of the means of Government, compared with the tremendous issues involved in our work was to me a daily marvel. For our chief work was the now discredited business of law and order and the saving of the peasantry from extortion and oppression. I wish we could have spent more on agriculture and technical schools.

I remember those calls and the wistful look in some of the faces of old ladies who had gone through the Mutiny—a kind of fey look. "So you like India ? Ah ! you ought to have seen it before the Mutiny. It will never be the same again." They were a noble school ; had gone through tribulation, had looked to the mountains, and remembered faithfully whence help had come.

What blunders I made ! When Imam Khan came to proffer his services as valet, butler, and cook I offered him a chair and suggested—I was fond of colour then—that he might don a turban of pink or blue. How courteously he set me right ! He was the best of henchmen, and I never wanted a meal or a bed when Imam Khan was with me. A whitewashed room, relieved by stains of oil and rain around the hole through which the punkah rope squeaked ; a whitewashed ceiling cloth where rats and snakes, bats and birds held unholy revels at midnight. No furniture. Who wanted furniture in that spacious caravaning life ? Just camel or mule trunks of rough country leather. Just a pallet, a chair, and a brass basin ; and in the adjoining bath-

FIFTY YEARS

room a half-cask for a bath in the cold weather, and when the hot weather came on Imam Khan, or his deputy, would pour over me water from earthen vessels.

Imam Khan was from Delhi and spoke the purest Urdu. It was a delight to listen to him. His pay was small, based on my pay, which also was small. He was a very religious man, of high rank among Moslems. We called them Muhammedans, but Moslem is shorter and less Victorian. I was told by many Indian friends that the possession of such a follower counted to me for righteousness. But in the long talks I had with Imam Khan religion was never mentioned, and the word "woman" never uttered. So it was always. We never talked about the great subjects which count most in India—woman and religion. We shut them out, as a child shuts out the darkness with the counterpane.

There was no respite or nepenthe. Wherever we met together the talk was of work : while the people regarded Administration much as the Rajas regarded the dance—as something to be done for them. They never let us idle or sit out.

There were peoples in Hindustan
And I was their hired slave.

But it was a splendid happy slavery. Always frugal, nothing was wasted. At dinner-parties every lady brought her music, and we all did our best. Albums were appreciated. There was lawn tennis, talk by the bandstand in the Company Bagh, and dancing in the hall before dinner. No theatres, concerts, or picture galleries ; no dentists ; but we did without them, and found our compensation in work. It permeated our being : it was ineluctable. It was rather like a prison yard, but just as once in the Peshawar Gaol the Superintendent silenced some grumbling prisoners by threatening to turn them out, so we none of us wanted to be set free. It was a life stripped to stark nakedness of body and soul, for we knew and had tried our yoke-fellows' tempers, weakness, and capacities, the judgment passed on each being almost as open and certainly as brutal as that of schoolboys' nicknames, witty and revealing.

And above us was the Barra Sahib, the Head of the District, omniscient, untiring, and self-sacrificing. He knew that the whole machine would crash if weaklings touched it. So we had to work and fit ourselves for the great endeavour. If he ever



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S TOUR TO INDIA, 1875-6. A GROUP TAKEN AT THE RECEPTION TO THE PRINCE AT AGRA.

The group includes : The Prince of Wales, Miss Evelyn Foster (sister of Mrs. Plowden), Mrs. Trevor Plowden, Lady Strachey, Miss Mabel Hatch (afterwards Mrs. George Batten), Lady Colley (wife of Sir George Colley), Sir Allen Johnson, Molley and Jenny Strachey, Mr. Trevor Plowden, Sir John Strachey, Lieut. E. Rose, 10th Hussars, Colonel Henderson (Interpreter), Dr. Fayer, Sir Dighton Probyn, Canon Duckworth, Mr. William Kaye, I.C.S., General Sam Browne, and Mrs. Kaye



A GAME OF WHIST AT SIMLA IN THE MIDDLE EIGHTIES

Left to right J. O'B. Saunders (editor and proprietor of the *Englishman*, Calcutta), Sir Edward Buck (Revenue Secretary), his nephew Sir Edward J. Buck, and Sir Charles James Lyall



A PERFORMANCE OF AULD ROBIN GRAY IN TABLEAUX VIVANTS AT SIMLA IN 1881

Left to right : Colonel Gorry, Editor of the *Civil and Military Gazette*, Lahore ; Mrs. Davies, Major Eustace ; Mrs. Lockwood Kipling (mother of Mr. Rudyard Kipling) ; and Captain Massey



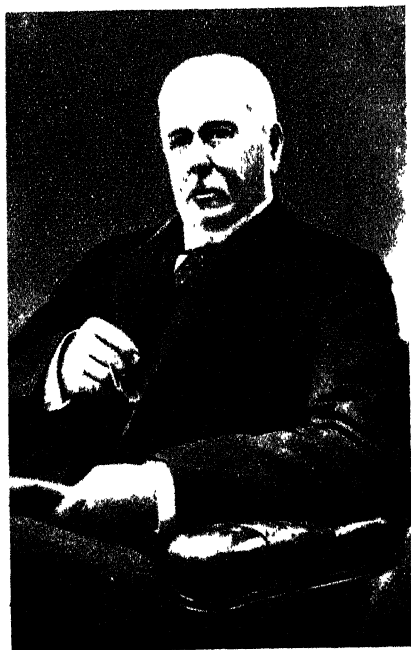
GOVERNMENT HOUSE, LAHORE, 1882

Sir Robert Egerton, Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, is seated in the verandah, surrounded by his staff. On the right is the camel-carriage of the Lieutenant-Governor



A GARDEN PARTY AT GULMARG, KASHMIR, 1902

Lady Curzon, wife of the then Viceroy, is seated with His Highness, the late Maharajah, Partab Singh. His brother, General Sir Amar Singh, father of the present Maharajah, Sir Hari Singh (the little boy near Lady Curzon), is standing behind with Sir Louis Dane, the British Resident in Kashmir



SIR PATRICK MANSON



LORD LISTER



LORD LISTER AT KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL, 1891

THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE

had time to think, he must have known that his task was becoming too heavy. But in those days he had the Government behind him. I have been a small cog in the machine ; have stood in the engine room ; and in the last days of Queen Victoria I was a fly on the driving-wheel when it drove its fastest. But even I could see that the business was becoming too complex and too exacting for the District Officer, and that the craze of the Government for centralization, uniformity, and statistics would shackle the man on whom all depends. If he lost personal touch with the people of the district, then all was lost. This may sound "Victorian." May I cite in support Sir John Simon, up to date and unprejudiced ?

Looking back it seems a divine drudgery, and we all felt that the work was good. We were proud of it ; we were knights-errant, never knowing what our next errand might be. And above all, at the back of our minds, was the thought that we were servants of the Queen, who loved India. It was no idle toast—"The Queen Empress, God bless her" ; and the National Anthem raised the same emotion in us as "Home, sweet Home." Home and country, the green turf, the hedgerows and the white clouds caressing the blue sky. Not only did we bless her, but the Indians of all degrees loved and venerated her. I shall never forget their mourning when she passed. All went very well in the Victorian days. Silver, in which rich and poor alike invested their savings, kept fairly stable. Famine and pestilence were met bravely and successfully, and India's credit stood high in the world. And we strove hard that no one should take more from the villages than the fixed land revenue.

In India it is all a question of pace. The pace of the villagers was the pace of the plough oxen, and in the Victorian days we kept in step with them. Is the day coming when we shall speed along the alien highroad in a cloud of dust, while our old friends and their buffaloes ruminate from afar, and the delegate from the city mutters, "There goes your gram-fed sahib, what does he care for you?" The pace was slow but sure. The pace has quickened now. Are we sure and are the villagers sure? For they are the deep, true sea of India, the cities the foam on its shores.

THE ADVANCES IN MEDICINE

BY SIR SQUIRE SPRIGGE

LOOKING back at the medical profession in the early eighties the simplicity of all the circumstances seems wonderful. The medical curriculum was only of four years' duration and had a few years previously been one year shorter ; the entrance by apprenticeship, though falling into abeyance, still lingered ; physiology had but recently been introduced as a compulsory subject into the schedules of pass-examinations ; in addition to the Royal Colleges and the Societies of Apothecaries there were only four universities in England where a medical degree could be obtained.

Qualified men were sharply divided into consultants and general practitioners ; and consultants were themselves for the most part general in the scope of their work. Gynæcologists, oculists, and aurists were recognized as specialists, and anæsthetists were beginning to appear as whole-time co-operators. The consultants conformed, or were expected to conform, to an unwritten law that they should advise patients through the medium of general practitioners, and as a rule they were members of a voluntary hospital staff.

The general practitioners in the countryside were a prosperous body, for if fees were low so were expenses. They were competent up to a high level in response to a strict if simple training ; and they were to a remarkable extent the friends and confidants of their patients. The substantial patients were permanent residents, and the facilities of transport were such that the doctor in a neighbourhood was necessarily its medical adviser, and was perhaps too ready to attribute to personal qualities a position due to propinquity. His poorer patients were treated upon a contract basis through clubs which he managed himself, and the truly charitable side of these institutions was still apparent, though here a change was manifesting itself. The agricultural activity made the proportion of urban general practitioners much smaller, and whereas the country doctors formed a fairly homogeneous class the town doctors fell to be divided into those attending the prosperous and those attending the poor.

THE ADVANCES IN MEDICINE

The leading urban practitioners became the consultants for their locality ; fifty years ago the seniors upon the hospital staffs had very usually been in general practice in the city. The medical attendance upon the poor in all the cities was bad, and its organization by laymen into clubs, while it relieved the out-patient department of hospitals, was characterized by many things the existence of which some years later furnished an important argument for the introduction of National Health Insurance. In both town and country, mainly for attendance on the poor, a class of unqualified assistants had grown up whose employment was so common that its immorality escaped attention.

They were assumed to aid their principals in the manner of the now nearly obsolete apprentices, but while an apprentice worked under the master's eye, the unqualified assistant frequently took independent charge of departments of the practice, especially of the dispensing, the medical club, and the maternity cases. In these they co-operated with midwives, who themselves had undergone no training, and the scandalous situation led to the passage in 1902 of the Midwives Act.

Many of these unqualified assistants had attempted, but failed, to enter the medical profession, and were bringing such training as they had received to the only market where it was saleable, and their salaries were accordingly low. In the country districts their services were highly prized by the humbler patients, whose needs they met fairly well, but in the towns the system under which they were engaged permitted sad abuses. Here their irregular equipment was quite concealed, and unscrupulous practitioners employed them in multiple surgeries to the detriment of good medicine as well as in unfair competition with their qualified colleagues. This procedure, under the name of "covering," became a professional offence in the eyes of the General Medical Council in 1897.

The hospitals were beginning to feel the strain which during the whole succeeding period has been so painfully obvious. The conception that the well-to-do, in proportion to their means, should support these charitable institutions in behalf of the sick poor was unaltered, but already the class which financed the hospitals was feeling the burden of growing taxation. At the same time an increasing demand was made upon hospital service, as it became clear that poverty could not be the only claim that should be recognized by progressive science, while the

FIFTY YEARS

expenses of upkeep had begun to rise in response to that progress. Public health administration was represented by a small though very able group of Local Government Board officials and a handful of medical officers of health in the large centres ; for the rest the work was done by the general practitioners in such time as they could spare and often in return for what may be described as a little pocket-money.

On the whole a peaceful picture, whose more discordant features could be excused by recalling the authoritative statement that "ye have the poor with you always," and this complacent attitude was over-adopted. But the life of the doctor, always one of intense interest in itself, compared well materially with that of others similarly placed in society, and the main body of the profession seemed hardly aware of those great changes which had already begun. The public was indifferent to them. Yet it was a time of great expectations.

Lister's first description of his technique for the treatment of septic injuries was printed in the *Lancet* in June, 1867, and his last published paper appeared there in 1908, after he had retired from practice. This was in the form of a letter, dated 1895, giving advice to a practitioner upon the treatment of an old fracture of the knee-cap. The manuscript of this paper, or of one published shortly before, he brought himself after the habit of days gone by, when authors carried their contributions to the office, in case editors should wish to ask questions or add instructions.

It was my fortune to receive him, and I can recall that he explained points in his paper as though he were justifying its insertion. He had no idea of the awful interest with which I was regarding him ; while he was absolutely alive to the great things happening in the surgical world, he seemed unwitting that other things had changed. He asked when it would be convenient to correct the proof and hoped it would not be troublesome to send it, and said that it had been usual for him to go directly up to the printer for the purpose. He was back in a world where telephones were not, posts were less frequent, and secretaries little employed ; the amenities of living had been accepted passively, while the war against its main tragedy had been carried on without break and without loss of enthusiasm.

To go back to 1882, after fifteen years during which technical

THE ADVANCES IN MEDICINE

processes were added, dropped, or assorted, as wide trial counselled, the whole of surgery was being not so much modified as revolutionized. And yet the doctrines were in their infancy ; even Lister himself never performed any major abdominal operations under the encouragement of his own discovery, and education at the hospitals was largely in the hands of men, Lister's contemporaries, who, while subscribing to his teaching, knew little of the work upon which it was founded and were embarrassed by the new technique. Many of these seniors inclined to the view that the wisdom acquired in their training and through their experience would have to last them for their time. But a different example was set at certain advanced centres, and a levelling up of the educational curriculum occurred as the teaching fell more into the hands of men who had themselves been bred under the new knowledge. Then an outburst of surgical achievement followed. The young men recognized the vistas opened up, and we had abdominal, cerebral, and thoracic surgery.

For some time abdominal operations and operations for hernia and for the radical removal of malignant growths formed a large part of routine and even advanced surgery, and although appendicitis furnished most of the calls for interference, a great extension took place in connection with gastric and duodenal ulceration, and in the range of the obstetric surgeon's activities. All this surgery, as its scope expanded, was marked by much bold technical invention ; the ingenuity of leading operators was notable, and many conditions hitherto fatal were relieved. Those specially versed in neurological problems saw the possibilities that might lie in the opening of the skull and spine, generally for the eradication of tumours in the brain and meninges, and soon, in spite of elaborate difficulties, opportunities for useful treatment offered. This work was assisted to an unlimited extent by the findings of the ophthalmoscope.

So far back as 1851 Helmholtz, one of the greatest physicists of his own or indeed of any day, had invented the instrument which enabled a magnified view to be obtained of the interior of the eye by the light reflected back from it. Ophthalmoscopy became of supreme significance to all clinicians and an indispensable guide in cerebral surgery. A little later the thorax became the field of invasion, and the surgeon, hitherto content to deal with the pleural cavity, was encouraged to explore the

lung, an organ until now considered to be an exclusive province of medicine.

The X-rays were discovered in 1895, and their property of passing through soft structures and being arrested by bones and by unduly dense tissues was immediately employed in diagnosis ; the existence and character of fractures and dislocations were revealed to the eye, and the physician and surgeon were enabled to detect evidences of injury or disease whose existence, character, and extent had previously been less surely ascertained. Thus was the whole science of radiology started to the benefit of diagnosis and curative treatment. And all this new surgery was being aided by multifarious inventiveness in the production of instruments—the various 'scopes—which gradually permitted the inspection of all the great cavities of the body, the internal conditions of which had previously been judged by the interpretation of indirect signs.

The events of medicine make up as stirring a story. (English use attaches the term "medicine" to the whole science as well as to one of its departments, a detail which sometimes complicates writing.) The expectancy of medicine had not been so urgent, for no new discovery, bringing with it great performance and greater promise, had been introduced recently in the medical field comparable to the Listerian work. But that work had an origin similar to that of the researches which were soon to bring the level of performance in medicine up to that in surgery. For Lister's inspiration and support came from early bacteriology, and the progress in medicine, almost concurrent with that in surgery, was largely the outcome of bacteriological research.

Here is no slur on the clinical physician, but exactly the reverse. The lessons derived from chemistry, physics, botany, and biology, to be blended into the special science of bacteriology, would have been largely wasted had not the clinical physician been able, out of familiarity with the natural history of disease, to employ the new knowledge.

Koch's identification of the bacillus of tuberculosis occurred exactly fifty years ago, and was the herald of an extensive range of discoveries bearing on the whole of medicine, surgery, and gynæcology. And as the association of pathogenic germs with particular diseases became realized in an increasing number of instances, the treatment as well as the prevention of those diseases became more successful. The importance of bacteriology to

clinical medicine in the last quarter of the nineteenth century will be understood when we see that during that period there occurred the identification of the pathogenic germ in diphtheria, typhoid fever, cholera, tetanus, undulant fever, plague, syphilis, and malaria—not to exhaust the list. The discovery by Pasteur of the vaccine of anthrax, by Koch of the bacillus of tubercle, and by Löffler of the bacillus of glanders had occurred just before 1882, but can fairly be included among the accomplishments of the past fifty years, during which the application of their researches was made.

The discovery of an essential or even of a contributing cause of a disease must always be regarded as progress in therapeutics. Although immediate benefit to humanity may not occur, the ground is exposed on which to base preventive or healing measures. The past fifty years can claim successes in a lower incidence and a lower death-rate in connection with all these scourges, although successes vary considerably in quantity and quality, and we are still probably in the early stages of a comprehension of the whole general pathology of infection.

This is confirmed by the different manners in which research has proved useful in, for example, syphilis, typhoid fever, and diphtheria. Following the detection of the pallid spirochete, a systematic crusade for the prevention and control of syphilis has been set on foot, with results whose whole benefit we are unable to estimate, but of whose value there can be no doubt. The magnificent story of malaria need not be dwelt upon, for it has passed into history, but to make practical use of the discovery by preventing the disease remains a huge task before administrators. In the matter of typhoid fever, bacteriological research led to the preventive inoculation, whose effectiveness was demonstrated splendidly during the War; in diphtheria and scarlet fever (here perhaps less certainly) the germs have been identified and preparations can be employed for the detection of susceptibility as well as for immunization; for the treatment of tetanus a preventive and therapeutic serum has been obtained.

While the researcher and the clinician were recording their joint successes, and about the beginning of this century, we witnessed the introduction into practical medicine of the services of biochemistry. The bacteriologists were physiologists and chemists, and from their labours the conviction arose that in the normal animal there were chemical, physiological, and physical

FIFTY YEARS

interactions which lay behind the pathological manifestations of disease. Starling first made clear the chemical correlation of the functions of the body, and vindicated the assumption, which is the basis of scientific medical practice to-day, that the various activities are co-ordinated among themselves by the production and circulation of chemical substances. His expositions furnished medical men with scientific reasons for therapeutic procedure adopted out of routine, while two striking occurrences—in the treatment of syphilis and the discovery of insulin—illustrated the direct value of biochemical research in the cure of disease. William Bayliss was here an invaluable co-operator.

The studies of Sir Frederick Gowland Hopkins led to the recognition of the part played in nutrition by the accessory food-factors, the vitamins, and so to the treatment, preventive and curative, of deficiency diseases. The President of the Royal Society, in association with Starling, developed fruitfully theories laid down by Hippocrates, and indeed the association of biochemistry with therapeutics was alluded to, in the last Harveian Oration of the College of Physicians, as neo-Hippocratism.

The rise and development of tropical medicine have been due to a similar combination of scientific research and clinical experience. We may regard Patrick Manson as the father of tropical medicine; the new home of the Royal Society of Tropical Medicine and Hygiene has been rightly called after him. He was the first general exponent by experimental methods of the propagation of tropical diseases, for he directed attention to their biological origins or associations. In rapid succession light was thrown on the natural history of the systemic diseases occurring in the tropics, and the connection was revealed of a variety of pestilences with insects, mites, and worms. Carriers of infection were found in unexpected places, and accordingly methods of prevention, upon which reliance had to be placed, were attended with all sorts of difficulty. As a rule, to which certain exceptions could be named, it is to prevention that we have to look for future relief from these scourges, cure of an affected population being too often, at any rate as yet, impossible.

To-day all round us the working of medicine is active, and while some seem to find its energies over-insistent others ask why more is not done and point out numerous directions where medicine might play a part. I have attempted an outline, suppressing all that is not in active function. And where further

THE ADVANCES IN MEDICINE

experience of methods or justification of theories is needed before any safe appreciation can be expressed—at least by one fallible reporter—I have shied away. The omissions may appear glaring, but such is the apology. It must serve to explain why nothing has been said of hospitals, where a new Local Government Act has introduced radical problems, and of cancer, and of rheumatism, where uncertainty of the nature of the disease has led to a multiplicity of theories, involving corresponding treatments.

Among the diseases encountered there occur striking examples of a decreasing incidence or a mitigated fatality, allied with the improvement of environment in the widest sense, and illustrating the erection into a definite science of the study of public health. The previous activities of the Local Government Board and of a few officials, supplemented by the sporadic labours of doctors at large, are now represented by the Ministry of Health, to which have been transferred, among other things, the medical duties of the Board of Education, as well as those of the National Health Insurance Commission. The Commission was appointed shortly before the outbreak of the War, and a gap of five years occurred before its duties, which implied the reconstruction of medical practice as it affected 14,000,000 persons, assumed an orderly shape. How disorderly it had been was proved by the revolt of practitioners against the lay administration of contract practice colloquially called “The Battle of the Clubs.”

Now the public health of the country is closely supervised by the Ministry, and the wage-earners have at their disposal a system of medical attendance which, while it has many critics and many features open to criticism, represents an incalculable advance upon the position of two generations ago. The physical condition of our children is immensely improved by State care and largely by much unpaid work on the part of voluntary workers and by bodies co-operating with doctors. The machinery devised to keep panel practice in line with scientific advances has grown into the Medical Research Council ; a College of Obstetrics and Gynæcology has been founded which will raise the standard of education in those subjects.

But all along the line—in research, in pathology, and therapeutics, and in the individual and mass-prevention of disease—strenuous labours in continuity with what has been done are called for. So far from a peaceful picture it is one of fierce strife, where the common object of doing good seems sometimes to be forgotten

FIFTY YEARS

in the fray of discussion, the variety of subjects which require it, and the multiplicity of schemes put forward by enthusiastic projectors.

We are again in a time of great expectations, but with the supreme difference that now the public is in collaboration with medicine. In the eighties this was not so, and the isolation of medicine was partly due to a pontifical spirit among its exponents which is steadily disappearing, helped on its way by the class fusion which is taking place and which is exemplified and promoted by standardized clothing and mechanical transport. The frock-coat and silk hat are nearly as obsolete as the wig and the gold-headed cane ; the brougham and gig are nearly as dead as the curricule. Grand use was made of the opportunities for personal co-operation in public duties provided by the War and lessons were learnt that have borne fruit. New legislation had had its origin in medical accomplishment ; it was because doctors had gone so far that the public came to realize the advantage of assisting them to go farther. And this disposition is displayed in the importance which medical questions have assumed in daily life, and in the frequency with which the medical view is the one discussed in Parliament and in the Law Courts. The growth in influence of the British Medical Association is shown by the willingness of Governments to accept its services as a medium between the public and medicine. The intense interest of the public in health questions is demonstrated in the Press and wherever two or three are gathered together in travel or society.

Finally, it may be noted that the expansion of medicine, especially through its alliances with and subsidies from other sciences, has to be represented in the education of the student. Therefore, to become a doctor is now an arduous, long, and expensive affair, while qualification is only the prelude to further studies where a particular line is to be followed.

THE LIFE OF THE PEOPLE

BY THOMAS JONES, C.H.

A HUNDRED years ago George Stephenson said that the Lord Chancellor ought to sit on a sack of coals. Coal more than any other single commodity has shaped the economics and politics of the last fifty years. When Jevons wrote in 1865 coal was king, and he could speak of a multiplying population with a constant void for it to fill ; growing revenue with lessened taxation ; accumulating capital, with rising profits and interest. This union of happy conditions ceased sooner than he foresaw, and for some years past we have begun " to discover the further shore of our Black Indies."

South Wales will serve as well as any other area in these islands to illustrate the life and labour of the working people, and as this article has to be based mainly on personal reminiscence I have no option but to begin there. It is an area where the greatest natural wealth is found side by side with the greatest industrial unrest. And it had the usual features of a society founded on coal : male employment, boy labour at relatively high wages, early marriages, overworked mothers, high birth and death rates, high infant mortality, bad housing, a landscape scarred and smudged.

The valleys resemble the fingers of several hands with the wrists at the seaports—Newport, Cardiff, Port Talbot. They are steep and narrow and in the eighties they kept the villages very much apart. The small mining town I knew best, Rhymney, was at the head of a valley where the iron industry had planted itself in order to use the coal which is there near the surface and easily mined. Nearer the ports it is much deeper, so that the development of the coalfield has been seawards.

It was a community of some 8,000 souls housed in a High Street a mile or more in length with less important streets branching at right angles or running parallel to it. Many, perhaps most, of the houses belonged to the iron and coal company which provided employment ; rents were low and were " kept back " from the wages paid at the office ; miners were supplied with household coal at 5s. per ton. The population had largely been

FIFTY YEARS

drawn from the rural counties of Mid-Wales, and was constantly being replenished from the same source. It was Welsh and supplied the skilled hewers in the pits, the skilled rollers and roughers in the steelworks, and the artisans in the fitting shops. The cheapest unskilled labour was left to Irishmen, who in the eighties worked for wages varying from 11s. to 14s. a week. The intermediate English workmen came mainly from the surrounding rural counties, Hereford, Gloucester, and Somerset. The nationality of the managers varied, and there were frequent staff exchanges with the coal and iron works of the North of England and the neighbouring works at Dowlais, Tredegar, Ebbw Vale, and Blaenavon.

The directors lived in London or in some place distant and unknown, and their rare visits were rather like those of the school inspectors of the period—they filled us all with fear. On one day in the year we were allowed to file past them singing in a Sunday School procession through the park in which stood the three big houses of the “absentee” directors, the manager, and the doctor respectively.

In a London hospital recently I came upon a tablet to the memory of the chairman of the directors and discovered that he had given years of unselfish service to relieve the sick. We never suspected this. To us he was remote, inscrutable, and fabulously rich.

The company not only employed over 90 per cent. of the population and owned most of the houses; it owned the local brewery and all the public-houses; it employed the doctors and paid most of the vicar’s stipend. It ran a “company shop”—a large departmental store. This had survived a number of similar shops in the valleys by the device of bricking up the door which led from the pay-office to the shop and thus circumventing the Truck Acts. The shop was an important social centre. Here in a large hall hundreds of women with their babies gathered daily to order food, clothing, and furniture. Bristol was the chief entrepôt for South Wales. From Bristol came food and furniture, boots, soap, brushes, china, tobacco, cocoa, and ready-made suits. Welsh tweeds were sent to be made up at Basingstoke. Milk was brought daily from outlying farms in panniers on the backs of mules. Fresh fish was cried through the streets once or twice a week by hawkers from Merthyr.

The company advanced wages weekly on account and settled

THE LIFE OF THE PEOPLE

up only in long periods of seven or nine or more weeks. Pay-Saturday or "turnbooks" was the occasion for an orgy of drunkenness, but most Saturday nights were disfigured by excess and by brutal fighting outside the public-houses. The more reputable citizens frequented the churches and chapels and there dwelt in a universe of thought far removed from their material surroundings. Palestine was their spiritual home. Theological disputation and the writing of minor poetry engrossed the more studious. Music made a wider appeal. The "Chief Choral" was led by the school attendance officer, the Male Voice Party by a miner, and the Ladies' Choir by a young woman who ran a bakehouse—all three would be preparing for some eisteddfod. Women sang the Handel choruses at the washtub. The shoemaker was a minor poet who wrote four-line stanzas of an intricate alliterative pattern on the new soles of his customers' boots.

The school teachers read the novels of Mrs. Henry Wood and Edna Lyall. In the window of the local paper-shop the *Police News* and the *Penny Illustrated* were displayed on Saturday nights, and boys bought the lives of Jack Sheppard, Charles Peace, and other notorious burglars in endless penny numbers. Later on we bought for 3d. a week Cassell's *National Library*, the best of all cheap publications, and read the little volumes furtively when the eyes of the foreman were not upon us. The same firm's *Popular Educator* reached us in monthly parts, and we studied shorthand in its pages, the mastery of shorthand being then prescribed to aspiring youth as essential to success in the great world beyond the valleys. Years after I was to find grammalogues useful in recording Cabinet discussions. Three miles away, at Dowlais, we could hear the Gilchrist Lecturers for a penny a time.

At fourteen my working-day as a timekeeper in the steel mills began at 5.45 a.m. and ended at 7 p.m., with three-quarters of an hour for breakfast and an hour for dinner. There was no undue strain, and with "chapel" two evenings a week there was ample leisure for the study of Welsh theology, English literature, and Pitman's shorthand. My Sunday School teacher was a patternmaker, of great refinement, some of whose lyrics still appear in Welsh anthologies.

It was on the whole a happy community, not too deeply divided by "the devil that is in music" or rather in musicians. It was full of neighbourliness at birth and death, sickness and

FIFTY YEARS

accident. Hardly anyone had an active "economic sense" or "class consciousness." These were to come later. There were, of course, "bad times" and spasmodic strikes and lockouts, with sad farewells at the railway station when families emigrated to Pittsburg or Patagonia. Poor Law guardians relieved the workless, subject to a stone-breaking test, and there were soup-kitchens. If the company locked you out in the works they fed you in the shop, and to be in debt in the one insured you against dismissal in the other. In "good times" a symphony of cheerful noises filled the air from hissing shears, pounding hammers, and puffing engines. When the pits were winding coal, when the furnaces were in full-blast, when night after night the hills were flooded with sudden light from "the Bessemer" and then plunged in sudden darkness, when rails, sleepers, and tin bars flowed red-hot from the rolls to the banks all night and all day, then the chapels, the friendly and assurance societies, the shop and the brewery flourished and "every one burst out singing."

Religious education in the new board schools and disestablishment were the political issues. We were all Liberals (except the managers and clergy), and we worshipped Mr. Gladstone. Bewildered candidates descended upon us at election time, as if projected from some Big Bertha, to ask for our votes: Cornelius Marshall Warmington, Q.C., from London, and the Hon. George Charles Brodrick, Warden of Merton College, from Oxford. We cheered them frantically, but in 1880 those who shouted had no votes. Sir William Harcourt, defeated at Derby, came to us. We expected an oration: he talked to the reporters from notes which he held near his face. But we dragged his chariot through the High Street wild with enthusiasm, and from 1894 to 1904 he was our member—the last of the Liberals. He was succeeded by a miners' agent known in years to come as the Right Hon. Thomas Richards.

Conditions in the adjacent valleys were not unlike those which I have described, but the absence of shop and brewery tended to make the employers' dominion less complete, and already in the seventies and eighties, in some of the valleys, trade unionism could not be entirely ignored. The principle of the sliding scale had been accepted in 1875 and continued in force until 1903. For many years it gave general satisfaction, but was later criticized by the men as unsound. Wages were regulated by selling prices, which of course depended in a great measure on costs of produc-



"HOOKEY ALF,"
a well-known character in Whitechapel



KEIR HARDIE



CRISP STREET, POPLAR, 1904



A MATCH FACTORY, 1895



"THE COMPANY SHOP" IN SOUTH WALES

The Truck Act was circumvented by bricking up the door leading from the pay-office to the shop

THE LIFE OF THE PEOPLE

tion, including wages. It was not until 1924 that wages were linked with profits.

Modern British Socialism has been described as a child of the depressed eighties. In that decade a new social conscience was born, and in the next trade unionism was transformed. The year 1889 is notable for the London Dock Strike, the publication of *Fabian Essays* and Charles Booth's first volume dealing with East London poverty, the foundation of the Christian Social Union, and the passing of the Welsh Intermediate Education Act.

The effect of the first was immediate and widespread. In the early nineties in South Wales I can recall three avowed Socialists—a doctor in Cardiff, a barber in Merthyr, and an exciseman in Rhymney. There were doubtless others, but they were few and afraid of being mistaken for atheists. It required as much courage to be a Socialist then as to be a non-unionist twenty years later. The dock strike and the revelation of the horrors of the sweating system and of *Darkest England* profoundly stirred the country, and many for the first time turned to Parliament for redress. Hitherto no one in our valleys would have thought of seeking in that direction for industrial betterment. There were economic laws which it was idle to question. There was a pervasive mystery called "supply and demand" which apparently worked quite independently of human will. But now all this was challenged. Poverty, we were assured, could be abolished by State action. Blatchford founded the *Clarion* in 1891 and issued *Merrie England* by the million copies in 1894—one of the most effective pamphlets ever published. It made Socialists by the thousand. The *Clarion* Van came to our town and upset "the authorities." More missionaries followed. William Wright, a gentle miner, afterwards M.P. for Rutherglen, was one; and a young man full of a fine ethical fervour came down from the Fabian Society. He is now Lord Snell. And there were many more.

Students in Welsh colleges began to hear of Scott Holland and to read Gore's *Lux Mundi*. Scott Lidgett and Percy Alden followed Canon Barnett to the East End in 1891. Bernard Shaw was breaking idols, Wells was seeing visions, and the Webbs were quietly burrowing and building. Keir Hardie was elected for West Ham in 1892, and presently he came down to evangelize South Wales. But for his speech he might have passed for a Welsh Nonconformist preacher. Later he became M.P. for

FIFTY YEARS

Merthyr, thanks largely to the labours of the pioneering barber. Hardie had a popular lecture entitled "Consider the lilies of the field," and Enid Stacey lectured on the Lord's Prayer. We heard little of economics and much of the application of Christian principles to social practice. During this crusading period Socialism swept through the valleys like a new religion, and young men asked one another, Are you a Socialist? in the same tone as a Salvationist asks, Are you saved? In one generation the outlook of the miners was revolutionized.

When, twenty years later, the War broke out things had changed for better and for worse. A Miners' Federation and a Coalowners' Association had been formed for the district. The sliding scale had given way to a conciliation board with an independent chairman. Some unions were still fighting for full recognition as bargaining authorities. Colliery companies were strengthening their position by amalgamation. Non-unionism, shorter hours, and a minimum wage were the main subjects of debate in the years before the War. The unionists secured one victory after another.

There had been a strike on the Taff Vale Railway and the company sued the trade union concerned and won the case. But for the company's shortsighted action the question of trade union liability might have been allowed to sleep indefinitely. The verdict had far-reaching political consequences. The Trade Disputes Act of 1906 reversed the Taff Vale judgment, the Trade Union Act of 1913 reversed the Osborne judgment, and legalized the political activities of the unions. In 1911 the National Health Insurance Act utilized the machinery of the unions for the first time in an Act of Parliament. Local government, which had been monopolized by company officials and shopkeepers, passed increasingly into the hands of representatives of labour. At the end of 1910 a fierce conflict had raged in the Rhondda when the Home Secretary sent General Macready with troops to "hold the valleys and maintain order for three weeks." A youthful and violent minority, who had tired of political action, were demanding "the mines for the miners" as against "the mines for the nation."

Their views were set out in 1912 in a famous pamphlet called *The Miners' Next Step*. The doctrines of revolutionary syndicalism which Pelloutier had launched in France in 1895 and to which Sorel had given a philosophical setting found an enthusiastic

THE LIFE OF THE PEOPLE

welcome in the Welsh valleys. The young men captured the local lodges and advocated the systematic ruin of the capitalist by making his mines unprofitable, preparatory to bringing them under the workers' control.

It was not to be expected that a community seething with dissension should completely and at once change its character in August, 1914, and the Government's prohibition of strikes was only a qualified success. At the same time the miners recruited in such numbers that many of them had to be recalled from the trenches in France to the coalpits at home. But only a dramatist could do justice to the life of the valleys in the War years : the patriotism of the many, the sabotage of the few, the pluck of the women, the technical resource of the masters, the charges and countercharges of profiteering and trade union restrictions, and somehow, through all the confusion and strife, a vast output of coal and munitions of war.

The results of the War in the field of Labour are familiar ; a tremendous increase in trade union membership, rising to over 8,000,000 for the whole country in 1920, and a corresponding increase in political power. The circumstances of the War favoured central negotiation by the Government Departments and this led to the concentration of authority in the hands of organizations in London. The situation lasted long enough to create the feeling that such central regulation was both right and practicable. Local leaders in this way became national figures. From South Wales came William Brace, Vernon Hartshorn, Frank Hodges, and Arthur Cook, to mention the most notable, all moving from Left to Right at different rates of acceleration as their experience expanded, with, less often, an employer here and there moving to meet them from Right to Left as his obstinacy yielded. It was an expensive process, especially for the public. The struggle came to a disastrous head in 1921, when the miners were beaten. In this year the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress was replaced by a General Council, which in 1926 took over the miners' troubles and declared the General Strike.

In all these changes the South Wales colliers had shared to the full. They reaped substantial gains during this period in higher wages, shorter hours, and better municipal services. Drunkenness declined, if gambling increased. If the few theatres have shut down, amateur dramatic companies are legion. The

FIFTY YEARS

Miners' Welfare Fund has levelled playgrounds and supplied pithead baths. The Carnegie Trustees have furnished libraries. In my native town the birth-rate has fallen 48 per cent. and the death-rate 56 per cent. since 1882. Fifty years ago a visit to London was a local event. Now there is a Workers' Travel Association, and last year sixty working women from a South Wales town spent ten days at Geneva watching the League of Nations at work.

The miners have seen the castle of the Crawshays turned into a free secondary school and the mansion of a Dowlais magnate turned into a convalescent home. Prosperity filled the schools and colleges of Wales with the sons and daughters of the miners and enabled them to send thousands of them across the Border as teachers and nurses, lawyers and doctors. Nowhere has adult education flourished as in the Principality. The importance of the Workers' Educational Association is out of all proportion to its membership. It will rapidly increase as workmen overcome their distrust of educated leadership and realize the immense gains reaped by the owners from the employment of trained ability. Perhaps two-thirds or more of our modern problems are amenable to scientific treatment, but this truth is largely concealed from the common people by political partisanship. In the early days of adult education attempts to enlist the interest of employers failed. They seemed surprised that workmen should want seriously to study the economic context of their lives. An attitude of nervousness and suspicion still persists.

I must not speculate upon what the history of the South Wales coalfield might have been if, fifty years ago, employers had evinced as much interest in the management of men and in their education as adults as they did in the technical side of coal production. Nor will I seek explanations for the good relations within one pit and the bad within another, the incessant strife of the coalfield as a whole side by side with the unruffled peace of the tinplate and metallurgical industries. In the opinion of some observers the rationalization of management and the expulsion of fear and espionage are as essential to the restoration of prosperity as the rationalization of material production and the elimination of waste. At the height of one of the great strikes the leader of one of the largest unions in the country told me that up to the War, when interviewing the managing director, he had never been offered a chair, but had to stand, hat in hand.

THE LIFE OF THE PEOPLE

And one felt that this memory not only rankled, but was poisoning the negotiations then in process.

The South Wales colliers and their families are now sharing, also to the full, in the unemployment common to the rest of the country. One coalpit after another has been closed down. In some towns half the insured population depends on some form of public assistance. A recent reliable local inquiry showed the average income of families attached to insurable occupations as nearer 30s. than 35s. a week. In the last census decade the area lost nearly 250,000 persons by migration. Experts estimate the surplus population at from 30,000 to 40,000 men, and for these the only satisfactory solution is migration or the introduction of new industries.

To-day the atmosphere of the coalfield is one of disenchantment. The servility and civility of the eighties gradually gave way to the arrogance of twenty years ago, and now the dominant feeling is one of disillusion and impotence. Compulsion, concession, compassion have alternated.

The most obvious change which has descended on the working class is political in character : from a position of inferiority to one of power. It is natural that the transition should have been accompanied by over-assertiveness, but what remains of that spirit is now used to conceal a sense of frustration. A Labour member of a town council has his due share of local patriotism : an attack on his town is swiftly resented. Yet the same man on the Trades and Labour Council is given to revolutionary criticism. He is at war with himself. As politically powerful he is aware of his responsibility for what is or is not being done, as a member of an administrative body he realizes the obstacles to rapid reform. He is also the victim of the discordant claims of industrial and political action. It is difficult to suggest in the same breath that all possible benefit can be received from political action at the instance of Governments and from industrial action at the instance of trade unions.

The truth would appear to be that the miners have for the time being lost their standards and authorities. They achieved power with very little preparation and at a moment when they were deserting the culture of the Bible and the chapel. The Labour Party, we are now told by its Fabian parents, was prematurely born into Government life. To be a guardian in Plato's sense demands strict training, and to come suddenly to power

FIFTY YEARS

brings with it considerable strain, needing unusual ethical and mental resources. The difference between this generation of working-men and the men who were in their maturity at the turn of the century lies just here : in the difference between a primarily political and a primarily religious consciousness. Standing over against the miner's home life in the old days were two authorities—the minister of religion and the employer of labour, and for both there was usually a real respect. The miner was contented because his responsibilities were limited and clearly defined. What was asked of him he did.

If the miner is not succeeding to-day it is in part because he is attempting a bigger task. He is seeking to realize the democratic ideal without realizing its hard demands and easy pitfalls. The hardest of these demands is that, if he puts on one side the authority without, whether of minister or employer, he must find his authority for his way of life, both as a man and a citizen, within himself. The easiest of the pitfalls is to try to muddle through without that inner authority. What is harmful in this transition is not merely that the individual has failed to rediscover his authority : it is that a philosophy has grown up according to which responsibility is vested solely in the State. This vesting of responsibility in a body conceived of as something outside the individual is a device for disguising personal failure. And when this device also fails to bring prosperity and happiness, disenchantment ensues and the problem has to be set afresh. That is the position we have now reached. It cannot be permanent. The miners will not rest in it. They will try again.

I have lingered too long among the miners and must squeeze into a small space any reference to changes in the great towns. I take Glasgow, which I have known since the nineties. It had one thing in common with our mining valleys—rain. Its housing was much worse. In my first year as a student I shared with a fellow-countryman a bed fixed on a shelf in a cupboard. Later, living at a university settlement in Cowcaddens it was one of my duties to visit the families in the neighbourhood. I was allotted a "close" which had forty-four families on one staircase in forty-four rooms—the famous ticketed houses. My mission was to bring them evangelical comfort. I saw that what was needed was dynamite with which to blow up the whole street, after due notice to the occupants. The close is still standing. It is impossible to think of Glasgow, strenuous and serious city as it was

THE LIFE OF THE PEOPLE

when I first knew it, without thinking of its housing problem—the gloomy, giant tenements, the colour of mud, built to last for ever, cut up into boxes, with a tap on the staircase. All water had to be carried in and the waste carried out. “A fifth of the population lives in one-room flats,” declared the medical officer.

The first social reformers I met were either followers of Moody and Sankey or of Henry George and were given alike to distributing tracts at the gates of the shipyards and factories. But apart from these was an enlightened and determined Corporation. Its labours through half a century have made vast changes in the health and the housing of the working people of “the Second City.” The death-rate has been halved, and a five-year-old child in Glasgow to-day can expect to live ten years longer than if born in 1882. The great municipal and voluntary hospitals have contributed beyond measure to the comfort of the whole population. In Cowcaddens over 1,000 houses have been demolished in the last ten years. Enormous slum properties in Calton, Anderston, and Gorbals have been removed and no houses have been built on these areas. Thousands of new houses have been built on the outskirts of the city, and you can travel for 2*d.* from Coatbridge to Paisley in a municipal tram—a distance of nearly twenty miles.

Food is more varied. Fresh fruit is available all the year round. The milk supply is cleaner, and the byres have been driven beyond the city bounds. Drunkenness has diminished, and the scandalous scenes witnessed on Saturday nights in Argyll Street seem far away and long ago. It was then common form to help the intoxicated on and off the trams; now every one resents their intrusion. Barefooted women and children were common in the eighties. No one sees them to-day. The shawl has gone and the hat has taken its place, and it is no longer necessary to have a club for “shawl girls” and a club for “hat girls.” Working girls, who then tidied themselves only for special occasions, are now always neatly dressed and are careful of their hair and teeth and finger-nails—a great change. Tennis, hockey, and badminton are played by typists and clerks and by some of the mill and factory girls. In the old days music, dancing, drama—“thae highfalutin’ things was a’ verra weel for the gentry.” To-day the women demand more of the graces of life and give more.

Trade Boards have practically abolished sweating in the sense

FIFTY YEARS

in which it was attacked in 1900 by the Scottish Council for Women's Trades. Overtime was then a system in the dress-making, millinery, and tailoring workshops, often without extra pay. From being a disgrace it has become respectable to belong to a Trade Board. They could usefully be extended but for vested interests which block the way. The employer has installed better machinery, is doing better work, is paying better wages. These Boards have underpinned the wage-levels of the whole country, even if in so doing they have contributed to their rigidity. The National Minimum as a regulative conception for legislators has played as great a part in the last half-century as that of a National Plan may do in the period into which we are moving.

In the eighties boys were apprenticed at twelve for seven years and were given 5s. a week for fifty-one hours. They were journeymen about twenty. To-day they start at sixteen for a term of five years at a wage of 10s. a week for forty-four hours and have to attend evening technical classes. Giffen, in his well-known essay on *The Progress of the Working Classes* (1883), gives the weekly wages of Glasgow carpenters, masons, and bricklayers as 26s., 23s. 8d., and 27s. respectively, compared with 14s., 14s., and 15s. fifty years earlier. To-day they range about 1s. 6½d., 1s. 6½d., and 1s. 7d. an hour, with a forty-four-hour week. Overtime used to be time and a half. Now it is time and a quarter for the first two hours and double time afterwards. Country lodging allowance used to be 1s. a day; it is now 3s. Mechanical devices have abolished the most brutish forms of labour. I once showed an American shipbuilder a gang of men pulling at ropes to hoist material on to a ship when building. He was amazed and remarked: "We could not afford to use men like that, not even niggers."

Savings banks and co-operative stores flourished in the Glasgow of the nineties as they do to-day everywhere. Taking the country as a whole the co-operators have raised their membership from 600,000 to 6,000,000 in fifty years. If they have followed rather than led the fashion set by the best private firms, and if they have done less than one hoped to elevate the taste of their customers, they have encouraged saving and the accumulation of capital. And so have the great industrial assurance companies, which to-day collect over £1,000,000 a week in infinitesimal premiums from door to door. Pensions for the aged, State insurance against sickness and against unemployment were



A BARREL ORGAN IN A LONDON STREET



'APPY 'AMPSTEAD IN THE NINETIES ON A BANK HOLIDAY



THE SOWER



A FARM HAND OF THE EIGHTIES



THRESHING WITH THE FLAIL IN THE EIGHTIES

THE LIFE OF THE PEOPLE

unknown in 1882. They provide support and a sense of security very different from the harsh mercies of the old Poor Law.

Two other general changes may be mentioned in conclusion. The growth of central and local administration has profoundly affected the daily life of the working classes. The State is not only omnipotent—it is omnipresent. The Civil Service has become a Social Service, and it would be far truer to describe it as the New Humanism than as the New Despotism. It is recruited from ever-widening circles of the population as educational opportunity is extended to the gifted sons of the poor. One happy result of this is that we have in high administrative posts men who do not need to rely on their imaginations for knowledge of the life and labour of the common people.

The other change is the much greater awareness which now prevails of the extent to which our economic fate is bound up with that of others outside these islands. The limits of insular socialism were encountered at home at the moment when economic nationalism had become rampant abroad. And when the crisis came to a head in August last the Labour Government did not send up the old petition : “ Workers of the world, unite,” but a new one : “ Financiers of the world, unite.” The old prayer did not save us from the Great War. Whether the second can deliver us from the Peace it is impossible to say in March, 1932.

THE COUNTRYSIDE

BY THE LORD ERNLE

“**G**OD made the country, man made the town” is almost as inevitable an opening as “Pleased to meet you.” But the distinction is fast disappearing under the transforming hand of man. The mellowness is vanishing from the external aspect of most rural districts. Raw and aggressive, new constructions fresh from the builder’s hand shout defiance at their weatherworn surroundings. A Ford motor rattling along a downland track which was in use before the Romans, or the exchange of the beautiful lines of old farm wagons for the wall-sides of motor-lorries, illustrate the conquest of the old world by the revolutionary agencies of the new.

By centuries of effort the English people had fitted themselves into the English countryside ; their windmills and waterwheels harnessed to their service the only inanimate forces that they understood ; their agricultural operations and implements were growths which represented such adaptations as experience suggested to successive generations. Thus behind their cultivation of the soil stretched a vista of years at least as long as that which history and legend associate with barrow, camp, or battlefield. It was in harmony with its old-world setting.

My own recollections date back to 1855—a Golden Age of agriculture for squires and farmers, when the land not only supplied bread to 17,000,000, and meat to the whole, of the existing population, but employed nearly 1,100,000 rural workers. Men ploughed, sowed, reaped, and threshed almost as they had done in Biblical days, and Boaz himself would have seen little to surprise him either in the harvesting or the winnowing of his barley. Preparations for the coming annihilation of time and distance had hardly begun. Few railways had been built ; the mercantile fleet mainly consisted of sailing ships, small in number and carrying capacity ; except for short distances no submarine cables had been laid ; roads were still barred by turnpike gates, and, off the railways, horses or “hiking” were the only means of land locomotion or conveyance. But the elders of my childhood, who went to church and prayed into their top-hats, seem

THE COUNTRYSIDE

even more remote than the Elizabethans from their descendants of to-day. The year 1880 makes a better starting-point than 1855. Conditions were less primitive ; preparations for the great change were advanced ; the flood of foreign produce was already trickling to these shores.

In 1931 flattened fields of unripened corn recalled the rotting crops of 1879. Between these two seasons fifty years of the industrial policy of the nation have transformed the countryside. Except during the brief interval when it supplicated British farmers to save it from starvation, the nation has prayed " God speed the plough in every country but our own." The larger the imports of foreign food, the larger the exports of our manufactured goods. Trade expanded, towns grew, industries flourished ; employment was brisk ; wages were high, commodities cheap ; wealth increased apace, and the carrying capacity of our mercantile marine quadrupled. For many years the nation as a whole prospered abundantly. Not so the countryside. The stream of foreign food supplies drained its vitality and acted on it as septic atrophy acts on human organs. The arable area gradually fell by more than 4,000,000 acres and upwards of 500,000 workers left the land. Farmers fought their losing game stubbornly. They accepted the aid of science and machinery and turned their industry round. In the distant days of prosperity, when " practice " was a gold-mine, they had treated " science " as Joseph's brethren treated Joseph. They despised the man of science as " a dreamer," disliked his town clothes, and, metaphorically, thrust him into a pit. In adversity they welcome his aid.

Their altered attitude would not have saved them without their change of front. Corn, which in 1880 held the chief place in the economy of the farm, now holds the last and least important. But there remains a considerable area of land which cannot be converted to pasture and can only, so far as is known at present, be kept in cultivation by corn and beet growing. In these districts, containing some of the best arable land in the country, the season of 1931 came as a final blow. The capital of occupiers, small as well as large, has gone ; their credit is exhausted ; their situation is desperate. Suddenly home production has become an urgent national question. So long as the fiscal policy secured prosperity to industrial centres, the consequent decay of farming did not interest the mass of the population. But now manu-

FIFTY YEARS

factured exports will not foot the bill for foreign food. Temporarily or permanently, the industrial policy has broken down, but not before the old agricultural structure has been so shaken that its repair or total reconstruction is necessary. For months past politicians, political economists, and sociologists have been at loggerheads over remedies. But their disputes seem to be settled by the nature of the present crisis. Any form of extensive reconstruction is too slow, costly, and experimental for a nation in need of food and without either time or money to spare.

It is not the inclemency of seasons like 1879 and 1931 which has changed the face of the countryside and altered the course of its staple industry. It is the use of scientific appliances and mechanical inventions. If one word can express the various workings of these transforming agencies, it is "speed." The idol of the hour, it breathes through rural districts a new spirit of movement. Life travels faster than it did. Its pace is no longer set by ploughmen behind their horses in the furrows. But rich in advantages though the change is, those who live by the land—tenant-farmers, landlords, workers, parsons, or tradesmen who depend on their custom—have not found speed an unmixed blessing. With one hand it brings the farmer help, with the other disaster. Speed saves his time, cheapens his production, checks the caprice of climate ; but it is also speed that ruins his market by bringing perishable products from the ends of the earth. By innumerable means it has made life easier in the countryside ; for all who live by the land it has made it harder to live. But speed clashes with the dominant force of the countryside. Nature refuses to be hustled by mechanics. However much the handling of her products may be accelerated, her own processes of production remain unhurried. It is from her deliberate methods that rural life derives the air of repose, or, if you will, stagnation, which gives it dignity and independence. If its special needs are wholly sacrificed to urban interests, the country becomes only a poor relation of the town. Road authorities might save expenditure if they more often remembered that cattle can shift their quarters without a Rolls-Royce, and that horses cannot keep their feet on skating rinks.

Yet no one who has not lived in a remote country district before the advent of mechanical aids to locomotion can realize its isolation. Even country houses, in spite of their command of horses and carriages, were narrowly limited in their social

THE COUNTRYSIDE

intercourse by time and distance. Their life was necessarily home-made. Neighbours from fifteen miles away came to stay the night, or to spend a long day—long enough to rest the horses. Dinners or dances required so much correspondence and preparation that they became, as we might now think, ceremonious. Few opportunities for informal gatherings existed. In 1880 both afternoon tea and lawn tennis were very recent introductions. Bridge was still unknown. But to-day all the gadgets which quicken life and make manners more abrupt are in operation. Over the telephone parties of every sort can be improvised; unexpected guests can “blow in,” when resources can be quickly supplemented by “dialling” appropriate tradesmen; B.B.C. supplies music or conversation for impromptu dances or meals, and in time will play the hands of bridge players. Comforts, rare in 1880, such as bath-rooms, electric light, sanitation, and central heating have been introduced. Country houses are now equipped for the general speeding-up of existence, which is symbolized in the substitution of the impulse of the cigarette for the deliberation of the cigar or pipe.

Yet, though life in a hundred ways has been made easier, squires who live by the land find it harder to live. Crushed by taxation, crippled by the expenditure which kept agriculture alive in the eighties and nineties, they are again facing farms in hand and falling rents. Many country houses have changed hands; some have become institutions; some are closed. In others the syndicated pheasant is the “gentleman” who pays, if not the rent, the housekeeping.

Rural workers, alone among those who live by the land, have during the last half-century prospered materially. Since 1880 their wages have been approximately doubled, their hours shortened; they are paid extra for overtime and harvest; they have a weekly half-holiday. Taking into account the higher cost of living, the rise in net income is substantial. The maximum rent that can be deducted for cottages, generally with gardens, is 3s. a week, and their homes have been made more habitable by improved sanitation and water supply. Again, since 1880 they have obtained pensions in their old age and a variety of benefits in sickness and convalescence. In all these respects life has been made easier for rural workers. It has been enriched by a share in the government of the Empire, the county, and the parish. It has been widened by new means of transport and locomotion.

FIFTY YEARS

Fifty years ago villages ten miles apart knew nothing of each other. The members of each community viewed "foreigners" with suspicion, and, as parish registers show, were often closely related to one another. It is not the least advantage of new facilities of movement that young men and maidens can seek their mates outside their native villages. Women find new reliefs from rural monotony. Motor-omnibuses bring towns within their reach; motor-vans carry shops to cottage doors. New interests open out. Internal barriers to social intercourse and common action break down. As members of unsectarian, non-political Women's Institutes, church and chapel walk down the street together, and respectability forgets to keep itself to itself.

The material progress of rural workers and their increased command of conveniences represent social gains which none can wish to diminish. But of them, as well as of squires and tenant farmers, it is true that, if life is made easier, it is also made harder to live. One consequence of the agricultural transformation is that more arable land is converted to pasture, more labour-saving machinery introduced, and fewer rural workers are employed. The scarcity of work on the land is masked by the demand for labour on the roads, but there are signs that unemployment is increasing fast.

Another consequence of the same movement is the levelling down of village society. Carriers and shopmen cannot compete with motor-omnibuses or vans; the one puts down his horse and cart, the other puts up his shutters. An avalanche of Norwegian deals or ready-made doors and windows drives wheelwrights and carpenters from business and buries in the old saw-pit their folk-knowledge of British timber. Blacksmiths and harness-makers lose their livelihood when petrol displaces horses. Thatchers or hedge-layers go short of work when corrugated iron is used for roofing or barbed wire for fencing. Tractors, milking machines, or mowing machines work cheaply, but they reduce expert ploughmen, milkmen, or scythemen, who were artists in their calling, to cogs in a machine. Villages gain many conveniences at the cost of much of their variety, individuality, and independence.

Among those who live by the land there remain the country clergy, who are owners of glebes or tithes. During the acute depression of the eighties the *Guardian* newspaper commissioned

THE COUNTRYSIDE

me to report on the position of glebe-owners. Republished as a pamphlet, the report was several times reprinted. Incumbents, whose glebe farms were unlet, or only let at nominal rents, suffered such severe privations that, with the powerful aid of *The Times*, nearly £70,000 was raised for their relief. To-day glebe-owners, whose farms are predominantly arable, probably endure the same hardships with the same fortitude as their predecessors. Clerical tithe-owners receive their payments for services rendered under an unassailable legal title. But falling prices always make tithes unpopular, because their value for the year is higher than that of corn prices. On this point the Act of 1891 gave tithe-payers such substantial relief that no general strike against the payment seems probable.

Neither economic friction, nor new facilities of locomotion, nor golf, nor all these and similar causes in combination will explain the disappearance of the old Sunday from the life of the countryside. On that day in 1880 Victorians wore their best clothes, went once, if not twice, to church, ordered out no carriages, entertained no parties, played no games in public. In 1932 all this is reversed. Sunday has become a day of special liberties, not of special restrictions. In their observances and attendances Victorians expressed their conviction of an ordained progress towards higher morality and increased material prosperity. To-day that conviction has passed away. Nothing stands in its place. It seems that so long as life travels faster the direction is unimportant. It is only one uncertainty the more to which, in its changing conditions, the countryside must adjust itself.

SPORT OF MANY KINDS

BY THE LORD DESBOROUGH, K.G.

“**T**HE old order changeth, yielding place to the new,” and perhaps during the last fifty years more changes have taken place in sport than in most activities. But how is sport to be defined? Does it include games such as cricket, football, rowing, athletics, polo, and lawn tennis? Or should it be confined to hunting, shooting, fishing, stalking, coursing, and other pastimes perhaps more strictly sporting? Sport would seem to imply the pursuit of some quarry, even if it were only rats, and if there is a spice of danger attending it, so much the better.

The progress of mankind has brought about many changes in this sphere as in all others, and the internal-combustion engine has been responsible for many of them. To this invention we owe our hard motor-racing roads, which have spread all over the country, and taken so much land from agriculture. To it we owe also the annihilation of distance in the air and the danger to our commerce on the seas. It has taken away much of the charm of hunting, for no one can really enjoy a long ride home on a hard slippery surface and a tired horse. The heroes of old used to think little of cantering twenty and more miles to covert and back again, but even they would hardly enjoy it under present conditions. So now the riders go to covert by motor, the horses go by motor, and in many cases the hounds go by motor as well; and it only remains for some mechanical assistance to be given to the fox. Besides the risk of jumping on to tarred roads, wire is much more prevalent than it was twenty-five years ago, to say nothing of fifty, and it is wise to look before you leap and not to take the country as it seems to be.

In addition to the changes caused by the tarred roads and the motor-car, changes perhaps foreseen by the Master who ordered his hounds home when he saw a motor at the meet, there have been many others of a revolutionary character.

The family packs have almost disappeared. The few remaining include the Duke of Beaufort's, the Duke of Rutland's (the Belvoir), and the Brocklesbury, all of which receive subscriptions. The Fitzwilliam hounds have been a family pack



DR. W. G. GRACE AT THE OVAL, 1906



AT SANDRINGHAM

A shooting party in the nineties, when King Edward was the Prince of Wales and King George the Duke of York. The Prince and Princess of Wales are standing in the centre of the group. Seated, and reading from the left are : Mrs. Grenfell, the Duchess of York, the Countess of Gosford, the Countess de Grey, the Hon. Mrs. Keppel, Lady Norreys. Among those standing, the Duke of York, Lady Mary Trefusis, the Hon. E. Greville, the Duke of Cambridge, Sir G. Cust, Miss Knollys, the Hon. J. Ward, the Earl of Gosford, Sir E. Hamilton, Earl de Grey, Lady Musgrave, Princess Victoria, Mr. Amherst Webber, Mr. W. H. Grenfell (now Lord Desborough).

SPORT OF MANY KINDS

since 1768, and the present Master has been possessed of them since the age of eight, and has owned the pack for fifty-eight years. Lord Leconfield, too, continues the old family hounds, and up to now has been able to scorn subscriptions.

This list of family packs is incomplete, but some mention should be made of the Royal Buckhounds, which only came to an end in 1903. The same family, the Gascon family of Brocas, were Masters of the Royal Buckhounds for nearly 300 years, from 1363 to 1633, when Thomas Brocas sold Hunters Manor, and the office which went with it, to Lord Rockingham. The Brocas association with the Royal Buckhounds is still commemorated by "The Brocas," "Brocas Clump," "Brocas Meadow," and "Brocas Lane" well known to the wet-bobs of Eton. In later reigns the Hereditary Royal Buckhounds were superseded by the Royal Privy Pack, which lasted till 1903. The Master of the Royal Buckhounds was appointed by the Prime Minister, and went out with the Government. The Royal Enclosure at Ascot was his special preserve, and he headed the Royal Procession in boots and breeches, and a green coat with the gold couples, accompanied by the huntsman and Whips in scarlet and gold—a picturesque sight of thirty years ago. The connection between the Royal Buckhounds and Ascot is still kept up in the person of Lord Churchill, the last Master of the Buckhounds, who is the officially appointed presiding genius of the Ascot Racecourse, but in these days the Prime Minister no longer appoints a Master of Hounds.

The Fields, too, have altered in character. In former days they were principally composed of residents in the county and neighbourhood, and hunting farmers, whose absence owing to bad times is sorely felt. The big towns now send large contingents, and the popularity of fox hunting has extended to America, which has supplied us of late with competent and popular Masters of Hounds. Masterships of hounds are of much shorter duration than was the case fifty years ago, partnerships are much more common, and one of the most noteworthy changes of the last half-century is the increase of Lady Masters. Ladies not only hunt hounds, but act as whippers-in, and do a great deal of work as hunt secretaries. Claims are made that much has been done to improve the breed of the modern foxhound, that the Peterborough Hound Show has encouraged a higher and more symmetrical type, and that the modern hunter is faster

FIFTY YEARS

and better bred than his predecessors. The introduction of King's Premiums for stallions is held to be responsible in a large measure for this improvement. It is to be hoped foxes too will partake of the increase in stamina and pace.

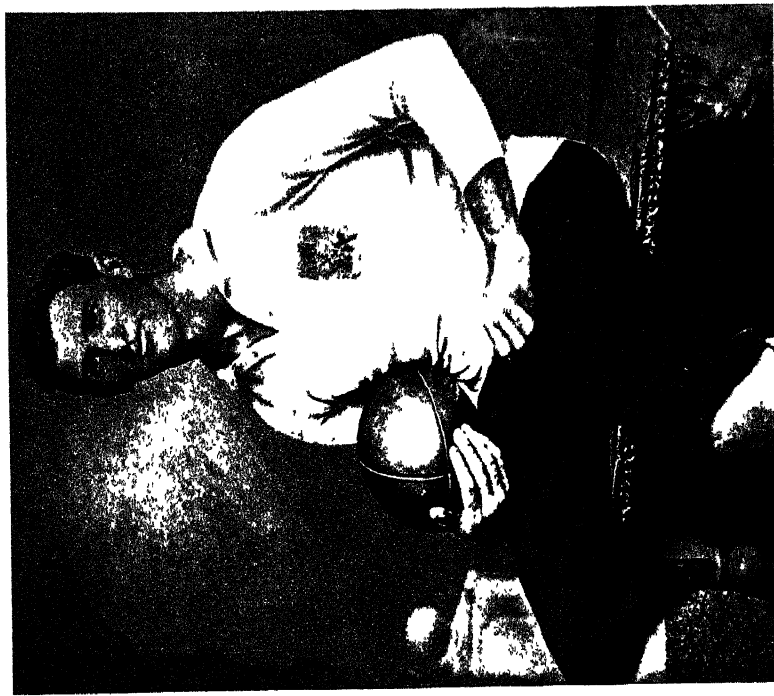
Shooting has witnessed great changes of a somewhat similar character. Most of the country houses with their large parties and well-organized shoots have given way to the syndicate, the members of which arrive by motor for the day. The gradual breaking up of the great estates and the impoverishment of their owners by high taxation, death duties, and expenses of upkeep have put an end to the pleasant parties which used to assemble for the covert shooting in the autumn and winter. The shootings are let, and the expenses of keepers, who are in any case necessary to keep down rabbits and vermin, are met by those who take part in the sport. Syndicates, however, do not make up for the old country-house hospitality, which included not only the guns, but guests distinguished in many walks of life.

I do not know that, notwithstanding the care and science which have been brought to bear on the manufacture of the gun itself, and the knowledge which has been acquired of different loads, velocity of shot, pressures, and patterns, the weapons of to-day are very much superior to those of some time ago. There were more crack shots then than perhaps there are now, but they had the opportunity of much more practice and the great advantage of beginning young. The late Marquess of Ripon, who adhered to hammer guns, and even black powder, for a long time, did not often miss, and was equally good at any kind of game. Fifty years ago, in 1881, his year's total was 12,148 head of game. In 1882 the total was 3,000 head less, but the bag was heavier, as, besides twenty-one snipe and other winged game, it included two rhinoceroses, two tigers, and six buffalo.

Nothing came amiss to him, neither a right and left at rhino off the back of an elephant nor the highest of high pheasants; and I saw him score a remarkable performance at rather low birds streaming out of the corner of a covert. Using three full chokes, and firing as quickly as they could be loaded, he killed every bird quite cleanly, and they were all apparently shot through the head. He was a natural shot, and did not need much practice, but he had plenty, as between 1867 and 1913 he killed 500,256 head. In September, 1903, when *Baily's Magazine* published a list of fifty-nine of the best game shots in Great



LORD HAWKE



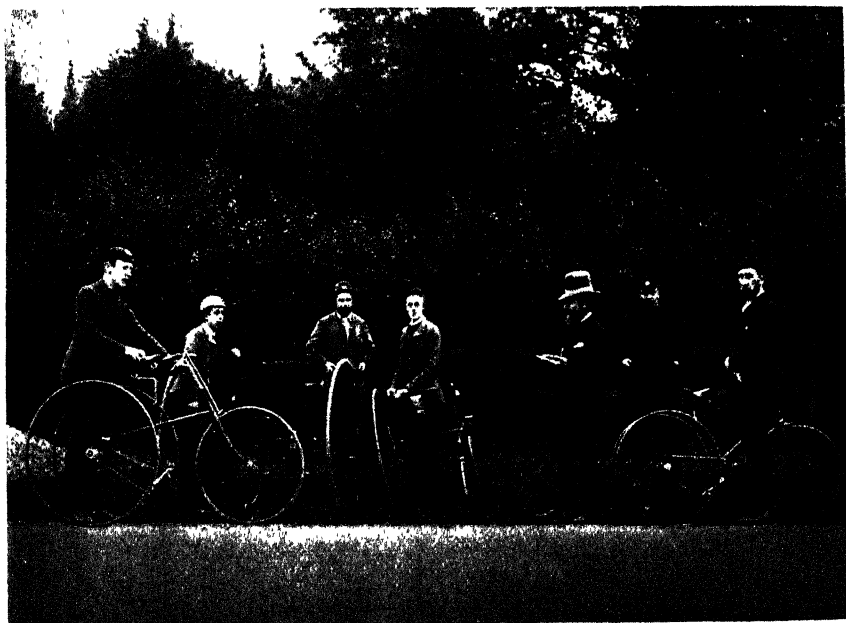
"SAMMY" WOODS

The Somerset cricketer, and famous as a Rugby player in the nineties



ON THE ROAD

The Hon. C. S. Rolls driving, seated by him is the Queen Mother of Rumania, and on the left is the late King of Rumania



TRICYCLING

Members of a Wandsworth Club in the eighties

SPORT OF MANY KINDS

Britain, Lord de Grey headed the list in a class by himself, though there were many in the list, in which his Majesty King George would occupy a foremost place, who could account for 75 per cent. of what they shot at, and several more names could have been added.

It is very doubtful if the big bags of old days will ever be repeated. There was something to be said for them. There are few things so expensive in the game line as a few pheasants, and if you have the keepers they may as well rear as many birds as they can. In old days much game was given away, and found its way to hospitals, and was much appreciated by many other recipients. Syndicates as a rule sell the game to keep down expenses, and it is quite right that a good deal of the game should supply the market. On some estates game pays better than farming, where the proprietor rears the game and farms the land at the same time. Under skilful management high farming and game preserving can go hand in hand, as was proved for years on the Holkham estate under the Cokes of Norfolk.

On this estate, too, shooting was a serious business, and luncheon was quite a secondary consideration, to the general benefit. Breakfast was at eight o'clock by the early time favoured by the house, and the luncheon was carried round in the form of bread and cheese in a huge basket, to be washed down with beer from a large black receptacle. It was fatal to leave your place while the pheasants were being skilfully manoeuvred through the big woods. Faithful wives used to provide their shooting halves with a roll stuffed with delicacies from the breakfast-table, while other guns depended on the ministrations of sympathetic lady friends. In 1874 income-tax was 2*d.* in the £, and there were no surtax or death duties, but, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer stated on September 11 that income-tax, surtax, and death duties now amount for the wealthy to over 20*s.* in the £, the future of big shoots and other things would seem to be precarious.

In big-game shooting a very great change has taken place. The rifles of the present day are infinitely superior to those of a few decades ago, and the danger incurred in the pursuit of retaliating animals is correspondingly diminished. The motor and the aeroplane have made the most distant spots accessible and minimize the toil of getting to them. The romance of travel has disappeared, so little remains that is unknown. The Poles

FIFTY YEARS

have been discovered, ladies fly alone up and down the Nile and round the continent of Africa, and much of the glamour that used to attend the pursuit of big game has vanished. With many the camera has superseded the rifle, and the trophy is a negative, and not a portion of the animal to hang up on a wall.

The same may be said of deer stalking in Scotland. In the days of black powder and large-bored rifles it was quite an achievement to get a stag, but, with the small-bore low-trajectory rifle, men and women and children take gaily and successfully to the hill. The fate which has befallen the landowners in England is shared by the owners of deer forests and grouse moors in Scotland. They have had to let their shootings, to the ruin very often of the forest, since the best stags, young and old, are cleared off. Indeed, commercialism has gone so far that steamship agencies are prepared to provide rich Americans and others with full travel facilities, servants, ghillies, and all other requirements at a fixed rate. This would be enough to make the lairds of old turn in their graves, and is a desecration of the Highlands which Sir Walter Scott has been spared from seeing.

In racing the motor has brought crowds to precincts which were sacred to the few, but perhaps the greatest changes on the course are the adoption of the American seat (which experts put down as worth at least 5 lb.), the legalization of betting, and the establishment of the tote. Horses may or may not be better than the giants of old, such as Ormonde, St. Simon, and many another which could carry weight and stay the distance, but they are bred more for speed than stamina, as racecourse executives frame most of their programmes for short distances.

In fishing the appliances have been brought up to the highest state of perfection. Rods, tackle, and flies are the last words of science, and trout seem to be growing correspondingly particular. The most modern innovation in fishing is the capture with rod and line of the big game fish of the sea, of which the tarpon and the tunny are the outstanding examples, and the sword-fish and the shark the most alarming. The sudden awakening to the fact that tunnies are to be caught off our own shores has provided a new excitement for sea anglers, who have hitherto been satisfied with the sizes of conger eels and skate.

In games the reinstitution of the Olympic Games has brought the world into athletic competition. When these were started the intention was to include all games in which a sufficient

SPORT OF MANY KINDS

number of countries took part, and football, yachting, golf, and lawn tennis were included, while cricket and baseball were not, because their practice was not sufficiently widespread. Art, poetry, and music were part of the programme, which has since been considerably curtailed. England, who originated so many sports and games, no longer holds the pre-eminence which once was hers, and other countries, taking these matters more seriously, have of late years made great strides in proficiency. Any want of success which may now attend our efforts is not due to our falling off so much as to their coming on.

The skill now necessary in games like cricket and football requires such constant practice that amateurs in these hard days find it increasingly difficult to devote the necessary time, and cricket and football are falling more and more into the hands of those who have to be paid for their services. As the money comes in the fun goes out, and cricket and football have become serious professions.

GAMES WITH A BALL

BY BERNARD DARWIN

“**Y**OU'RE a humbug, sir,” said Mr. Pickwick. “I will speak plainer if you wish it. An impostor.”

These words have too obvious an application to a writer who was born as lately as 1876 and has played only a single ball game with even the most modest success. To him the exposure of Mr. Winkle is a warning, and at best he can attempt only the personal and disjointed memories of a hero-worshipper.

It chanced that my boyhood was spent in Cambridge, and so I can go back a tolerably long way in the watching of great men. I can see in my mind's eye notices in the shop-windows about the University cricket matches, and they are signed—my trembling pen almost refuses its office—“M. B. Hawke.” History says that Lord Hawke was Captain of the Eleven in 1885 and arithmetic says that that is seven and forty years ago. There is also this, that quite lately I played my first match as a member of the Seniors' Golfing Society; and that is not only a cause for gratitude in having chosen a long-enduring game, but confers a patent of precedence in point of antiquity.

It was that summer of 1885 that saw my first visit to Fenner's, and I scorn to look up reference books in order to record the names and initials of some who played for Cambridge that day—M. B. Hawke, H. W. Bainbridge, J. A. Turner, G. Kemp, C. D. Buxton, F. Marchant, C. Toppin, T. Lindley, G. T. Mirehouse. The enemy were A. J. Webbe's team, and a sore time they had of it. They had not even the excuse (here grown-up knowledge and pleasant talks with Mr. Webbe come to my aid) of having breakfasted on Bollinger with the famous Mr. Ward, for he had died the year before. There was a great stand by Turner and Kemp, then a freshman from Shrewsbury and now Lord Rochdale. Turner carried his bat for 109 and Kemp was run out for 60. Later Tinsley Lindley, a football hero, came in and was bowled first ball for a duck to my intense indignation. He half-stopped the ball and then—oh me!—it trickled on to his wicket.

In the following summer a kind father, not passionately



LAWN TENNIS IN 1907



MISS LOTTIE DOD



WIMBLEDON IN 1880 (F. H. Ayres, Ltd.)



TENNIS AT EXMOUTH IN THE EIGHTIES

In the group are H. Chipp, E. Renshaw, H. Grove, Miss Lottie Dod, Miss Gurney and Miss Bryan



AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS WHO TOURED ENGLAND IN 1884

Reading from left, (Front) W. H. Cooper, H. J. H. Scott, (Centre) F. R. Spofforth (the demon bowler), J. McC. Blackham, W. L. Murdoch (Captain), J. G. Bonnor, W. Midwinter, A. C. Bannerman, H. F. Boyle, (Standing) F. S. McDonnell, G. Alexander, G. Giffen, and G. E. Palmer (*F. H. Ayres, Ltd.*)

GAMES WITH A BALL

interested, took me to see another match against C. I. Thornton's eleven. Crossland, of Lancashire, reputed a thrower, with Chatterton to help him, bowled Cambridge out for under 100. Even Turner, whom I supposed to be the best batsman in the world, failed. I have always believed that I saw Crossland shatter his wicket like an eggshell, but the books prosaically insist that he was stumped off Chatterton. At any rate Crossland shattered other wickets, and it is impossible to believe even now that anyone has ever bowled so fast. I was led away much depressed, and though next day Cambridge followed on and made a great score (Turner 174), I did not see it and nothing could atone.

The Australians I did see, but Spofforth did not play ; Bruce made some runs, but it is all dim. Not so an event of 1887. There was invited to lunch at my grandmother's a very agreeable undergraduate, and I lunched and looked at him. His name, I was told, was Willie Bridgeman. The Darwin family are not always very understanding, and it is doubtful whether they knew that he was in the eleven ; but *I did*.

After that there was no more cricket at Fenner's, for I went away to school and was not at Cambridge in term time ; but imagination had been fired, and in the summer holidays I laboriously cut the cricket out of *The Times* and hid it in a box. Kent, with its band of Hearnese, was my county, but an incurably romantic disposition made me prefer the unknown, the sombre, the formidable North. Ulyett, Hall, Lee, Grimshaw, Peate, and Preston—what a fine roll those Yorkshiremen's names had ! Nobody can read about a game without taking sides for unaccountable reasons, and I recall that in those days I favoured Harrow against Eton, a prejudice long since overcome.

Cricket was not the only game of Cambridge heroes. In the winter of 1885 I saw on Parker's Piece the immortal W. N. Cobbold dashing and dribbling through his enemies. And he had immortal company—A. M. Walters and Amos and Blenkiron and two who had the touch of northern romance, Lindley, who played for Notts Forest (which must be a darkling and mysterious spot), and Spilsbury, of Derby County. There was another Walters—P. M.—also undeniably great, but he by unthinkable treachery played for Oxford. So did persons—I can really use no other term—whose names I learnt by heart, Pellatt, Treadgold, and Scoones ; but how could they stand against us ? I can still

FIFTY YEARS

read gloatingly in a work of reference : " 1885-6 saw the utter rout of Oxford, Cambridge making the unbeaten record score of 5—love."

In 1886 came the first Rugby match—Cambridge *v.* Richmond, with Wade playing three-quarter. There were towering figures on our side, too. Leake and Mason Scott at half, and Le Fanu, with his red head (it did not seem so red when I was introduced to him the other day at Portmarnock), tearing at the head of the forwards. E. B. Brutton, our captain, ran very fast and scored a try in the corner. Time went on and on ; Cambridge were going to win. Then came tragedy. Out of the hurly-burly a Richmond three-quarter emerged with the ball and dropped a goal, and I left the ground quietly whimpering.¹

Next year there was no Brutton, but there was M. M. Duncan, who played for Scotland, dodging through the ranks of Leeds St. John's to score right between the posts. Here were real live Yorkshiremen and not quite invincible after all. Two years later I went tremulously into Mr. Stearn's shop and bought a photograph of the 1888 team, fifteen little heads each set in its little circle. It is still cherished, with a similar one of the crew of 1889. The same eight demigods had rowed for two successive years. Muttelbury, Gardner—but I will refrain. The old custom of picturesque names has long gone out. There have been no Game Chickens and Suffolk Stags in our day, but some ecstatic journalist revived the fashion for this boat. Their name was the Lightning Crew, and it seemed to me very, very beautiful.

Once I scuttled hastily out of the old racket court in the Backs to make room for Percy Ashworth to knock up. That is a treasured memory, and so is one of earlier years, though it is not of ball games. I bothered people till I was taken to the Sports and Tindall was there, yes, H. C. L. Tindall, of Christ's. He had not been well and his throat was encircled by a happy, white silk handkerchief. In the Hundred he was beaten by one Fardell, and though no such accident occurred again when they ran against Oxford, it seemed part of the perversity of things which attacked my heroes.

I wonder how I should have felt then if I could have looked

¹ An interesting correspondence with Mr. M. M. Duncan has, with difficulty, convinced me that I saw two Richmond matches and confused them. In 1885 Richmond won by a converted goal to a try (Brutton). In 1886 Richmond won by a dropped goal to a try.



THE ENGLISH RUGBY TEAM IN 1871



ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

The team who represented England in 1895. The founder of the Corinthians, "Pa" Jackson, is standing on extreme left. Those seated include W. J. Bassett (left), now Chairman of West Bromwich Albion, with Steve Bloomer and J. Goodall, the two famous Derby County players, and R. C. Gosling. Standing at the back is J. W. Sutcliffe, who played both Association and Rugby for England



GOLF IN THE LATE NINETIES AT BERKHAMPTSTEAD

Mr. Thursfield (President of the Club), Mr. Gowing, and Miss Thursfield



NETBALL IN THE NINETIES

into the mirror of the future and seen myself in familiar converse with some of these great men, actually poring over old running photographs with Tindall and hearing exactly why he lost to Fardell (beating the pistol, I think it was), and how he felt when he broke the tape in the Quarter in $48\frac{1}{2}$; meeting Cobbold face to face; playing golf with Toppin and with some of the hated Oxford enemy too, E. H. Buckland and Percy Christopherson and A. C. M. Croome; being one of Pellatt's "parents," in the technical sense, at his private school; being cross-examined by one of the Lightning Crew, for I once was in the box and gave my name wrongly, even as Mr. Winkle was accused of doing, and was very gently treated by Mr. F. H. (now Mr. Justice) Maugham. What an incredible vision that would have seemed, and yet there would have been something more. I should have seen myself playing football—the Wall Game at Eton—in a pair of boots borrowed from P. M. Walters, boots that may have played against Preston North End. That surely is the ultimate romance.

In 1889 came Eton and so a double chance of hero-worship. There were the mighty figures of the outside world of games and those of the school world as well. The cricketers of my own time were scarcely of the genuine stature, but there were colossi arrayed against them. 1890, my first summer half, saw a swan song and a dawn. A. C. MacLaren, playing his last innings for Harrow, made 75 at Lord's and treated our XI. like charity-school boys. J. R. Mason, long to reign over us, went in last for Winchester in his first Eton match. Yet stay, we had one colossus of our own though we knew it not. In my last half, when I played obscurely in Second Upper Club, there was drafted into that game someone in a scug cap of whom it was only known that "Mike said he was good." We did not even know that his initials were B. J. T.

School field has more glowing memories than Upper Club. A. T. B. Dunn, R. C. and W. S. Gosling used to come down to play against the school and all three were magnificent. W. S. appeared just as dashing and dexterous as R. C., but the elder brother had played for England. Let me put in a word for one football player of my own time, Hugh Mytton. In a different style, fiercer and looser, he was literally terrific. I can see him oftenest in a house match tearing and swearing down the field in the blue and yellow of Arthur James's, and he seems to me

FIFTY YEARS

then to have recaptured the spirit of his famous ancestor, who put his horse at a vast jump and shouted, "Now for the honour of Shropshire."

From Eton in 1894 to Cambridge, where a punier race seemed to exist than in 1885. "Ranji" and Stanley Jackson had gone down and, moreover, contemporaries are seldom quite divine. Yet we had Jessop, essentially godlike, and two supreme geniuses with a softer ball, the Dohertys. I often played golf with Laurie Doherty later on and should rank him with three other great ball game players I have known in possessing a remarkable simplicity and sanity of outlook. The other three are F. S. Jackson, E. M. Baerlein, and Sidney Fry. All knew exactly how good they were in comparison with others, and, if pressed, would give their real opinion. That is a rare and shining virtue and accompanies a most indomitable "will to victory."

I believe to my shame I only once saw the Dohertys play lawn tennis during my three years. I did see some things, however. There was W. G. making the bat look like a small hair brush, and Arthur Shrewsbury with a perfection of technique and a graceful, almost contemptuous, patience of which I am to-day reminded when I watch Lacoste at Wimbledon. There was also A. J. Gould, playing for Newport. Welsh blood surged in my veins, and I am afraid that for once I wanted Cambridge beaten; nor was I disappointed. Newport had a tremendous three-quarter line—A. J. and another and a lesser Gould (was he Gus?), T. W. Pearson, and F. H. Dauncey. The abiding impression they left was that each one knew by instinct exactly where the other three were, when they might have been expected to be anywhere else.

"Now," as Dr. Paley said to the young bloods of the Belvoir, "you have talked enough about hunting." Let us turn for a moment to golf. This I had begun to play about 1884 at Felixstowe, worshipping there at the twin shrines of Willie Fernie and Mr. Mure Fergusson, whom years afterwards one dared to call "Mure." Then golf had been almost a secret rite. Golfers had resembled the "Brethren assembling in Lantern Yard" of *Silas Marner*. Now it had greatly developed, though it was still scurvily treated by the newspapers, except when Mr. Arthur Balfour went into a bunker.

At Cambridge the social genius of John Low had made a large number of people believe that it was pleasant to play among

GAMES WITH A BALL

the muddy ditches of Coldham Common, which the club's founder, Mr. Linskill, pathetically called "burns." There were then comparatively few boy golfers, but those who had played as boys had learned to play seriously and well, and marched straight into the University side as freshmen. The rest learned laboriously on the mud and played in their third years. There was not the large intermediate class that exists now of those who have played as boys a certain amount of golf just as they have of cricket and lawn tennis. It seems odd that to-day there come up to the University so few really good ready-made players. Golfers ought to be good when young if they are going to be good at all. In 1895, when infinitely fewer boys played, we had four freshmen, headed by that beautiful swinger of a club, H. W. de Zoete, who were perhaps better collectively than any four who have since come up in the same year. Our matches were far fewer than they are to-day, nor did we play against such strong sides as do our successors, but very occasionally the genuine tiger with teeth and claws was encountered.

In 1899 Freddie Tait went to play in a match against Oxford at Hinksey, and Humphrey Ellis smashed him by six holes. That was an epoch-making victory. It gave University golf a lift in the world, and next year Johnnie Bramston, an Oxford freshman from Winchester, and a glorious player, first of all beat all the great ones of the earth at Westward Ho ! and then reached the semi-final of the Championship at Sandwich. After that there could be no more neglect, and now and for many years past the University sides get fully as much notice as their merits deserve ; indeed, perhaps, they get more.

One word may here be said of two much-loved people, John Low and Arthur Croome, and that which they created, the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society. It has given good golf and good fellowship to thousands who never belonged to it, because nowadays, in pious imitation, every profession and every school has its society and gets at once fun and education. We who are old enough had one thrill which never can happen again, a first visit to Hoylake with those legendary figures, Ball and Hilton in the flesh. Presumably everybody thinks he has lived through a golden age. At any rate, in my early days of grown-up golf there were Vardon and Taylor, Braid and Herd, and what amateurs ! John Ball, greatest of all of them, Horace Hutchinson, J. E. Laidlay, F. G. Tait, H. H. Hilton, L. M. Balfour Melville,

FIFTY YEARS

Mure Fergusson, Edward Blackwell (when he was not in California), with Robert Maxwell and Jack Graham just on the threshold. As Tom Morris said of a round on his sixty-fourth birthday, "It'll tak' the best of the young ones, I reckon, to be mony shots better than that."

It is desperately hard for me to make up my mind as to golfers of different generations, and it would be presumptuous even to try as to players of other games. There is a sore temptation, but one better resisted, to inquire from which of two Worcestershire families the greatest of all-rounders have sprung, the Lytteltons or the Fosters. Incidentally why do not the eugenists, who make pedigrees of musical Bachs or scientific Darwins, turn their attentions to ball-game players? It is at any rate a satisfaction to have known by far the most towering figure of them all, W. G. Grace, and even to have played golf with him. There is a young lady, now grown up, upon whom one fact has been impressed; she must never forget that W. G. once kissed his hand to her as she whitened a small pudgy nose against the window, waiting to see the car start for Walton Heath. His cricketing days were then long over; yet on those drives it was wonderful to see how the great black beard on the front seat set all heads popping out of village doors as we passed. There has never been such fame as his; but he was the exception to prove the rule that there is now far more attention paid to ball-game champions than there was fifty years ago. Whether the great crowds produce the columns of print or the columns stimulate the crowds, the fact is certain.

I do not know whether people think more about the technique of games than they used to do. Certainly nobody knows more about golfing technique than Harold Hilton did and does, nor is there anyone more apt or more anxious than was Arthur Croome to illustrate hurdling methods over dining-room chairs; but generally speaking there is more talking and much more writing on such subjects, some of it incomprehensible. Perhaps cricketers are as tired of the "two-eyed stance" as I am of the doctrine of "hitting from the inside out."

Apart from theoretical literature the reporting of games has greatly changed since, as a boy, I cut those arid chronicles out of my grandmother's *Times*. To-day writers do not deal over-much in statistics nor plough their way laboriously, without lights or shades, through the whole day's play. They try rather to give

a general impression and to pick out some two or three crises of the match. Something of the spirit of Nyren has come again in Mr. Robert Lyttelton and Mr. Neville Cardus. Furthermore, writers permit themselves to say that the players are, like Mr. Pickwick, "influenced by human passions and human feelings, possibly by human weaknesses.

Once upon a time a simple catch, a place-kick in front of goal, or a short putt was missed "unaccountably" or "carelessly." To-day writers, having their own agonies to remember, know that never was there anything easier to account for. Perhaps the pendulum has swung far in the other direction and too much is said of the strain which the players endure. It is possible to over-emphasize this question of "temperament," and players sometimes get reputations not entirely deserved, whether for courage or for the loss of it at a pinch. One point is not sufficiently understood—namely, that when all the players are frightened it is he who has the soundest method who most often pulls through. His mind may be past coherent thought, but his body does the right thing. It is not only the good heart, but the good style as well, that makes the brave player.

Finally, and unchivalrously, something must be said about the ladies. Hockey and lacrosse they play no doubt extremely well, but they are still watched almost exclusively by their own sex. When they play lawn tennis or golf all the world wonders; and as Mlle. Lenglen could fill Wimbledon more quickly than Tilden, so the now too elusive Miss Wethered will bring a far bigger crowd to a golf course than any man except Bobby Jones. There is still, and always must be, I suppose, a certain difference of class in respect to pace and hard hitting between the best lady lawn-tennis players and the best men. Pace does not enter into golf, and it is difficult to see any difference between Miss Wethered and very nearly all the men, except that she plays better than they do. She, to be sure, may almost be reckoned of the race of W. G., "the greatest that ever lived or ever will live," but there have been other very fine players, in particular Miss Leitch, and the power of many modern ladies is something to marvel at, while their accuracy puts most men to shame.

They, like their lawn-tennis sisters, are better arrayed for the purpose than were Lady Margaret Scott and Miss Lottie Dod. How archaic now are the words of Lord Moncrieffe written in 1890: "The posture and gestures of a full swing are not

FIFTY YEARS

particularly graceful when the player is clad in female dress." Yet the increased power of the ladies is only part of a general process of "speeding up" in all games, and to-day the game, whatever it is, moves faster and the ball is hit harder than we once deemed possible. Someone sets the standard just a little higher, and the others are forced to live up to it. We can see this process even now in action; our billiard players are being extended by the genius of Lindrum to attain a continuous excellence that would otherwise have been beyond them.

Old Nyren said more than he meant when he wrote his fine ungrammatical eulogy on David Harris, "a bowler who, between anyone and himself, comparison must fail." A game player can, save in the very rarest instances, only be the best of his day, and beyond that comparison must fail. Doubtless Fuller Pilch could have played a googly, but "doubtless also he never did." I once asked Mr. Balfour Melville how young Tommy Morris compared with Vardon, and he replied that he could not imagine anyone playing better than Tommy. It was a foolish question and that was the right answer.

CONTRASTS ON THE TURF

BY CAPTAIN R. C. LYLE

TO write of fifty years of the Turf is certainly not to write a requiem. Racing is still an absorbing national sport which to-day interests many more of our people than it did fifty years ago. Times have changed on the Turf, whether they have changed altogether for the better or not. Not unnaturally, the older men consider that many of the things of their youth are better than anything of to-day. Were our racehorses of thirty or fifty years ago better and more hardy than the racehorses of the present time? The older generation certainly believe that they were more hardy. The younger generation are not convinced that they were better.

My qualification for this retrospect cannot be one of seniority. It has been my privilege and enjoyment to have heard the racehorse discussed all my life and to have been closely connected with racing for a number of years. Further, I have been lucky enough to have known intimately men who were owning and running horses considerably more than fifty years ago. I have been much in their company, and our main topic of conversation has naturally been the Turf. I have also spent much of my time for many years in the company of present-day owners, trainers, jockeys, and bookmakers, and our talk has always been of racing. I hope, therefore, that I may have some qualification for holding the scales.

Fifty years ago St. Simon had not appeared on a racecourse. He ran first as a two-year-old in 1883. He was never beaten at that or any other age, and was undoubtedly one of the greatest, if not indeed the greatest, of all horses on the course, as later he became at the stud. His nominations for the Classic races were void by the death of his owner. When he came up for sale St. Simon was sold to the Duke of Portland. Mr. Richard Marsh, who trained both for King Edward VII. and for the present King, wanted his patron the Duke of Hamilton to buy the colt. Mr. Marsh knew that although the colt's hocks were marked the marks meant nothing. In after-life the hocks never troubled St. Simon. But they stopped the Duke of Hamilton

FIFTY YEARS

from buying him and so prevented Mr. Marsh from training the greatest of racehorses—a horse even greater than those two sons of St. Simon, Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee, with whom Mr. Marsh won the Derby for King Edward VII. when Prince of Wales. After his retirement from the racecourse St. Simon dominated the stud as he had dominated the racecourse. Yet to-day not a handful of his descendants in tail male is at the stud in this country.

There were, of course, other great horses in the first forty years of this period. Ormonde stands out among them, but he must take second place to St. Simon, not because he was not a perfect racing machine but because his career at the stud failed to equal St. Simon's amazing success. As a two-year-old he was started three times and was not beaten. As a three-year-old he ran ten times and was undefeated. He ran and won four times as a four-year-old. He won all three Classic races, and if he had not turned "roarer" in his third season there is no knowing what he might not have gone on to do.

Other fine horses were Isonomy, Isinglass, Bend Or, Flying Fox, Persimmon, La Flèche, Sceptre, and Pretty Polly. Were they, I often wonder, greater than Solario at his best? The quality of Solario was recognized even by the older men among us that afternoon when he won the Coronation Cup at Epsom. Yet the records show that Persimmon won the Gold Cup at Ascot in 4 min. 34 sec., while it took Solario 4 min. 45 1-5 sec. People who saw Persimmon win remember how he beat Winkfield's Pride in a canter, with his ears pricked. Those who should have known most about Winkfield's Pride did not believe that it was possible for their horse to be beaten, so well had he been tried. The older generation will continue to believe that the horses of their youth were better than the horses of to-day. If they are right it means that our race of thoroughbreds is deteriorating. But the time will probably come when the younger men of to-day will hold that there never were such horses as Solario and the other best horses of the last ten years.

It seems reasonably certain that the racehorses of the first half of this period were hardier than the horses of to-day. Winners of the Derby in these times seldom win the St. Leger and, still more seldom, the Gold Cup at Ascot. In the last twenty years of the last century they continually won both races. The plan of campaign for a Derby winner in those days was easily mapped

CONTRASTS ON THE TURF

out. The next chief objective was the St. Leger and then the Gold Cup at Ascot the following year. St. Simon having no Classic engagements ran for the Gold Cup and won it as a three-year-old.

Much has been written and much said on the racecourse and elsewhere of the lack of comfort and accommodation for visitors. Fifty years ago conditions were primitive on most courses. Times were rougher and readier. Crowds were different ; they were not half so large and not nearly so respectable. On some of the courses there were next to no stands. Many of the smaller courses have gone. There is no longer racing at Egham, Bromley, Croydon, Harpenden, Ipswich, Kettering, Oxford, Enfield, Harrow, Hendon, and West Drayton. It was at a meeting at West Drayton that a thing happened which could never happen to-day. A certain sharp lot had a horse in a race there. If she could stay a mile she could not be beaten, but she always stopped about a hundred yards short of that distance. There were two winning-posts there, as there are now at Lingfield, and the judge's box was moved to a point opposite whichever winning-post was to be used. The little group who were running the mare themselves placed the judge's box opposite to the winning-post down the course and thus made the mile more than a hundred yards short. The result was that the mare just scrambled home and they won their bets. Another tale also comes from West Drayton. A number of visitors standing by the judge's box saw that a horse they had backed could not win. They at once pushed the judge's box over face downwards in the mud and would not allow it to be lifted until the judge had undertaken to declare that it was "no race."

The more educated racing public of to-day would not tolerate some of the things that were once tolerated. There were no motor-cars or motor-coaches in those old days and few, if any, special trains. Trainers and other people professionally connected with the Turf drove and hacked miles and thought nothing of it and were none the worse for it.

Mr. Marsh, who trained four winners of the Derby—Jeddah, Persimmon, Diamond Jubilee, and Minoru—has told me that he never saw Persimmon win his race. Together with his jockey, Watts, he hacked across the downs to Sherwood's place by the starting gate and saddled the colt and saw Watts up. He then hacked back across the downs towards the stands. When he

FIFTY YEARS

got to the rails he was not allowed through with his hack. There was no one about whom he knew, and he offered a doubtful-looking character a few shillings if he would hold the hack until after the race. Mr. Marsh then scrambled across the course and reached the bottom steps of the public-house just beyond the winning-post and was hardly there before the race was over. He did not know the result until one of the jockeys went past him and told him that Persimmon had won ; actually he beat St. Frusquin by a neck. After everything was over he went across the course and found the man still holding the hack ; evidently he did not think the animal worth the few shillings that had been promised him.

Apart from the improvements in many of the stands and in accommodation generally the courses to-day are much better kept than they were years ago. Some of them used to be really dangerous when the summer was very dry or the weather very wet. The going on such great courses as Ascot and Epsom is vastly different from what it was twenty or even ten years ago. Even so we seem to have more broken-down horses to-day than there were formerly.

Great trainers and great riders have never been, and are not likely to be, lacking in English racing. Famous names will be found in the list of trainers and their employers in *Ruff's Guide* for 1882—the Dawsons, John and Matt, William Day, Hayhoe, I'Anson, W. A. Jarvis, Tom Jennings, Leader, C. Morton, S. Darling, T. Osborne, John Porter, Sadler, R. Marsh, Sherwood, and Taylor. The names suggest the fascinations of the trainer's life, for they are still to be found on the roll of the younger trainers of to-day.

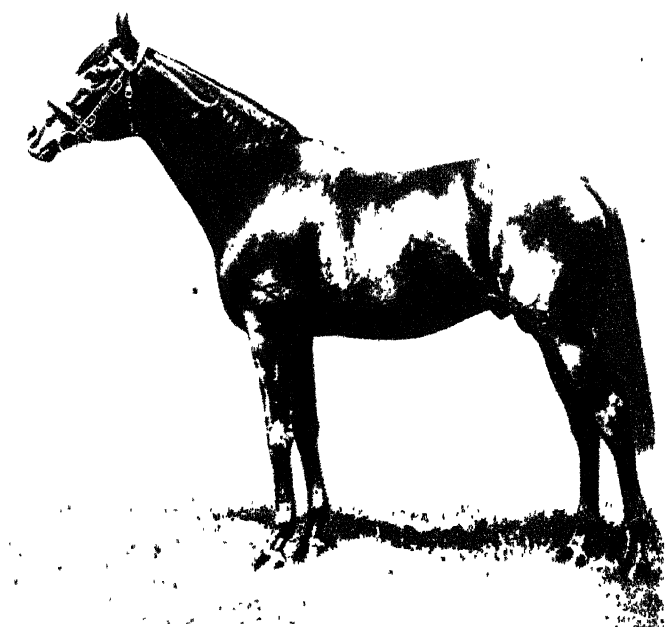
It would take too long to tell of all the good riders of fifty years. Were the Archers and the Wattses and the Webbs and the Cannons, all riding long, better than the men of to-day, all riding short ? Jockeys seem to be shaped differently now. With very few exceptions they have not the length of leg that their forerunners had. Many of us are tempted from time to time to wonder how the men of to-day would have gone with the men of the past. It may be relevant to record here that in the last three seasons Richards has won 145, 128, and 135 races, and that in 1881, 1882, and 1883 Fred Archer's totals were 220, 210, and 232. But discussion of this is really idle. The fact that every rider of to-day rides short suggests that it is the better method.



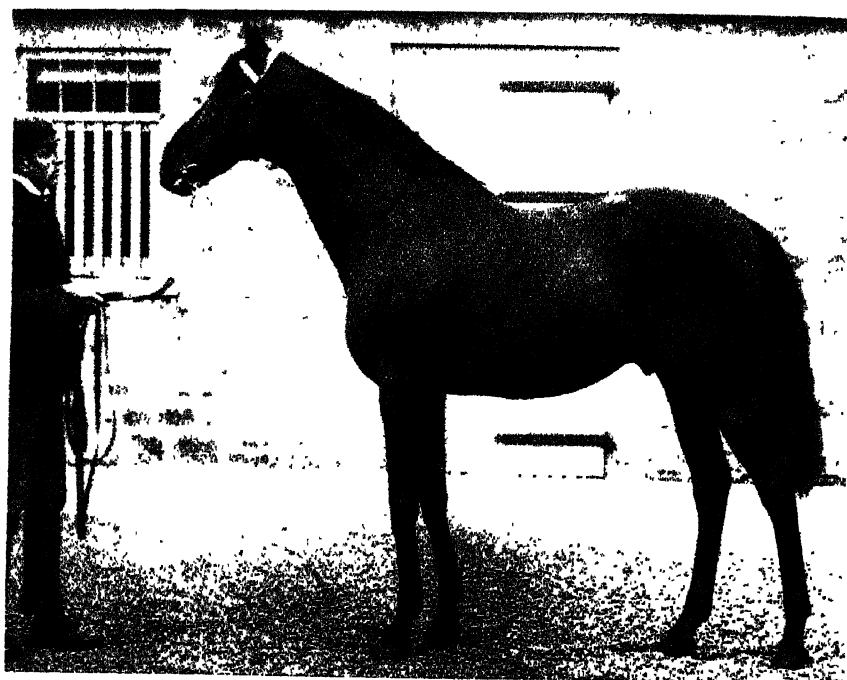
FRED ARCHER RIDING WITH OLD-
FASHIONED LONG LEATHERS



SILVE DONOGHUE ON MANNA RIDING WITH SHORT LEATHERS



ORMONDE



ST. SIMON

CONTRASTS ON THE TURF

Every one seems to agree that Sloan—not himself the first to use the so-called American seat in this country, but the first to make it popular—would have been a wonderful rider no matter how he had ridden. Those who knew him well and saw him ride and rode with him are convinced that he knew instinctively just what a horse could do or was doing. He had such perfect hands that he could make it do its best. Great trainers of the past have often classed him as the greatest race rider they ever saw. And they saw some great riders—Archer, Webb, the Cannons, the Barretts, the Loateses, Wootton, Maher, the Reiffs, and Donoghue with his amazing Epsom record.

Short leathers and the crouching seat may be best suited for flat-race jockeys, but there cannot be many to approve it over fences and especially over the greatest of steeplechase courses, Aintree. That style of riding was never for the hunting field or for the Grand National. A horse cannot be assisted or balanced over a country with no length of leathers or rein. The great amateur riders, as Mr. George Lambton has recorded them, learnt their riding in the hunting field. Among them were Arthur Coventry, first and foremost, the brothers Roddy and Hugh Owen, W. Bevill, Wenty Hope Johnstone, C. W. Waller, Charlie Cunningham, Bay Middleton, Lord Cholmondeley, Gwyn Davies, Tom Spence, W. Brockton, Willie Moore, E. P. Wilson, Arthur Brocklehurst, Captain Lee Barber, Mr. Willoughby, afterwards Lord Middleton, Buck Barclay, Mr. Abington, the three Beasley brothers, Mr. Crawshay, Lord Marcus Beresford, Count Kinsky, Captain Bewicke, and Captain Doggy Smith. Mr. Lambton with his usual modesty has left out himself, but he was as prominent among riders as he has since become among trainers. There is more than one good amateur riding to-day, but it is not so easy to ride as an amateur now. The regulations governing permits to ride as an amateur are very strict.

Trainers and jockeys are much better off financially than they were years ago. There was then no such thing as 10 per cent. of the stakes, no such thing as handsome presents, while a retainer for a leading jockey would not be more than £100. How different it all is now ! Some jockeys have retainers amounting to several thousands of pounds and receive handsome presents as well. It is well known that some of the leading trainers of forty and fifty years ago never once had a present from their

FIFTY YEARS

patrons, no matter how many or how important were the races which they won for them.

If trainers and jockeys are better rewarded now, owners of the best horses have a chance of winning more in stakes. Last summer the Derby was worth £12,161; in 1882 it was worth £4,775. At Ascot the prize money has been enormously increased. Yet at many places the smaller events are worth no more than they were. In 1882 the Craven Stakes were worth £168; last year they were worth £177. The Woodcote Stakes in 1882 were worth £1,187; last year they were worth £1,227. There was a race at Epsom in 1882, for three-year-olds only, which was known as the Epsom Grand Prize and was worth £3,757. There is no such race at Epsom to-day. Apart from the two classic races run at the Epsom Summer Meeting last year, the value of the stakes was £12,011. The value of the same stakes in 1882 was £10,958; but the cost to an owner of keeping a horse and getting it ridden is fully twice what it was then. Five horses less than 2,000 were started for races in 1882; I have not the figure for last year, but it was probably double that.

The English Turf for the last fifty years has been more than lucky in its Royal owners and in its Jockey Club. There have been Royal owners from the earliest recorded days of racing in this country. The Stuarts made Newmarket, Queen Anne made Ascot, and the Georges owned and raced horses. But there have been no more liberal and popular owners in successive generations of the Royal Family than King Edward VII. and the present King. Every one interested in racing in any way wishes that King George could add to his one Classic success in the One Thousand Guineas. As Prince of Wales King Edward won the Derby twice, first with Persimmon and then with Persimmon's full brother, Diamond Jubilee, a colt with so pronounced a temperament that he had to be ridden by the boy who looked after him, H. A. Jones, afterwards to become a famous rider. When he was King, King Edward won the most famous Derby of all with Minoru, a colt which he had leased. Those people who were present on that afternoon at Epsom in 1909 when "His Majesty's Minoru" won by a short head from Louviers will surely never forget the moment. The King was surrounded by his people, all and sundry patting him on the back and congratulating him; every one present, whether they had backed the horse or not, was shouting and cheering.

CONTRASTS ON THE TURF

That scene was expressive of much in the history of racing. The middle classes did not go racing fifty years ago. The aristocracy and the professionals kept it going. Racing became popular only when it had become safe. It was due largely in the beginning to the efforts of Admiral Rous that the racecourses were purged of ruffianly gangs. Slowly but surely the work which he began as a Steward of the Jockey Club was brought to a successful conclusion by his successors. Admiral Rous died over fifty years ago. With the possible exception of Lord George Bentinck there has never been an autocrat to compare with him on the Turf. With his iron but beneficent rule he did more for racing than any one man before him. We have been lucky since in most of our Stewards of the Jockey Club, and never more lucky than in the past decade or so. There may be rogues and sinners on the Turf to-day, but racing has never been so well managed and so clean as it is at present. The work of the Jockey Club needs no other tribute.

There were other great characters in those days. One such was Sir John Astley, known as "The Mate." He was once met by the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII., in the Royal Enclosure at Ascot wearing a short jacket. He was asked where his buttons were. He admitted his error with regret and turned up the next day with two buttons as large as soup-plates on his short jacket, somewhere near the small of his back. He took care to inform the Prince that he had his buttons on, and the Prince was too much amused to take any further notice of the matter.

For a game into which money so largely enters racing to-day is singularly clean and honest. It is well within the half-century that the doping of racehorses was allowed; at least it was not forbidden by any Rule of Racing. There was a short period in which dopes were used freely and openly. Quite rightly, it is now forbidden. Large fortunes were won by the men who introduced doping to this country.

So long as there is horse-racing there will be betting, and when, if ever (and I am sure that it will be never), racing ceases to exist there will be betting on something else. The betting of to-day would not appear to be so exciting as it was in the days that have passed. The bets are smaller, and, though it would not be true to say that throughout the country the amount of betting is less, it is spread over a much larger number of people. There is not

FIFTY YEARS

now the large betting on the rails and in the enclosures that there used to be. It is sometimes argued that the Ring is not what it was and that it has lost its pluck. I do not think that that is so. No bookmaker can make a really big book unless he has big backers betting with him. The men who bet in thousands at a time have gone, with one possible exception—Mr. Charles Hannam. But the aristocrats and others who came out and risked their fortunes, and almost invariably lost them, with the Frys, the Steels, the Peeches, and the Coopers, seem to have no successors. It may all be for the best that things are as they are, but those who lived in them look back to them as hectic and enjoyable days. From the betting side the Turf seems more of a business now and less of an adventure.

INDEX

Page references printed in italic indicate illustrations which face the pages given.

- "Academy Sunday," 44
 Acland, Sir T., 33
Active, H.M.S., 132
 Adamson, R., 103
 Age, barriers of, 49
 Agriculture, 189, 190-5
 Albani, Madame, 63
 Albemarle, Lord, 22
 Alcester, Lord, 129
 Alexander, Sir G., 71, 72
 Alexander, S., 103
 Alexandra, Queen, 197
 Alverstone, Lord, 144
 Amateur theatricals, 40, 97, 166, 183
 American ladies, influence on social customs, 18, 43
 Archer, Fred, 214
 Armstrong College, 100, 101
 Army life, 133-41
 Arnold, Matthew, 48
 Art, 51, 56-62, 62
 Arthur, Sir G., on club life, 31-7
 Arthur's Club, 34
 Asher, Alexander, 146
 Asquith, H. H. *See* Oxford and Asquith, Lord
 Astley, Sir J., 217
 Athenæum Club, 33
 Athletics, 204
 Automobile Club, 37

 Babington-Smith, Sir H., 156
 Bach choir, 64
 Bachelors' Club, 35, 43
 Balfour, Lord, 18, 20, 22, 44
 Balfour Browne, J. H., 146
 Ball games, 196-205, 202-10
 Ballantyne, Serjeant, 146
 Balloon racing, 30
 Bancroft, Lady, 75
 Bancroft, Sir Squire, 70, 74, 74
 Bank of England, 150
 Banking, 150-2
 Baptist Union, 121, 123
 Barker, Professor T., 103
 "Barnum's Beauty," *See* Belmont, G.
 Barrie, Sir J. M., 52, 53
 Barriers of age, 45, 49
 Barrington, Lady (Eric), 44
 Bath Club, 36-7
 Batten, Mrs. G., 166
 Bax, Arnold, 67
 Bayliss, W., 174
 Beaufort, 8th Duke of, 35
 Beefsteak Club, 35, 36
 Belmont, George, 79
 Belvoir Hunt, 106
 Bench and Bar, 142-8, 144, 145, 148
 Beresford, Lady Charles, 44
 Betting, 217-18
 Big-game shooting, 199, 200
 Birmingham University, 100, 102
 Blackburn, Lord, 143, 144, 145
 Blatchford, Robert, 181
 Blumenthal, Mme, 44
 Boating, 27, 93
 Boer War, 43
 Boodle's Club, 34
 Books. *See* Literature
 Booth, J. B., on the old Music Hall, 77-86
 Booth, "General" W., 124
 Bourke, Mr. A., 37
 Bournemouth musical festival, 64
 Brace, W., 183
 Bradley, Herbert, 89
 Bragg, Sir W., 104
 Brahms, 65
 Brampton, Lord, 145
 Bridge, 18, 19, 35; and political life, 19
 Bridges, Robert, 50
 Bristol College, 100
 Bristol University, 100, 102
 British Broadcasting Co., 68, 193
 British Medical Association, 176
 Brocas, T., 197
 Brocklesbury hounds, 196
 Brodrick, George, 90
 Browne, General Sam, 166
 Browning, Robert, 47, 48, 82
 Bruch, Max, 65
 Bryan, A., 84
 Bryan, W. J., 120
 Bryce, Lord, 103, 103
 Buck, Sir E., 166
 Buckingham Palace, 25
 Bucknill, Mr. Justice, 144
 Bulow, Hans Guido von, 64
 Burlington House, 44, 61
 Butt, Sir A., 83

 Café Royal, 71
 Caledonian Club, 35
 Cambridge, Duke of, 197
 Cambridge Music Hall, 78
 "Cambridge Platonists," 117
 Cambridge University, 93-98, 115, 202
 Campbell, Mrs. Patrick, 71
 Canning, George, 34
 Card games, 36; in Civil Service, 159; at Oxford, 88
 Bridge, 18, 19, 35
 Cribbage, 35
 Whist, 33, 37, 166
 Cartax, Oxford, 91
 Carlton Club, 33, 34, 36
 Carson, Lord, 144
 Cavendish, Lord Frederick, 21
 Censorship, dramatic, 72, 73
 Chairmen of music halls, 77-8
 Chalmers, Lord, 156
 Chamberlain, Mr. J., 19, 101, 143
 Chaperonage, 26, 28, 45
 Chaplin, Lord, 22
 Chapman, S., 103
 Cheshire Regiment, 140

INDEX

- Chevalier, Albert, 83, 84, 86
 Chirgwin, G. H., 84
 Choral societies, 63
 Church, Dean, 116
 Church of England, 114-19
 Churchill, Lord, 197
 Churchill, Lord Randolph, 20, 22, 32
 Cinema, 73, 75
 City life, 149, 149-154
 City University Club, 153
 Civil Service, 155-60
 Clanwilliam, Lord, 34
Clarion, 181
 Clarke, Sir E., 144
 Clarke, Sir P., 144
 Club life, 31-7
 Coalfields, conditions in, 177-89
 Coalowners' Assn., 182
 Cobden, Richard, 103
 Coborn, Mr. and Mrs. C., 81
 Cocktail habit, 37
 Colley, Lady, 166
 Collins, Lottie, 80, 85
 Company law, 143, 144
 Concanen, A., 84
 Concerts, 39
 Cook, Arthur, 183
 Co-operative stores, 188
 Core, Professor T. H., 103
 Corry, Colonel, 166
 Costume. *See* Dress
 Country life, 17, 29, 189, 190-195
 Court functions, 25
 Courtney, Robert, 78
 Courtney, W. L., 88
 Coyne, Fred, 85
 Cozens-Hardy, Lord, 144
 Cricket, 202-6
 Crystal Palace, 66
 Cubists, 58
 Curzon, Lady, 167
 Curzon, Lord, 19, 23
 Cust, Sir C., 197
 Cycling, 23, 199
- Dale, A. W. W., 103
 Dale, R. W., 123
 Dancing, 18, 24, 25
 Dane, Sir L., 167
 Darwin, B., on ball games, 202-10
 Davies, Mrs., 166
 Deas, Sir G., 144
 Deer-stalking, 200
 De Frece, Lady, 80, 82, 85
 de Grey, Lady, 44, 197
 de Grey, Lord, 197, 199
 Delius, Frederick, 67
 Dent, Professor E. J., 65
 Derby (race), 212, 213, 216
 Desborough, Lord, 197; on sport, 196-201
 Devonshire, Duke of, 19, 19, 33, 35, 105
 Diamond jubilee, 117
 Dilke, Sir C., 19
 Dinner parties, 25
 Disraeli, Benjamin, 17, 18
 Dod, Miss Lottie, 202
 Donoghue, Steve, 214
 Doping of racehorses, 217
 Doyle, Sir A. C., 52
 Drake, R. J., 144
 Drama. *See* Theatres
Dreadnought, H.M.S., 129
- Dress, 37, 41, 42, 44, 135, 195; at Court, 25;
 dinner-jacket, 34; at Cambridge, 96;
 clerical, 114, 124; naval, 132; in the
 City, 149; of medical profession, 176;
 working-class women, 187; in the hunting-
 field, 197; on racecourse, 217
 Drinking, 18, 37, 97, 153, 179
 "Drums," 24
 Duckworth, Canon, 166
 Duke of Beaufort's hounds, 196
 Dunedin, Lord, on the Bench and the Bar,
 142-48
 Dupplin, Lord, 34
 Durham University, 100
 Dvořák, Antonín, 65
- Eddington, Sir A. S., 104
 Education, adult, 184
 Edward VII, 43, 105, 166, 197, 216
 Elgar, Sir Edward, 64, 66
 Elwin, Joe, 79
 Empire Theatre, 85
 Ernle, Lord, on the country-side, 190-5
 Eton, 205
 Eustace, Major, 166
 Evolution Trial, 120
- Fair, Bill, 82
 Fairbairn, A. M., 122
 Family life, 17, 18
 Farming, 190-5
 Farren, Nellie, 85
 Fayrer, Dr., 166
 Field, Club, 36
 Films. *See* Cinema
 Firth College, 100, 101
 Fisher, H. A. L., on Oxford Men and Manners,
 87-92
 Fisher, Lord, 128
 Fishing, 200
 Fitzwilliam Hounds, 196
 Fleet Street, *Frontispiece*
 Food imports, 191
 Football (Association), 203, 204
 Football (Rugby), 204, 204
 Forbes-Robertson, Sir J., 74
 Ford, Harry, 79
 Foster, Miss E., 166
 Fowler, Warde, 87
 Fox (Music-hall chairman), 77, 78
 Frankland, E., 104
 French influences, 53
- Gambling, 17
 Gardenia Club, 36
 Garrick Club, 35, 36, 71
 Gascon family, 197
 Genée, Adeline, 83
 General Medical Council, 169
 George V., King, 34, 197, 199
 German, Sir E., 64
 German opera, 64
 Gilchrist lecturers, 179
 Gill, Arthur, 144
 Gill, C. F., 144
 Gladstone, W. E., 18, 19, 19, 33, 156, 180
 Glasgow, 186
 Glebe land, 195
 Glover, Dr. T. R., on Nonconformity, 120-6
 Godfrey, Sir Dan, 64
 Godley, Sir Arthur, 157
 Golf, 205, 206-8
 Gordou, General, 21

INDEX

- Gordon Highlanders, 141
 Gordon riots, 150
 Goschen, Lord, 158
 Gosford, Lady, 197
 Gosford, Lord, 197
 Gosse, Sir Edmund, 50
 Grace, W. G., 196, 206, 208
 Grafton Gallery, 59
 Green, Thomas Hill, 49, 101
 Greenwood, J. G., 103, 103
 Grenfell, Mrs., 197
 Grenfell, W. H., 197
 Greville, Hon. E., 197
 Griffiths, Mr. and Mrs. Fred, 81
 Griffiths, Mr. and Mrs. Jack, 81
 Grillon's Club, 36
 Grossmith, George, 74
Guardian, 194
 "Guards' Burlesque," 40
 Guillemard, Sir L., 156, 158
- Hadow, Sir H., on Music, 63-9
 Haig, Lord, 133
 Haldane, Lord, 140
 Hall, Lady Clarke, 62
 Hallé, Sir C., 64
 Halsbury, Lord, 145
 Hambleden, Lord, 158
 Hamilton, Duke of, 211
 Hamilton, Sir E., 197
 Hamilton, Sir Ian, on "Making the New Soldier," 133-41
 Hampstead Heath, 188
 Hardie, Keir, 180, 181, 182
 Hardy, Thomas, 50, 51
 Hare, Sir John, 72, 75
 Harrison, Charles, 51
 Hart (music-hall chairman), 78
 Hartshorn, V., 183
 Hatch, Miss M., 166
 Hawke, Lord, 198, 202
 Hawkins, Mr. Justice, 145
 Health insurance, 169, 175, 182
 Heath, Sir Thomas, 156
 Helmholtz, H. L. F. von, 171
 Henderson, Colonel, 166
 Henley, W. E., 53
 Henschel, I. G., 65
 Hero worship, 21, 22
 Hicks-Beach, Sir M., 19
 Hill, Jenny, 85
 Hindemith, Paul, 67
 Hodges, Frank, 183
 Holland, Rev. H. Scott, 181
 Holland House, 28
 Holst, Gustav, 67
 Hornburg jacket, 34
 Hopkins, Sir F. G., 174
 Hopkinson, Sir A., 103; on the New Universities, 99-107
 Hours in the coalfields, 179
 House of Lords: "Who toil not neither do they spin," 19
 House Parties, 19, 29, 41
 Housing problem, 187
 Hughes, A., 103
 Hunting, 196-201
 Hyde Park, 23, 39
- Indian Civil Service, 155, 161-7
 Indian Mutiny, 21
 Industrial development, 17
Inflexible, H.M.S., 133
- Inge, Dr. W. R., on the Church of England, 114-19
 Inglis, Lord President, 143
 Irving, Sir Henry, 70, 70, 71
- James, Henry, 52
 James, Dr. M. R., on New and Old at Cambridge, 93-8
 Jessel, Sir G., 144
 Jeune, Lady, 39
 Jevons, Professor W. S., 103, 103
 Joachim, Dr., 64, 65
 Jockey Club, 36, 216, 217
 Jockeys, prominent, 214-16
 John, Augustus, 62
 John, Miss G., 62
 Johnson, Sir A., 166
 Jones, Thomas, on "The Life of the People," 177-89
 Jowett, Dr. B., 48, 88, 89, 90, 101, 116, 162
 Judges. *See* Law
- Kashmir, garden party, 167
 Kaye, Mrs., 166
 Kaye, W., 166
 Kendal, Dame Madge, 74, 75
 Keppel, Hon. Mrs., 197
 King's College, London, 99
 Kipling, Mrs. L., 166
 Kipling, Rudyard, 43, 52, 53
 Kitchener, Colonel (Lord), 19, 35
 Knightley, Lord, 37
 Knollys, Miss, 197
 Knowles (music-hall chairman), 78
 Koch, R., 172, 173
- Labour, 177-89
 Lahore, Government House, 167
 Lamb, H., 103
 Lanner, Mme Katti, 83
 Law: the Bench and the Bar, 142-8
 Law Courts, 147, 148
 Lawn tennis, 202, 206
 Lawrence, Sir W. R., on The Indian Civil Service, 161-7
 Leathes, Sir Stanley, on The Old Civil Service, 155-60
 Leconfield, Dowager Lady, 51
 Leconfield, Lord, 197
 Leeds University, 100
 Leicester, 1st Lord, 33
 Leighton, Lord, 51
 Leipsic Conservatoire, 66
 Leno, Mr. and Mrs. Dan, 81
 Lester, Alfred, 84
 Lewis, Mr. A., 30
 Leybourne, George, 84
 Liberal Protestantism, 118-19
 Libraries, 184
 Liddon, Dean, 116
 Li Hung Chang, 19
 Lindley, Lord, 144
 Lister, Lord, 167, 170
 Literature, 46-55
 Little Tich, 80
 Liverpool University, 100
 Lloyd, Arthur, 82, 84
 Lloyd, Marie, 80
 Lloyd George, D., 157
 Lockwood, Sir F. and Lady, 148
 Löffler, G., 173
 London, City of, 149-54
 Londonderry, Lord, 33

INDEX

- Lotus Club, 36
 Lovelace, Mary, Lady, on Society and the Season, 24-30
 Lowe, Robert, 157
 Lowther, J., 22
Lux Mundi, 115
 Lyall, Sir C. J., 166
 Lyle, Captain R. C., on the Turf, 211-18

 Macaulay, Lord, 57, 155
 Macdermott, The "Great," 82, 85
 Machinery, 57, 58, 191, 192
 Mackenzie, Sir A., 64
 Macready, General (Sir N.), 182
 Maine, Sir H., 96
 Malcolm, Sir Ian, on Gilded Youth, 38-45
 Manns, August Friedrich, 66
 Mansfield College, 122
 Manson, Sir Patrick, 167, 174
 Marlborough Club, 34, 37
 Marlborough House, 18, 34
 Marriage at Cambridge, 93
 Marsh, Richard, 211, 213, 214
 Marshall Hall, Sir E., 146
 Mary, Queen, 197
 Mason College, 100, 101
 Massey, Captain, 166
 Medicine, 167, 168-76
 Melba, Dame Nellie, 63
 Meredith, George, 49, 50
Merrie England, 181
 Middleton, Lord, on Politics and the Statesman, 17-23
 Milner, Lord, 158
 Miners' Federation, 182
Miners' Next Step, 182
 Miners' Welfare Fund, 184
 Mogul Music Hall, 77, 78
 Mommsen, T., 91
 Montague, C. E., 48
 Montgomery-Massingberd, Sir A., 140, 141
 Moody, D. L., 125
 Moore, George, 53
 Morley, Lady, 27
 Morris, William, 47
 Morton, Charles, 83, 85
 Motoring, 196, 199
 Moulton, Lord, 145, 147
 Murray, Gilbert, 90
 Museums, 60
 Musgrave, Lady, 197
 Music, 63-9; private concerts, 44; at Cambridge University, 97; in the coal-mining districts, 179
 Music Hall, The old, 71, 77-86

 Nansen, Dr., 71
National Observer, 53, 54
 Navy, 127-32
 Netball, 205
 Nevill, Lady Dorothy, 39
 New English Art Club, 59
 Newspaper sellers, 149
 Nicholson, J. H., 103
 Nonconformity. *See* Religion
 Norreys, Lady, 197
 Northcote, Stafford (Lord Iddesleigh), 155
 Nugent, Captain George, 40

 Okey, Professor Thomas, 50
 "Old Mo." *See* Mogul Music-hall
 "Old Stagers," 40
 Olympic games, 200

 Opera, 40, 63, 64, 68
 Orchardson, Sir W., 51
 Orleans Club, 35
 Ormonde (racehorse), 212, 215
 Orpen, Sir W., 62
 Owens, John, 102, 105
 Owens College, Manchester, 100, 103, 103
 Oxford and Asquith, Lord, 19
 Oxford Group, 115
Oxford Magazine, 48
 Oxford Men and Manners, 87-92
 Oxford Movement, 114-15
 Oxford Music Hall, 85
 Oxford University, 46-9, 90, 91, 92, 93

 Page, Dr. T. E., on Public School Advance, 108-13
 Park Club, 36
 Parke, Baron, 145
 Parker, Lord, 147
 Parker, Dr. J., 124
 Parliament: closure, 20; obstruction, 20
 Wednesday short sittings, 21
 Parliamentary Bar, 146
 Parry, Sir Charles Hubert, 64
 "Passionate Pilgrims," 47
 Pasteur, 173
 Pater, Walter, 47, 89
 Patronage in the Civil Service, 155, 157
 Patti, Mme, 62
 Pattison, Mark, 48
 Paul (music-hall manager), 78
 Persimmon (race-horse), 202
 Petavel, Sir J., 104
 Petrie, Sir W. F., 58
 Philharmonic Society, 64
 Phoenix Park murders, 21
 Piggott, E. S., 73
 Pinero, Sir Arthur, on Theatres, 70-6
 Playfair Commission, 156
 Plowden, Mr. and Mrs. Trevor, 166
 Political Life, 17-23; influence of Society, 19, influence of Clubs, 33
 Politics, 17-23, 32, 33, 34, 185
 Politics and the working classes, 185
 Popular songs, 77-86
 Pratt's Club, 35
 Prime Minister appoints Master of Royal Buckhounds, 197
 Prince of Wales's Theatre, 74
 Probyn, Sir D., 166
 Pryde, Peggy, 79
 Psychological Society, 104
 Public Schools, 108-13

 Quiller-Couch, Sir Arthur, on Books and Other Friends, 46-55

 Racing, 200, 214, 215
 Rackets, 204
 Radiology, 172
 Raleigh Club, 36
 Ranelagh, 30
 Reading University, 100
 Recruiting Sergeants, 141
 Redwood (Censor), 73
 Reeves, John Sims, 63
Reflector, 51, 52
 Reform Club, 33, 36
 Reformation, 116, 117
 Reger, Max, 66
 Reid, Sir Wemyss, 53

INDEX

- Religion, 17; Church of England, 114-19; Nonconformity, 120-6
 Religious Education, 180
 Rents in country, 193
 Repertory Theatres, 75
 Restaurant habit, 27, 44, 71
 Revelstoke, Lord, 149
 Reynolds, Professor O., 103
 Rhymney, 177
 Richards, H. C., 144
 Richards, Thomas, 180
 Richter, 64
 Ridley Commission, 157, 159
 Ripon, Lord, 105
 Ritchie, Richmond, 156
 Ritter, Alexander, 65
 Ritualists, 114, 115
 River parties, 92
 Roberts, Arthur, 85, 85
 Roberts, H. A., 110
 Roberts, Lord, 22, 35, 140
 Robertson, Lord, 144
 Rockingham, Lord, 197
 Rolls, Hon. C. S., 199
 Ronalds, Mrs., 39
 Roscoe, Sir H., 103
 Rose, Lieut. E., 166
 Rosebery, Lord, 22
 Rosher, G., 144
 Rothenstein, Lady, 62
 Rothenstein, Sir W., 62
 Rotten Row, 42, 43
 Rous, Admiral, 217
 Rowing, 93
 Royal Buckhounds, 197
 Royal Choral Society, 64
 Royal Exchange, 151
 Royal owners of racehorses, 216
 Royal Yacht Squadron Club, 36
 Rubinstein, A. G., 64
 Rumania, late King of, 199
 Rumania, Queen Mother of, 199
 Rural workers, 193, 194
 Ruskin, John, 48
 Russell, Lady, 148
 Russell, Lord, 148, 148
 Rutherford, E. (Lord), 104
 Rutherfordston, Albert, 62
- St. James's Club, 35
 St. James's Hall, 65
 St. James's Street, 31
 St. Paul's Cathedral, frontispiece and 117
 St. Simon (racehorse), 211, 212, 215
 Salisbury, Lord, 19, 19, 33
 Sankey, I. D., 125
 Sargent, J. S., 52
 Saturday in social life, 24, 28, 39
 Saunders, J. O'B., 166
 Savage Club, 35
 Schönberg, A., 67
 Schools of music, 67
 Schumann, Mme Clara, 64
 Schuster, Arthur, 104
 Science, progress of, 57
Scots Observer, 53
 Scott, C. P., 100
 Scott, Admiral Sir P., 128
 Season, the social, 24-30
 Sewell, Dr., 90
 Seymour, Sir B., 129
 Sheffield University, 100
 Shooting, 197, 198-200
- Sidgwick, Henry, 96
 Siever, 37
 Simpson, Dr., 104
 Singh, General Sir Amar, 167
 Singh, Sir Hari, 167
 Singh, Partab, Maharajah, 167
 Slade School of Art, 56, 59, 62
 Smith, W. H., 158
 Smithells, A., 103
 Smoking, 25, 34, 193
 Snell, Lord, 181
 Social legislation, 17
 Socialism, 181
 Society, 24-30; barriers, 17; customs, 18; influence on political life, 19; restrictions, 26, 27; "gilded youth" in, 38-45; conventions, 43, 45
 Solario (racehorse), 212
 "Souls, The," 18
 South London Music Hall, 78
Speaker, 53
 Spencer, A. E. J., 103
 Spencer, C. E. R., 103
 Spencer, Lord, 103, 105
 Sport, 196-201; in the army, 137
 Sporting journalists, 208-9
 Sprigge, Sir Squire, on *Advances in Medicine*, 168-76
 Spurgeon, C. H., 120, 121, 124
 Standard Theatre, 74
 Stanford, Sir Charles Villiers, 64
 Star Music Hall, 78
 Stephen, J. K., 51
 Stephen, Leslie, 52
 Stevenson, R. L., 49, 50, 82
 Stevenson, S., 122
 Stewart, Professor Balfour, 104, 103
 Stock Exchange, 149-54
 Stoll, Sir O., 84
 Strachey, Lady, 166
 Strachey, Miss J., 166
 Strachey, Sir John, 166
 Strachey, Miss M., 166
 Straight, Sir D., 144
 Strathnairn, Lord, 22
 Strauss, Richard, 65
 Stubbs, Bishop, 116
 Studd, C. T., 46
 Submarine, 133
 Sullivan, Sir A., 39, 64, 64
 Sumner, Lord, 143
 Sun Music Hall, 85
 Sunday—in society, 28, 29, 39; at Oxford, 88
 at Cambridge, 97; in the country, 195
 Sunday observance, 114
 Swinburne, A. C., 47, 48
- Tabrar, J., 81
 Taff Vale case, 182
 Tait, Archbishop, 115
 Tait, Professor P. G., 104
 Talbot, Dr., 116
 Telephones, 160
 Tennis, 203
 Tennyson, Lord, 47, 48
 Terry, Dame Ellen, 70, 74
 Terry, Miss Kate, 30
The Times, 195, 208
 Theatres, 40, 70-6; amateur theatricals, 40, 97, 166, 183
 Theodores, Professor I., 103
 Tilley, Miss Vesta, 80, 82, 85
 Tithes, 195

INDEX

- Tonks, Professor H., on art, 56-62
 Trade Boards, 187, 188
 Trade Unions, 182, 183
 Traffic congestion, 149
 Transport, 192-3-4
 Travellers' Club, 33
 Tree, Sir H. B., 75
 Trefusis, Lady Mary, 197
 Trestrail, Frederick, 121
 Trevelyan, Sir C., 155, 156
 Tropical medicine, 174
 Turf Club, 33, 35, 36

 United Service Club, 36
 Universities : growth, 99-107 ; opened to Dis-
 senterers, 123 ; medical degrees, 168 ; cricket
 matches, 202
 University College, London, 99
 Unwin, G., 103

 Vanbrugh, Miss Irene, 71
 Verrey's Restaurant, 71
 Victoria, Princess, 197
 Victoria, Queen, 34, 42, 161, 167 ; influence on
 art, 57, 61 ; effect of death on Society, 129
 Victoria University, 99, 100, 105
 Village life, 194

 Wages, 178, 180, 182, 185, 188, 193
 Wales, Prince of, 34
 Ward, Professor Sir A. W., 103
 Ward, Hon. J., 197
 Washington treaty, 131
 Water parties, 27
 Watts-Dunton, Theodore, 48
 Waugh, Miss E., 62
 Webber, Mr. A., 197
 Webster, Sir R., 144
 Week-end habit, 21, 26, 28, 39, 44
 Wellington, Duke of, 133

 Wester Wemyss, Lord, on The Navy under
 Steam, 127-32
 Westminster, Duke of, 146
 Weston, Bishop, 117
 Whateley, W., 144
 White's Club, 34, 37
 Wilde, Oscar, 47, 53
 Wilkie Bard, 81
 Wilkins, A. S., 103, 103
 Williams, Vaughan, 67
 Williamson, Professor W. C., 103
 Willis's Music Hall, 81
 Wills, H. H., 105
 Wills, H. O., 105
 Wilson, Sir A., 129
 Wilson, Sir H., 21, 36
 Wilton, Miss M., 75
 Winchelsea, Lord, 31
 "Windsor Strollers," 40
 Wireless, 68, 129, 193
 Withers, Hartley, on The New Face of the
 City, 149-54
 Women : influence of American ladies on society,
 18, 43 ; emancipation, 26 ; at Oxford, 92 ;
 at Cambridge, 93, 97 ; at new universities,
 105 ; in the City, 149, 150 ; in Civil
 Service, 159 ; sport, 209 ; as Masters of
 hounds, 197
 Wood, Sir Evelyn, 128
 Wood, Mrs. J., 74
 Woods, "Sammy," 198
 Workers' Educational Assn., 102, 184
 Workers' Travel Assn., 184
 Working-classes, 177-89
 Workmen's Compensation, 143
 Wrenbury, Lord, 144, 145
 Wright, W., 181
 Wyndham, Sir C., 74

 X-rays, 172

 Yorkshire College, Leeds, 100, 102
 Youth in Society, 38-45

